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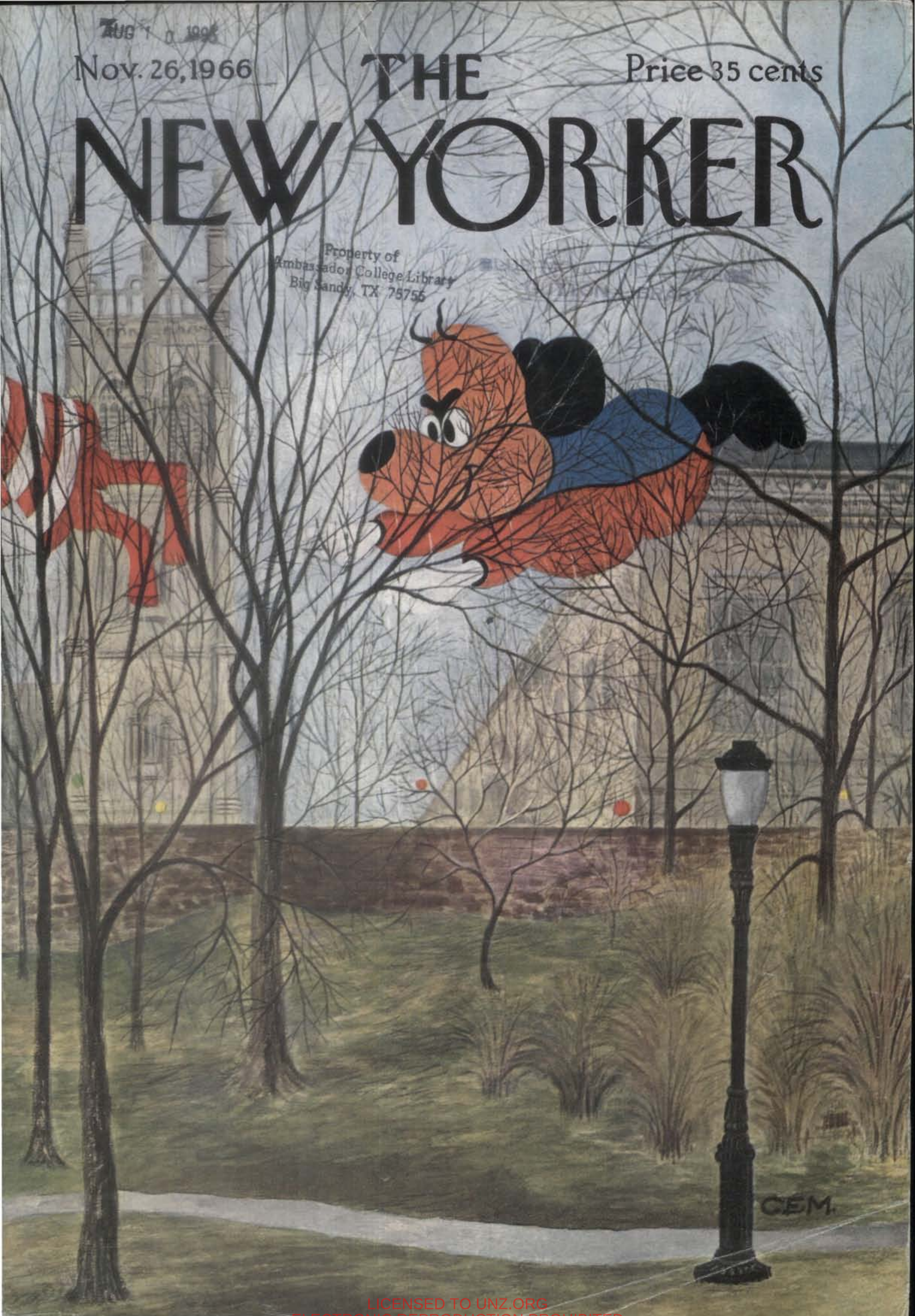

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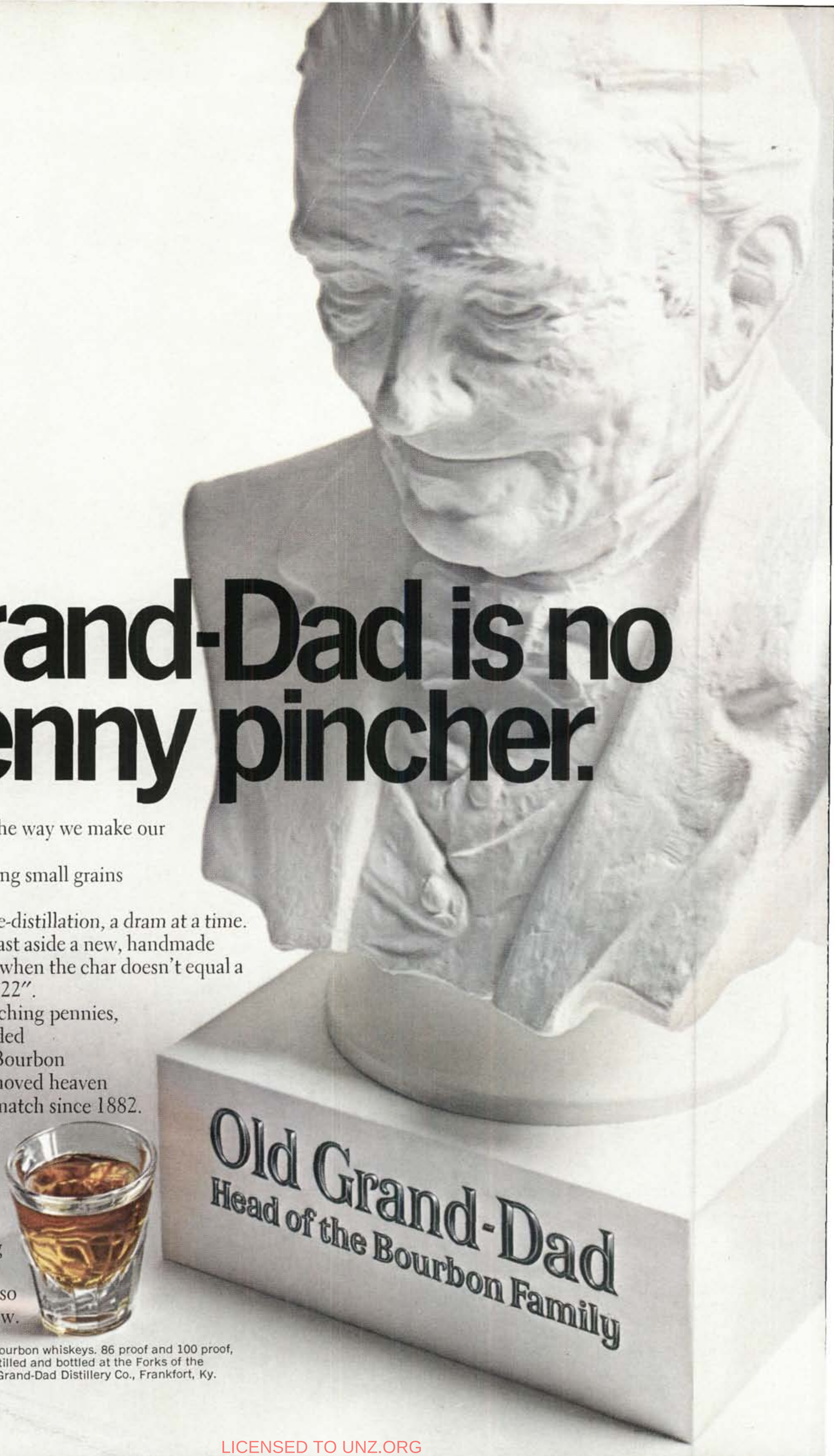

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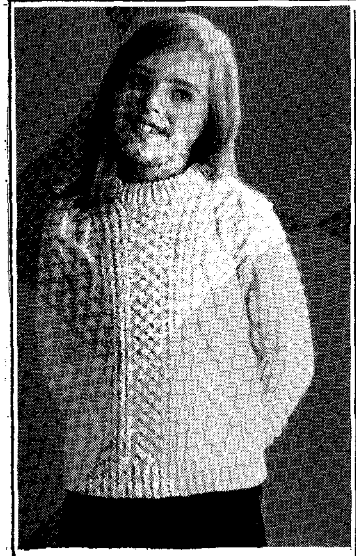

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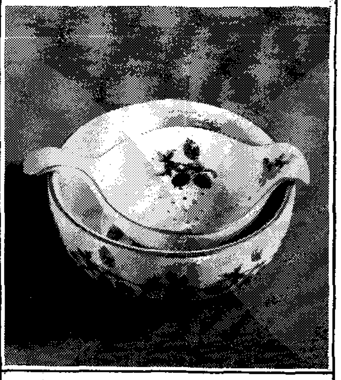

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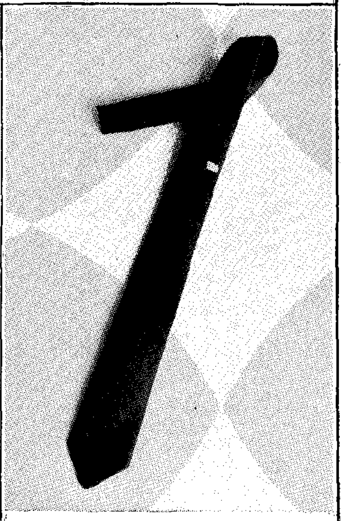

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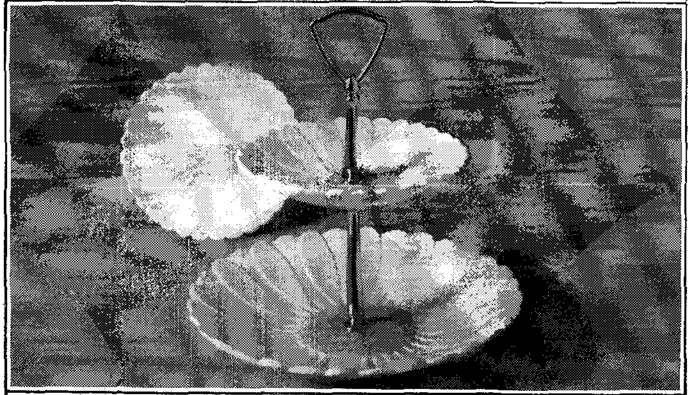

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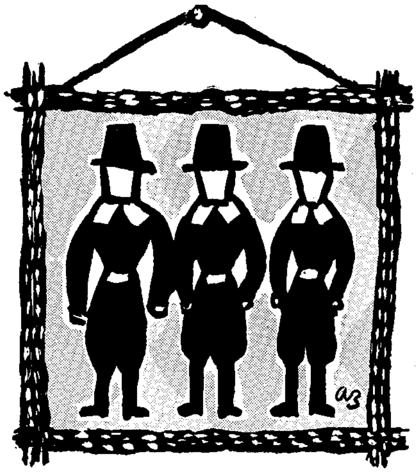
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, have rearranged their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—Sheridan's SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL: Thursday, Nov. 24, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 28-29, at 8:30; Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 2 and 8:30; Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Pirandello's RIGHT YOU ARE IF YOU THINK YOU ARE: Friday, Nov. 25, and Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897.)

A Delicate Balance—Edward Albee on the difficulty of being a neighbor's keeper in suburbia. The play does not burn with a gemlike flame. Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, and Rosemary Murphy lead the players. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special matinée for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Dinner at Eight—No expense has been spared to make this a gala revival of the Kaufman-Ferber drama about the depressed early thirties, but, alas, the enterprise is pretty creaky. Twenty-four performers figure in the cast, among them Walter Pidgeon, June Havoc, Jeffrey Lynn, Phil Leeds, and Blanche Yurka. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Don't Drink the Water—A comedy by Woody Allen, with Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, and Kay Medford. Directed by Stanley Prager. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

How's the World Treating You?—Twenty years in the life of a benighted Englishman who goes from a wacky demobilization camp into a civilian career that is even wackier. The humor is broad—very broad—but if you like music-hall slapstick, you may be entertained. Patricia Routledge and Peter Bayliss contribute fine knockabout performances. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Moves on Monday, Nov. 28, to another theatre, unnamed as of this writing. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Investigation—Peter Weiss's arrangement of the minutes of the fairly recent Frankfurt trial of some of the operators of the Auschwitz concentration camp. Documentary rather than dramatic, but not without its stirring moments. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Killing of Sister George—An English importation that deals witlessly with Lesbianism and B.B.C. soap-opera characters. Beryl Reid plays the lead. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

The Rose Tattoo—Maureen Stapleton and Harry Guardino in a revival of the Tennessee Williams play. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:15.)

Long Runs—BAREFOOT IN THE PARK: A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.) . . . CACTUS FLOWER: A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS: Sam Levene plays a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.) . . . LUV: Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder as three lively, and rather muddled, neurotics. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:40.) . . . THE ODD COUPLE: Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:45.) . . . PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME!: Brian Friel's description of a romantic young Irishman about to leave his village for life in the New World. With Donal Donnelly, Patrick Bedford, Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, and Lanna Saunders. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thanksgiving Day and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 26.) . . . WAIT UNTIL DARK: A drama by Frederick Knott involving a blind girl, a doll full of heroin, and three bad men. Lee Remick is the put-upon young lady. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Moves on Tuesday, Nov. 29, to the Music Box, 45th St., W., CI 6-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Annie Get Your Gun—Ethel Merman in Irving Berlin's musical. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thanksgiving Day and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 26.)

The Apple Tree—Short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer provide the basis for the three sketches that make up this musical, and they have resulted—particularly in the case of Mark Twain—in an entertaining show. The book, music, and lyrics were provided by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, and the enterprise was directed by Mike Nichols. Barbara Harris is delightful as the principal performer, and Alan Alda supports her valiantly. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mame—A high, wide, and handsome musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is fetching as the lady in question, and her supporting cast is admirable. The book, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, has its funny moments, and the music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are quite spirited. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment from South Africa that is fresh and bracing and has a buoyant cast of eight, which sings assorted folk songs from all over the world, dances, and makes merry with all kinds of verve. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . FUNNY GIRL: Mimi Hines portraying Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Moves on Tuesday, Nov. 29, to the Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St., CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Nov. 28, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Thanksgiving Day and Thursday, Dec. 1, at 2:30.) . . . HELLO, DOLLY!: Ginger Rogers now has the role of Maude Kiskadden. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . SWEET CHARITY: A tale about a dance-hall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Gwen Verdon is the girl with lots and lots of heart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Cabaret—A musical based on Christopher Isherwood's "Berlin Stories." The book is by

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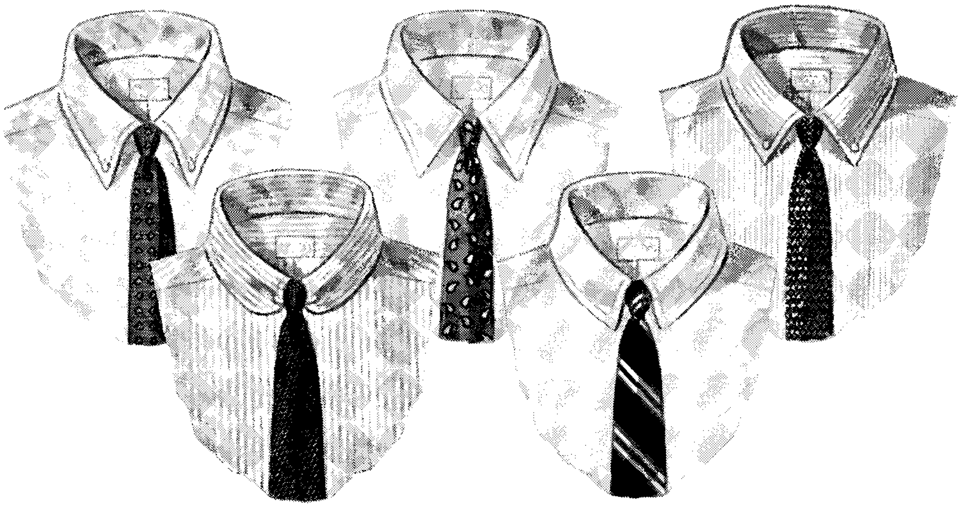

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Joe Masteroff, the music by John Kander, and the lyrics by Fred Ebb; in the cast are Jill Haworth, Jack Gilford, Bert Convy, and Lotte Lenya. Staged by Harold Prince. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Those That Play the Clowns—Alfred Drake, Joan Greenwood, and Eduard Franz in a comedy written by Michael Stewart and directed by Robin Midgley. Opens Thursday, Nov. 24. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30, opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Walking Happy—A musical adapted by Roger O. Hirson from Harold Brighouse's 1915 play "Hobson's Choice." Sammy Cahn did the lyrics and James Van Heusen the music, and the cast includes Norman Wisdom, Louise Troy, and George Rose. The director is Cy Feuer. Previews Thursday and Friday, Nov. 24-25. Opens officially on Saturday, Nov. 26. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hail Scrawdyke!—A British comedy by David Halliwell, with Victor Henry and Tim Preece. Staged by Alan Arkin. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 26. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 28. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY: A four-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 24-25, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:30: **RUDDIGORE**. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 27, at 2:30 and 7:30: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8: **PATIENCE**. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 8:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30: **PATIENCE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2:30 and 8:30: **THE MIKADO**. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Dec. 11.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Michael O'Sullivan, Robert Symonds, Nancy Marchand, Aline MacMahon, George Voskovec, and Philip Bosco in Ben Jonson's comedy **THE ALCHEMIST**. The first in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 26.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, Nov. 26: **DON PASQUALE**, in English. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Dec. 2: **AIDA**. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Autumn's Here!—A musical adaptation, by Norman Dean, of Washington Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Eh?—This piece of nonsense by a British playwright named Henry Livings is, strictly speaking, a revue sketch expanded to two acts, but since its ingredients are funny characters, funny lines, funny business, and funny actors under Alan Arkin's nimble direction, there is no cause for complaint. The setting is the boiler room of a factory. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door. Chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Thanksgiving Day at 6 and 9. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

The Infantry—A play by Andy and Dave Lewis. (81st Street Theatre, Broadway at 81st St. 799-3010. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

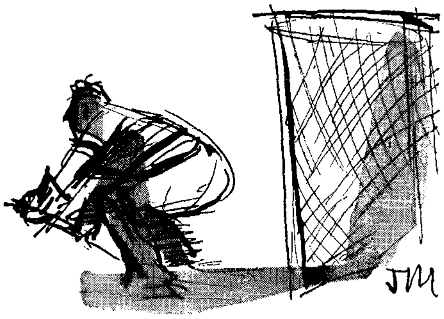
The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Man with a Load of Mischief—A musical based on Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book, and together they wrote the lyrics. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Three Hand Reel—The Irish Players in three plays adapted by Paul Avila Mayer from stories of Frank O'Connor. With Helena Carroll and John Cullum. (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)



Viet Rock—A play (with incidental music) by Megan Terry. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 11.)

A Whitman Portrait—Paul Shyre's dramatization of selected works by Walt Whitman, including letters, poems ("Leaves of Grass" and others), conversations, and anecdotes. With Alexander Scourby, Carolyn Coates, Wayne Maxwell, and Alan Mixon. Mr. Shyre is also the director. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Nov. 24, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Narkissos" (première here), and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 25, at 8:15: "Fanfare," "Dim Lustre," "Variations," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "Pas de Deux," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:15: "Narkissos," "Variations," and "Ballet Imperial." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 27, at 1:15: "Fanfare," "Firebird," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 27, at 7:15: "Harlequinade" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Agon," "Variations," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8:15: "Ballet Imperial," "Jeux," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8:15: "Apollo," "La Guirlande de Campra," and "Liebeslieder Walzer.". . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:15: "Narkissos," "Jeux," "Agon," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2:15: "Serenade," "La Sonnambula," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:15: "Concerto Barocco," "Ballet Imperial," "La Guirlande de Campra," and "Western Symphony." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 5.)

Ballets Africains—A troupe of dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. CI 6-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

American Folk Ballet—A company of fifty singers, dancers, and instrumentalists from Los Angeles, presenting "Winter at Deep Creek." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Apparition Theatre of Prague—A company of seventeen, appearing here for the first time, in a program of pantomime and ballet. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. CI 5-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Let's Sing Yiddish—A Yiddish musical adapted from Jewish folklore by Ben Bonus and Wolf Yunin, and directed by Mina Bern. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box will be back in business on Friday, Nov. 25, to house Don Ho, a Hawaiian crooner now trying his luck on the mainland. He appears at dinner and supper; the carefully thought-out band of Lee Evans is more frequent. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—Someone's radar has picked up Sonny Kendis, once a pillar of the Stork Club, and here he is at work again, thumping piano at the head of a

Flurry a little—Christmas is coming, with all its parties! For every hostess, satin-backed rayon crepe cuffed with tipped ostrich—avocado, red or beige, sizes 8 to 16. Ours alone, 60.00 Negligees, at all Lord & Taylor stores

Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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27	28	29	30	1	2	3

small dance band. Finders keepers. Nine until two or three, except Sundays, is the deal.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The dance floor of the restaurant, where George Anaya's clutch of musicians performs, is not quite still-pond, no-moving, but it is fairly sedate all the same. The music happens Mondays through Fridays from seven to one, and Saturdays from eight to two. No music Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The old private-school playground looks the same as it did before the war (French & Indian), even if the potted palms and the blue aurora borealis and plenty of the house guests are new. Two bands lay music end to end all night long. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One part *bon* and one part *vivant* is the formula for Ben Cutler's crew of bandsmen, whose domicile is the snug little Café Pierre. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Bobbe Norris, that busy little soprano, has temporarily inherited the Persian Room, where she carols at dinner and supper. Burt Farber's band and Mark Monte's crew make the rest of the sound. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, then seven to nine (all but Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin goes even farther, transforming (from eight to one) the Palm Court into a marbled palace (with bar privileges) in Xanadu. His holidays are Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Rapt expression is what comes out of the horn tilted by Jonah Jones, whose foursome mans this lofty parapet from seven until well after the theatre. They are paralleled by a group known as the Teachers. The kitchen and the view are open until one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The Duchy of Ellington, a richly endowed land grant, is inhabited by not only the Duke but by Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, Cootie Williams, Jimmy Hamilton, Russell Procope, Cat Anderson, and Paul Gonsalves. The court is in session from eight until two every evening but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, a ranking member of the nobility, well-being flows like wine; so, for that matter, do George Cort's brisk dance band and Quintero's Latinos. At dinner and supper, there are songs by the solitarily named Milva, a slinky Roman Ondine, singing with passion about passions she is hardly old enough to have yet encountered. On Monday, Nov. 28, she will be replaced by Chad Mitchell, one of the few fresh-voiced young-men singers who are actually singers. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a quiet glade next door, has Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi on the violin from six until two. Closed Sundays.

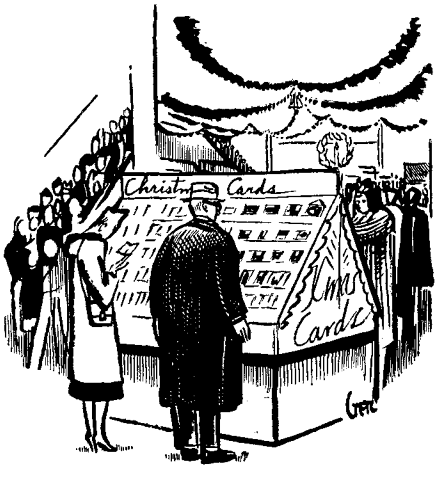
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Good fellows (Doc Cheatham, Hank Jones, and Morey Feld among them) getting together with Benny Goodman to awake memories that can be nothing but fond—this is the dinner and supper fare in the Empire Room, where Charles Turecamo's band makes the rest of the music. The Goodmans depart on Saturday, Nov. 26, and so do the Turecamos; on Monday, Nov. 28, another memory will be refreshed by the orchestra of Carmen Lombardo, who has the other Brothers Lombardo still in tow. They'll do dance music as well as spectaculars during their stay. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, there is further dancing, on a miniature scale to a miniature band, Wednesday through Sunday every week. Eight to one is the usual deal, but it's six to midnight Thanksgiving Day and Sunday. Ray Hartley's skillfully carved piano works out Monday through Friday every week, five to eleven, but Thanksgiving Day's duty is 1 P.M. to 6 P.M.

Note—Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Whosoever would not be mowed down by a Frugger out of control should embark upon this limitless ocean of hardwood. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the two extensive bands. Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, which begin at three-thirty; the dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Some people of our town not only have their mail sent here but come every evening to collect it, as well as the news of the day and the night. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends in the smaller hours. Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself man the keyboard at one time or another, and they double-team it after the theatre. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **La Galerie**, 798 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St. (752-0520): The glossy pictures on the wall of the museum are pastoral; what goes on underneath them is much, much more urban-nocturnal. The moderator is Ralph Strain, whose great rashers of piano and snatches of song occur between nine and whatever is necessary. He takes Sundays off. . . . **Waverly Lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Rumpus-bumpus, and bumpus-to-bumpus, is the way of life. Laurie Brewis and his piano get rolling in this, the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **Jamaica Arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. A happy islander chants those Basic English ditties of the West Indies from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven Sundays. . . . **Chucks' Composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the enormously vibrant work of Cecil Young's new-thought threesome. It is distributed until late at night every evening but Sunday, when another squad makes music between five-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **The Apartment**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): On this saints-and-sinners boulevard, little is worth noting aside from this bar-and-grill. Charles De Forest sings the moment-of-truth songs that are the rightful due of everyone who stays up all night; Marian McPartland's trio shuttles between dream-world and damn-the-torpedoes jazz. They are marked absent on Sundays. . . . **Janssen's**, 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): The voice of Aldo Bruschi flourishes like the green bay tree as it wends its way through the Italian book of words and music; his piano, oboe, and concertina help along his brace of fellow-carollers. This takes place between Wednesday and Saturday most always, but not on Thanksgiving Day this week. There is dance music, too, on the same timetable. . . . **Asti**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All the world's a stage when your waiter suddenly decides that he is a reincarnation of Enrico Caruso. Closed Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **La Chansonnette**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): It's-all-in-the-family is how Rita Dimitri looks upon the song recital she does in the middle of her well-upholstered kitchen, and 'tis folly to judge her otherwise. She chants at dinner during the week, and twice Fridays and Saturdays. The dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chardas**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): In this restoration of the Hungarian monarchy, the zimbalon is king. Violin, soprano, band music (this from Béla Babai's men), and tenor (the gallant Tibor Rakossy) are court favorites. Every night but Monday.



Note—The discothèque is a fact of life, and if it is to be learned at anybody's knee, let it be one of these: **Arthur**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Those without visas cannot always pass the pearly gate; those who do abandon all decorum in their youthful concept of what semi-detached and wholly detached dancing should be. Music is created by a variety of means, some of them quite human, such as the Teddy Boys. Nine until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **Il Mio**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Only Houdini could escape from the knots the participants, mostly j.g., tie themselves into. Tanya Everett, the principal house dancer, is, though, an escapist far more expert than even Mr. H. The sound is compounded of strange devices, all of them mechanistic; the food provided by the management is mostly for thought. Closed Sundays. . . . **Yellowfinger's**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Beneath its jolly open-air sidewalk café lies the heart of the matter—a small *palais de danse* whose *monde* is rather *haut*, whose music is commendably *bas*, whose recording angel keeps switching tempos to test the ingenuity of the boy and girl Mod-fashion plates who decorate the floor. Nine-thirty to three-thirty every night is the extent of the seemly furor. . . . **L'Interdit**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A darkened dell whose mechanized music has a decidedly French accent, whose chairs (and this is setting a precedent) are comfortable, and whose kitchen rustles up a fairly late dinner. Nine is starting time; Sunday is void.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the emeritus occupant of the chair of drawing-room piano in this sumptuous greenroom, receives from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one. Sundays, instead, there is piano by a newcomer, Allan Haig. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Horatio at the drawbridge of the comfortable old castle is Norbert Faconi, who has been kissing hands and fiddling to the King's taste since the early days of our republic. He goes into retreat on Sundays. . . . **King Henri IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's playhouses, also planned to bemuse the eye. George Cardini, whose fiddle is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **Roma di Notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The glory of Rome. The musicians know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **Café Renaissance**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar is the best of all possible reasons for believing in the entire canon of Spanish music, from classicism on down to caprice. He is on duty in this ornate refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday. Closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **Regency**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, there is piano from five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **Sign of the Dove**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the best of its town-house days. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays. Closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **Sherry-Netherland**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Enzio Lembo slings a vigorous guitar in the opulent bar-restaurant, and slings it until well past midnight. He does his homework, though, Mondays and Wednesdays. . . . **Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The grand old countinghouse offers the soufflé piano of George Feyer from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays. . . . **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The august Herman

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Honigsberg has his violin and his violinists in slow but blithe motion around this industrious Roman piazza. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy staffs the soothing corner piano in this particular grazing ground of the Westbury Hotel. No music Mondays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The whippoorwills who sing a couple of times a night in the walled Florentine garden are mostly opera buffs. Additionally, after the theatre every Tuesday, Philip Huston serves for brief moments as everyone from Gunga Din to Casey at the Bat. Leonard Metcalf, new man around town, plays plenty of piano during the evening, and runs a calm trio for dancing each Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Closed Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with the man from U.N.C.L.E. who dwells at UN 1-9494): The piano music in the innermost of the sanctuaries in this aerie should be devoted to "Constantinople" and "Dardanella" in tribute to the owlish décor. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The piano in the courtly Casino-on-the-Park gets the V.I.P. treatment from Steven Weltner, who is on base between six-thirty and midnight, except on Saturdays and Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Crescendo is Jerry Vale's favorite hangout when his voice and his big band simultaneously strike up, and aiming to please is the endeavor of the dutiful ballerinas, who are capably escorted by Bill Selby's tenor. Also on hand: Lou Alexander, whose face is not familiar but whose jests are. On Thursday, Dec. 1, a new bill of fare: Billy Daniels, who dances his songs as much as he sings them, and Charlie Manna, purveyor of jokes that are hardly ever shortweight. Dancing for the customers, too. . . . ¶ In the apoplectic lounge, jingle-jangle sets in on the podium at ten, and it's not turned off until four or so. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): No clothes for the little empresses—that is the sad story of the regal and pretty young ladies who bravely cavort in the long and heartening extravaganza. Their leader is Susan Clemm, a sort of climax of American girlhood. Mamie Van Doren is occasionally sent into the game with a message from the coach, but she can't always remember what it is. Showtime is dinner and supper. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): What hath a pagan god overwrought? Whatever it is, our little ones, aboveground and underground alike, lap it up on the dance floor. Two incoherent bands keep pushing panic buttons; their hours are Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight, Sundays from three, and late in the morning is the limit. Silence on Mondays. No dining. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): *Laissez-faire* is the scheme, but anyone with persistence should manage to see Buddy Rich, whose pungent drumming is the catalyst for his band, as well as Dusty Springfield, a youthful British diva, and Los Vegas, a troupe of Latin musicians and instrumentalists who make our earthbound modern music sound heavenly. On Monday, Nov. 28, a new venture begins: the Baja Marimba band, with music that hits below the border, and the Geezinslaw Brothers, whose humor at least lives up to their name. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): *La belle dame sans merci*—that is Jeanne Arnold, brimming with wile and wit, now restored to her pristine pasture, Julius Monk's red-and-gold palace. A couple of other serpent's teeth, Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra, put their dislikes (many) and their like (one) into extremely kempt words, and the lads-and-lassies combo called the Swingin' Six sing their nice little heads off. Mr. Monk lends dignity and benignity to the proceedings; Robert Colston and Otis Clements lend the very best double piano. Nine-thirty and onward. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Up Dasher, up Prancer, and all the rest of Los Chavales de España, an army that would rather frolic than fight any day or any night. This just about all-male music festival (Luisita Sevilla *does* kick up several heels to their orchestrations) occurs at dinner and supper; the rest of the time, the customers take the floor the way Grant took Richmond. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Emilio Prados and the tenor of Domingo Alvarado perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The manner, the milieu, even the materials of which "Mixed Doubles" is constructed sometimes recall the antics of several earlier miniature revues, but there is enough good (and sometimes original) humor to satisfy any mid-evening thirst. Judy Graubart, an innocent minx from the late Second City troupe, leads the ring, which also includes Robert Rovin and Larry Moss. Nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers has so much on her thyroid mind that she has to spill the beans and the pretty kettles of fish twice a night, and even thrice Fridays and Saturdays. On Monday, Nov. 28, she will be succeeded by Milt Kamen, who views the world that passes him by with deep but articulate bewilderment, and by Claiborne Cary, a *diseuse* up from the Village byways. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The idea is hors d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual amusement.

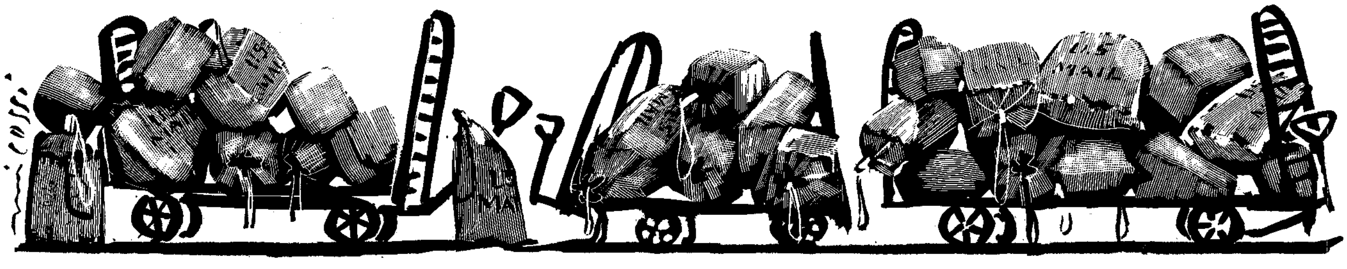
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The quintet to which the horn of Miles Davis adds those bagpipe skirls disappears on Sunday, Nov. 27; next evening comes the customary revel by the husky Mel Lewis-Thad Jones Jazz Band. On Tuesday, Nov. 29, a new cast takes over: the quintet of Pepper Adams and the quartet of John Coltrane, who has just bought one of those electronic saxophones. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A double-decker operation—ground-floor dining pavilion and a grotto below. In the pavilion, which takes Mondays off, there are sessions with quite special Blossom Dearie, whose taffy-colored hair and daffy-colored voice are on tap after ten. From her piano, she directs a trio and a subtly flavored lesson in music (and lyrics) appreciation. Sunday afternoons, five to nine, the Jazz Interactions play restless coffee-and-cake music. . . . ¶ The grotto: Mondays, a visiting band gets down into the Latin latitudes; the rest of the time, Carmen McRae's soprano (supported by the Norman Simmons trio) indulges in a kaleidoscope of wondrous imagery and the Modern Jazz Quartet puts on a shimmering exhibition of cloakery-and-daggery. Also present: Dave Frye, who is funny when he is not derivative. The M. J. Q. finishes up on Sunday, Nov. 27; on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, Mr. Frye should be replaced by Dick Gregory, the quick-witted war correspondent. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): This enterprise is more showpiece than discothèque nowadays, for Joe Bushkin, equipped with two sidemen, is on piano and celebrating his return to the town's night life. He operates five or six times an evening; the chef is an even steadier worker. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Chris Connor, an abstruse exercise in vocal trigonometry, takes her leave on Sunday, Nov. 27, but the newborn quartet of Richey Kamuca and Michael Abennie expects to be staying on. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Betty Carter is the meadow lark; George Coleman, John Hicks, Leo Morris, and Roland Wilson are her men of music. On Mondays, Don Cherry's quintet is the stand-in. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The fastest guns in the East—that is, Mr. Condon and the likes of Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Bob Wilber, Cliff Leeman, and Dave McKenna. Dining and dancing as well as just listening. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio is within the oval bar. Adhering to ground rules, it wafts softly during the late-dinner hour, then works up to a brisk breeze after the theatre. Between sets, Eddie Thompson disports himself on the piano. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Cliff Jackson, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Where the music (washboard, tuba, and such) and the clatter know no bounds. Nine until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band puts the establishment in an uproar; then the washboarders take over. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): Sometimes it's come-as-you-please, so it cannot be absolutely guaranteed that Hank Mobley's quintet is living in now, or that it will be replaced, on Tuesday, Nov. 29, by Charles Lloyd's foursome. It is definite that another clan fills in on Mondays, and that this is a fancy-free youth headquarters. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Whooping it up at another of Jack London's Malamute Cafés. The band is tinpanny tympani, the singing (Ruth Crews) is hit-them-again, the beer flows like Würzburger. Movies, too, also with the patina of years. From nine all week, from four on Sundays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Nearly the only Village coffeehouse whose climate is apt to be salubrious. The hoot-and-a-holler Bitter End Singers and the jokesters labelled the Uncalled-For 3 are in residence at the moment, but the Singers will give way, on Wednesday, Nov. 30, to Jake Holmes, a spoofer of the folk fad. Tuesdays, the regulars' night of rest, are potluck evenings.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5



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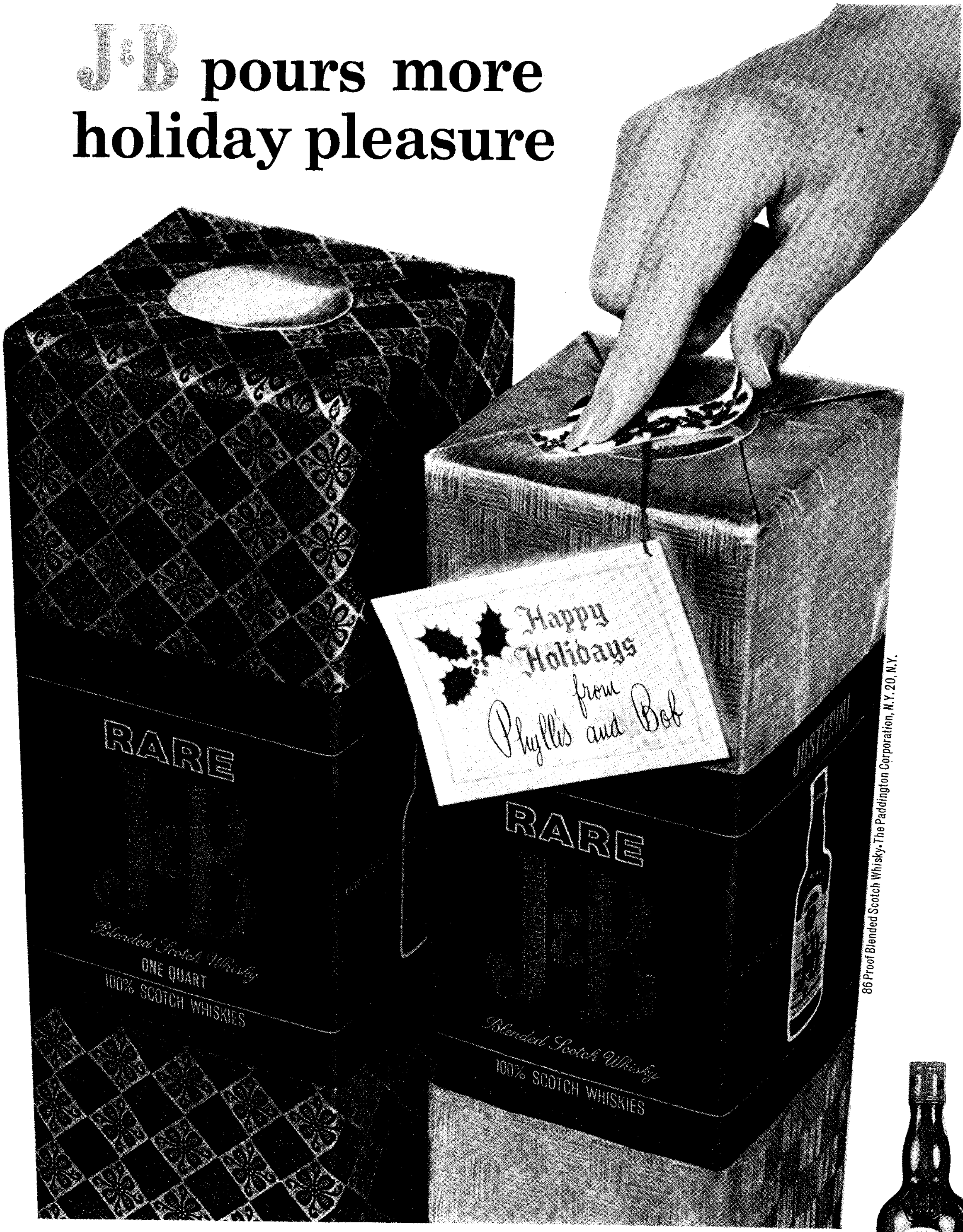
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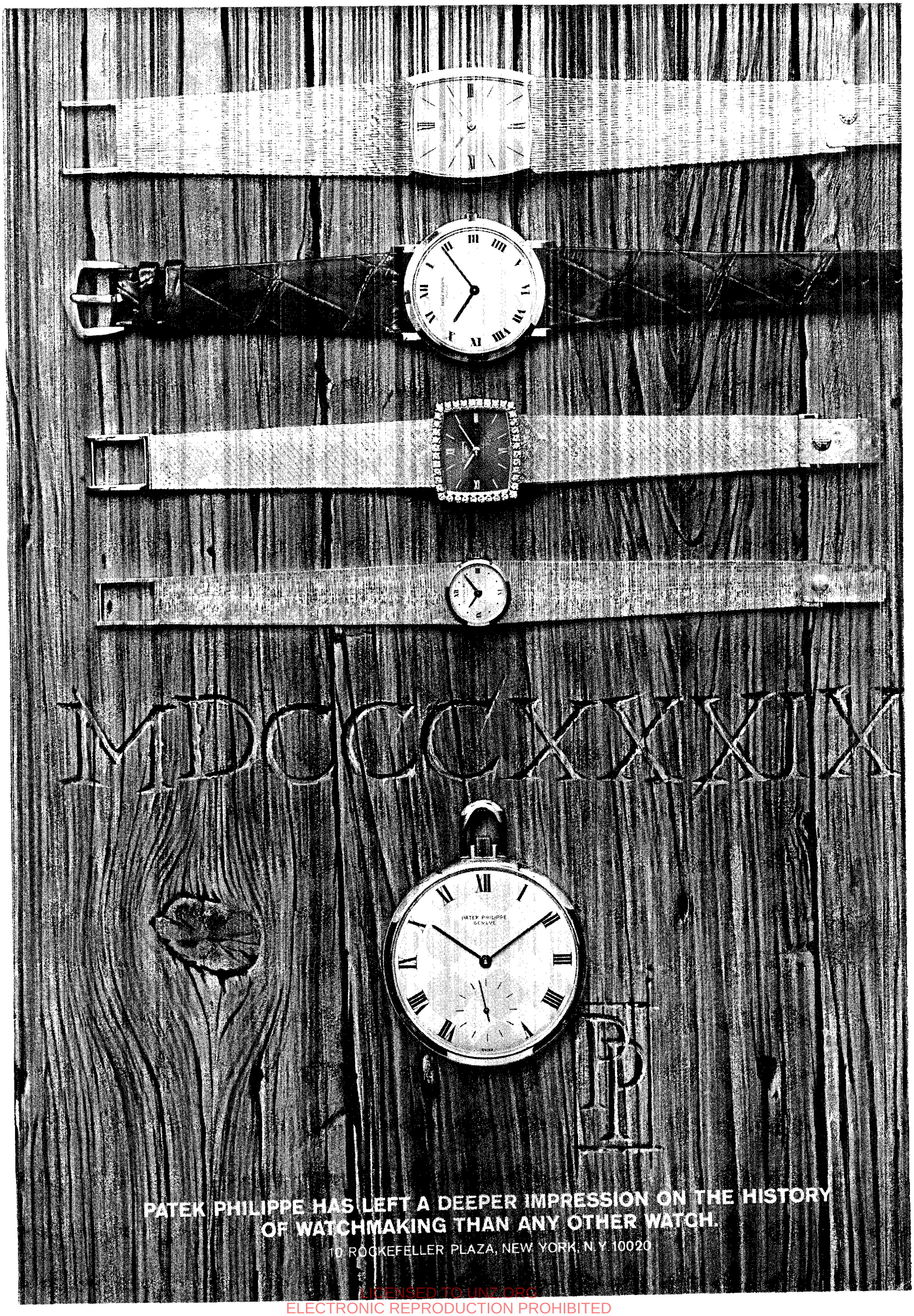
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and 6. They will all be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

Julius Bissier (1893-1965)—Monotypes; through Saturday, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Miniatures; starting Tuesday, Nov. 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eugène Boudin (1824-98)—A thoroughgoing retrospective of paintings and drawings by a painter who loved the sea and sky; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Morris Broderson—Paintings; through Dec. 10. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Burlin—Playful abstract watercolors; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Alexander Calder—A happy mixture of gouaches, stabiles, mobiles, and large, primitive jewelry; through Dec. 17. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Francis Chapin (1899-1965)—Primarily landscapes; through Dec. 10. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Minna Citron—Abstract objects and paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Jason, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arthur B. Davies—A retrospective of etchings and lithographs; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

José de Creeft—Figurative and abstract sculptures; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Dorothy Dehner—Abstract bronzes; through Dec. 10. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Jim Dine—Drawings, sculptures, and paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Henri Fantin-Latour (1836-1904)—A benefit exhibition of paintings of bouquets of perfectly posed flowers; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Acquavella, 119 E. 57th St.)

Paul Feeley—Paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Lyonel Feininger—Paintings (1909-55), including some fanciful Klee-like watercolors; through Dec. 10. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Forakis—Sculptures and the models for them; through Dec. 8. (Park Place Gallery, 542 West Broadway, at Bleecker St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 5.)

Sidney Goodman—Static figurative paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Balcomb Greene—Figures and scenes painted with the effect of double exposure; through Dec. 10. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joellen Hall—Figurative bronze sculptures; through Dec. 17. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Milton Hebald—Bronze sculptures, chiefly on James Joyce themes; through Dec. 10. (Nordness, 134 E. 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Higgins—Seven geometric sculptures in steel and epoxy; through Dec. 7. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Irwin—Paintings; through Dec. 10. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Jenkins—"Phenomena" paintings: swimming colors as they might appear under a microscope; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Alexander Z. Kruse—Paintings; through Dec. 13. (Burrell, 955 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Abel Lauvray (1870-1950)—Post-Impressionist paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Findlay, 11 E. 57th St.)

Mon Levinson—White constructions in which design shimmers dizzily before the eye; through Thursday, Dec. 1. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lee Lozano—Shafts of color on large, pieced canvases; through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Bianchini, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marcia Marcus—Figure paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Meyerowitz—Drawings, watercolors, and etchings of people and horses in action; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Carus, 243 E. 82nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Armando Morales—Muscular abstractions, most of them entitled, appropriately, "Painting;" through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reuben Nakian—Five monumental sculptures, as well as drawings and small bronzes; through Dec. 17. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Knud Nielsen—Drawings; through Dec. 10. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Brian O'Doherty—Treating such ideas as the chess set, Duchamp's heartbeat, and a Newtonian egg in contrivances of mixed mediums; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ogden Pleissner—Oils and watercolors; through Dec. 10. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rudy Pozzatti—Prints and drawings, often of scenes in Belgrade; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Maurice Prendergast—A loan exhibition of paintings (1892-1920), mostly of the dappled, busy outdoors; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Siegfried Reinhardt—Symbolic paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

George Rhoads—Semi-abstract paintings; through Dec. 10. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Manuel Rivera—Metal pictures; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Theodore Robinson (1852-96)—Impressionist landscapes, figures, and interiors; through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Howard Rogovin—Paintings. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Tobias Schneebaum—The desert is the subject here; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jo Anne Schneider—Figurative and still-life paintings; through Dec. 10. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Alfred Sisley (1839-99)—A benefit retrospective of paintings by the French Impressionist; through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Jack Squier—Abstract sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Racelle Strick—Abstract paintings, three drawings, and one lone box; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Robert Wiegand—Paintings; through Dec. 10. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Treasures of El Dorado—A bright array of Colombia's pre-Hispanic gold art—small figures and animals, pendants, nose ornaments, and other objects; through Dec. 30. (Colombian Center, 140 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

League of Present Day Artists—Hilda Carmel and Estelle Goodman are among the forty-one painters and sculptors exhibiting works in the group's twenty-sixth annual; through Dec. 9. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, noon to 8.)

Drawings; Group Shows—At the AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS, 41 E. 65th St.: The Drawing Society National Exhibition, ranging from Dorothy Coulter's traditional piece to one done by James Rosenquist in mixed mediums and collage; through Dec. 13. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . DURLACHER, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Fifteenth- to twentieth-century European examples by (for instance) Palma Giovane, Ingres, Gainsborough, and Tchelitchew; through Saturday, Nov. 26. . . . SLATKIN, 115 E. 92nd St.: A showing of items by Tiepolo, Boucher, Matisse, and other European artists; through Dec. 17.

Americans; Group Show—Audrey Skaling, Andre Racz, and Kurt Seligmann are three of the artists participating in the gallery's

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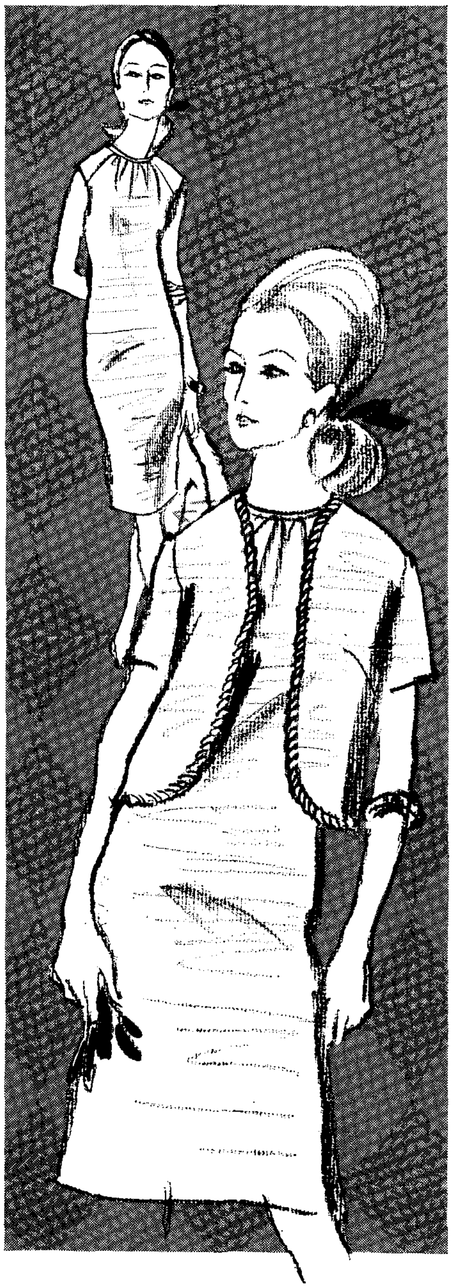

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tenth anniversary exhibition; through Dec. 10. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—"Homage to Silence or Metaphysica," comprising paintings and sculptures (dating from 1913) by, among others, de Chirico, Morandi, and Morris Louis; through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by such nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists as Corot, Monet, and Picasso; through Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and graphic art by Klimt, Kokoschka, and Schiele, along with objects in silver, enamel, ceramics, and glass by other members of the association known as the "Wiener Werkstaette," in Vienna; through Dec. 17. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A short course (three chapters) in Roman history as seen in recently acquired murals by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. They are so big they overshadow the tidy scenes of Venice by Guardi and Canaletto and the commentaries on Venetian upper-class life by Longhi, which are part of the same exhibit.... ¶ Three fifteenth-century Flemish tapestries depicting the story of Helen of Troy, on loan from the Norton Simon Foundation. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and sculptures by Miró, Wesselmann, and Indiana (to name a few) make up a show called "Art in the Mirror;" through Feb. 5.... ¶ Portrait sculptures (of Paul Robeson, Haile Selassie, and others) by Jacob Epstein; through Jan. 2.... ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and assemblages by contemporary Japanese artists; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Jean Dubuffet, 1962-66," an exhibition of oils, drawings, gouaches, collages, and sculptures; through Feb. 12.... ¶ Systemic paintings—by such systemists as Ellsworth Kelly and Al Held—the most immaculate and exact of them Robert Ryman's "Allied," which is one solid white canvas; through Sunday, Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Art of the United States: 1670-1966," the inaugural show at this new Cyclopean structure, reveals a great stock of paintings and sculptures that fills four floors and the sunken garden; through Sunday, Nov. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 5.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Ancient Art of Latin America," a selection of items from the Jay C. Leff collection. There are miniature figurines, large ceramic figures and vessels from Mexico, small stone sculptures and lapidary work from the Gulf Coast, and wood sculptures from Peru. Through March 5. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)... ¶ Fourteen watercolors by Cézanne, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Dec. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibition of etchings, watercolors, pastels, and oils by Childe Hassam; through Feb. 11. ... ¶ Paintings by contemporary American artists (Will Barnet, Margit Beck, Anthony Toney, and the like) eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 18. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 2 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan exhibit of bronzes of India's gods and goddesses, created for three religious sects (Jains, Buddhists, and Hindus); through Dec. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—"Selections of Chinese Art from Private Collections in the Metropolitan Area," a display of ceramics, sculptures, paintings, and jade objects from the Shang Dynasty to the eighteenth century; through Jan. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day and Nov. 25, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—"The Art of Antonio Berni," a showing of paintings, prints, and constructions by this Argentinian artist; through Dec. 31.... ¶ Paintings and drawings by Salvador Dali; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective exhibition of paintings and collages by Ad Reinhardt, containing brightly colored abstractions from the late thirties, monochrome paintings from the fifties and sixties, cartoons, and placards; through Jan. 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Hours of Catherine of Cleves," a two-part fifteenth-century Dutch illuminated manuscript, with color transparencies of its miniatures; through Dec. 30.... ¶ Early Flemish drawings and manuscripts; through Dec. 30. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of "People Figures," as represented by contemporary doll-forms by Niki de Saint-Phalle and William King, a twelfth-century Madonna and Child, a nineteenth-century Santa Claus, and folk art from many parts of the world; through Jan. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masks and Sculptures from the collection of Gustave and Franyo Schindler," made up of examples from Africa, New Guinea, prehistoric Turkey, and the Greek Cycladic Islands; through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The thirtieth annual of the American Abstract Artists, consisting of paintings and sculptures by about eighty members and guests, including Ibram Lassaw, Will Insley, and Richard Anuszkiewicz; through Sunday, Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Regina Resnik, James King, and William Dooley.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 25, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Ludmila Dvorakova, Irene Dalis, Ticho Parly, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2: "Turandot," with Anita Valkki, Mirella Freni, Franco Corelli, and Ezio Flagello.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Rita Gorr, Richard Tucker, Anselmo Colzani, Giorgio Tozzi, and Raymond Michalski.... ¶ Monday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Faust," with Teresa Stratas, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Justino Díaz, and William Walker.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Belén Amparán, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Ticho Parly, Walter Cassel, and Ernst Wiemann.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Antony and Cleopatra," with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Mary Ellen Pracht, Justino Díaz, Jess Thomas, and Ezio Flagello.... ¶ Friday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Rita Gorr, Richard Tucker, Anselmo Colzani, Giorgio Tozzi, and Raymond Michalski.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Mirella Freni, Franco Corelli, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Faust," with Teresa Stratas, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Justino Díaz, and William Walker.

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg conducting—Friday, Nov.

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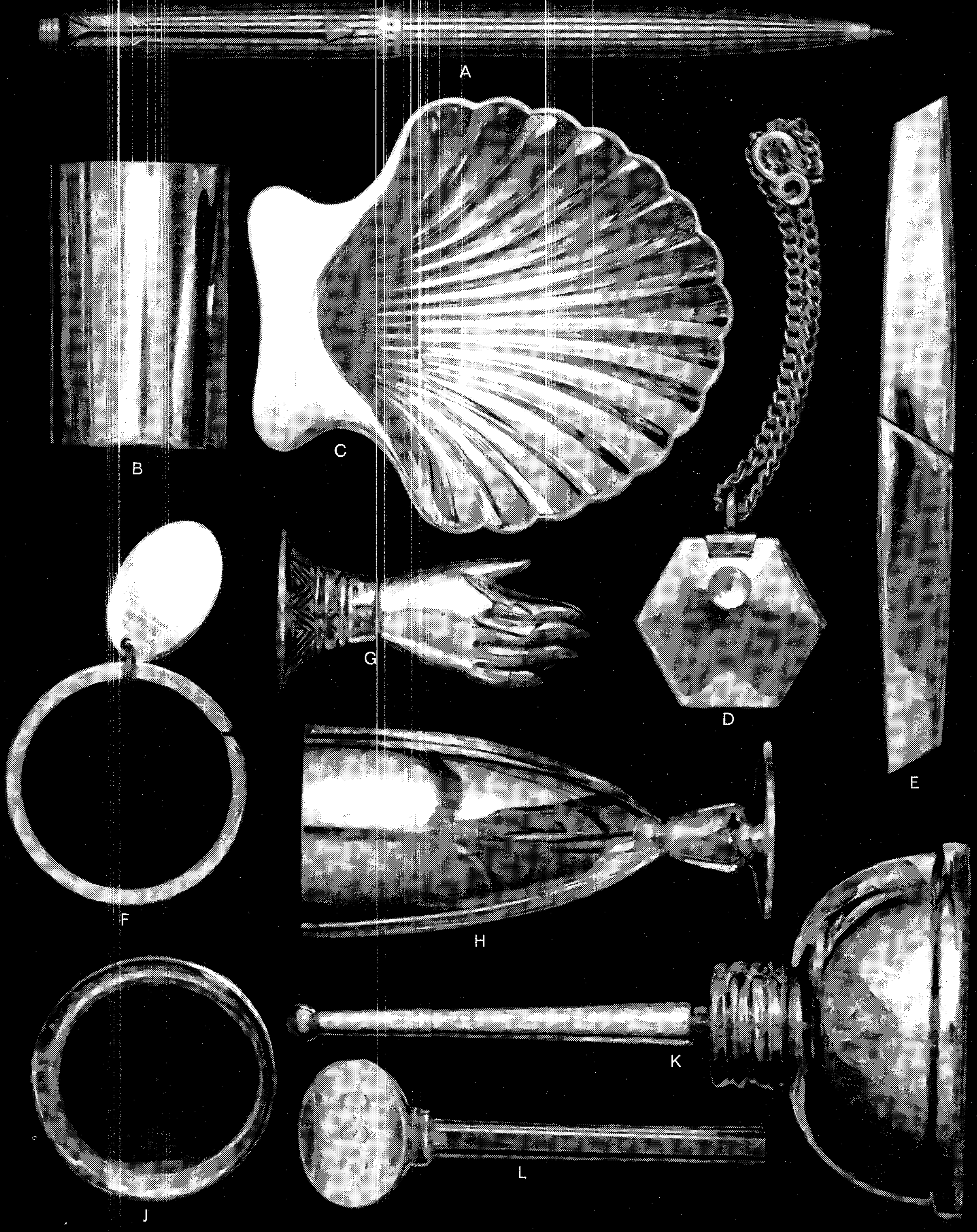

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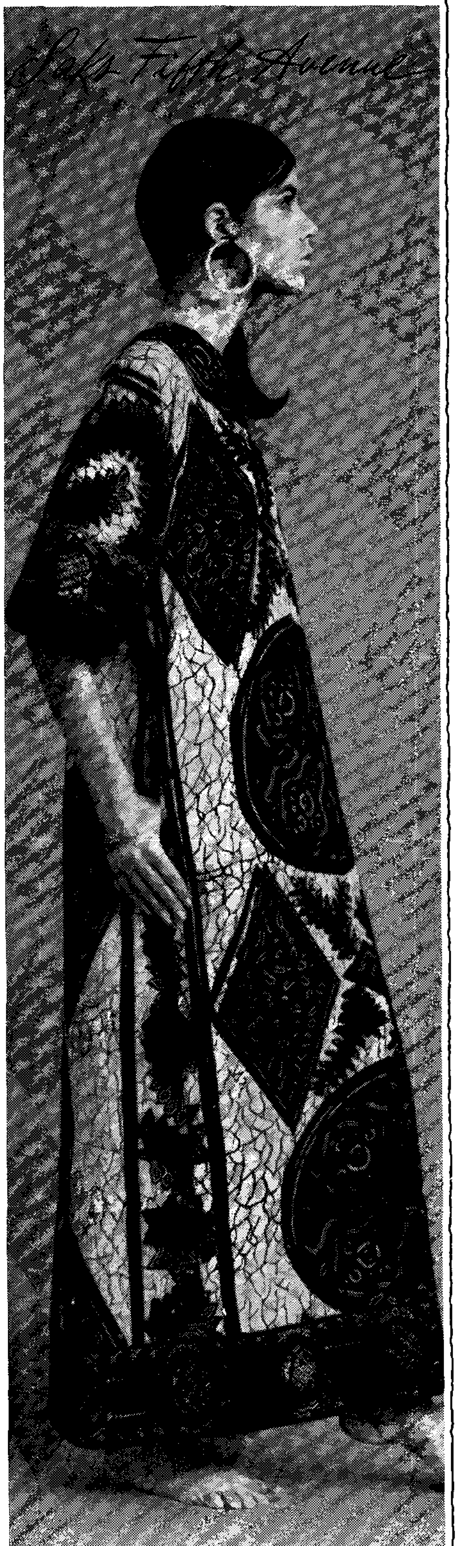

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

25, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 28, at 7:30 (all with Catharine Crozier, organ); and Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 2, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 5, at 7:30 (all with Rudolf Firkusny, piano).

Washington National Symphony—Howard Mitchell conducting a performance of Wagner's opera "Tristan und Isolde" in concert form, with Gladys Kuchta and Betty Allen, sopranos, and Hans Beirer, tenor. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 2:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

Handel Operas—At Carnegie Hall—Brian Priestman directing the New York Chamber Orchestra and the New Jersey Double Chorale in the final performances of two operas in concert form. Friday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Xerxes," with Teresa Stich-Randall, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; Yi-kwei Sze, bass; and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Rodelinda," with the Misses Stich-Randall and Forrester; Regina Sarfaty, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and others.

Moscow Chamber Orchestra—Rudolf Barshai conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 25, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30, an all-Haydn program. TR 9-5512. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Late Late Concert Players—Allan Miller conducting a chamber orchestra, with the Concert Choir of the Master Institute; Isidore Cohen, violin; and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 11:30.)

Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia—Anshel Brusilow conducting an all-Mendelssohn program, with Stuart Canin, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Copenhagen String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2:30.)

Deller Consort—Renaissance and baroque vocal music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Stephen Manes—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano, in the first of two identical performances; the second will take place Dec. 10. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3:30.)

Michael Davis—Violin, in a program of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

Composers' Showcase—A program of twentieth-century American music by Charles Ives, Virgil Thomson, and others, performed by William Masselos, piano; William Lewis, tenor; and the Composers' Quartet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Monday, Nov. 28, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 240.)

Hungarian Quartet—A Mozart-Kodály program. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8:40.)

George Neikrug—A program of works for unaccompanied cello. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

New Art String Trio—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Marilyn Neeley—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

Hartt Chamber Players—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

Robert Casadesus and Zino Francescatti—The last two in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of sonatas for piano and violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 3.)

Aeolian Chamber Players—With Alice Howland, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Piano trios. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:40.)

Glenn Yarbrough—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:40.)

Grete Sultan—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 5:15.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Teresa Berganza—Mezzo-soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

Leonid Kogan—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

Rafael Puyana—Harpsichord. (Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

Judy Collins—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:40.)

Note—The Early Music Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 28, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Mantovani—The English conductor leading an orchestra in his own arrangements. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 6 and 8:45.)

Folk-Song Concert—Oscar Brown, Jr., and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concert—Paul Butterfield's blues band. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 26: Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 29: Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 3: Knicks vs. Boston. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Boxing—Carlos Ortiz vs. Flash Elorde, 15 rounds, for the World Lightweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Nov. 28. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—Saturday, Nov. 26: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:15. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 1:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 27, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at noon; through Saturday, Dec. 10. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Firenze Handicap, Thanksgiving Day; the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 26; and the Remsen, Wednesday, Nov. 30. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Jan. 2.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Thursday, Dec. 15. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "The Mikado." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 11.) . . . **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA:** Siegfried Landau conducting, with Terence Braverman, sixteen-year-old cellist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "The Gingerbread Boy," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Sundays and Friday, Nov. 25, at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219

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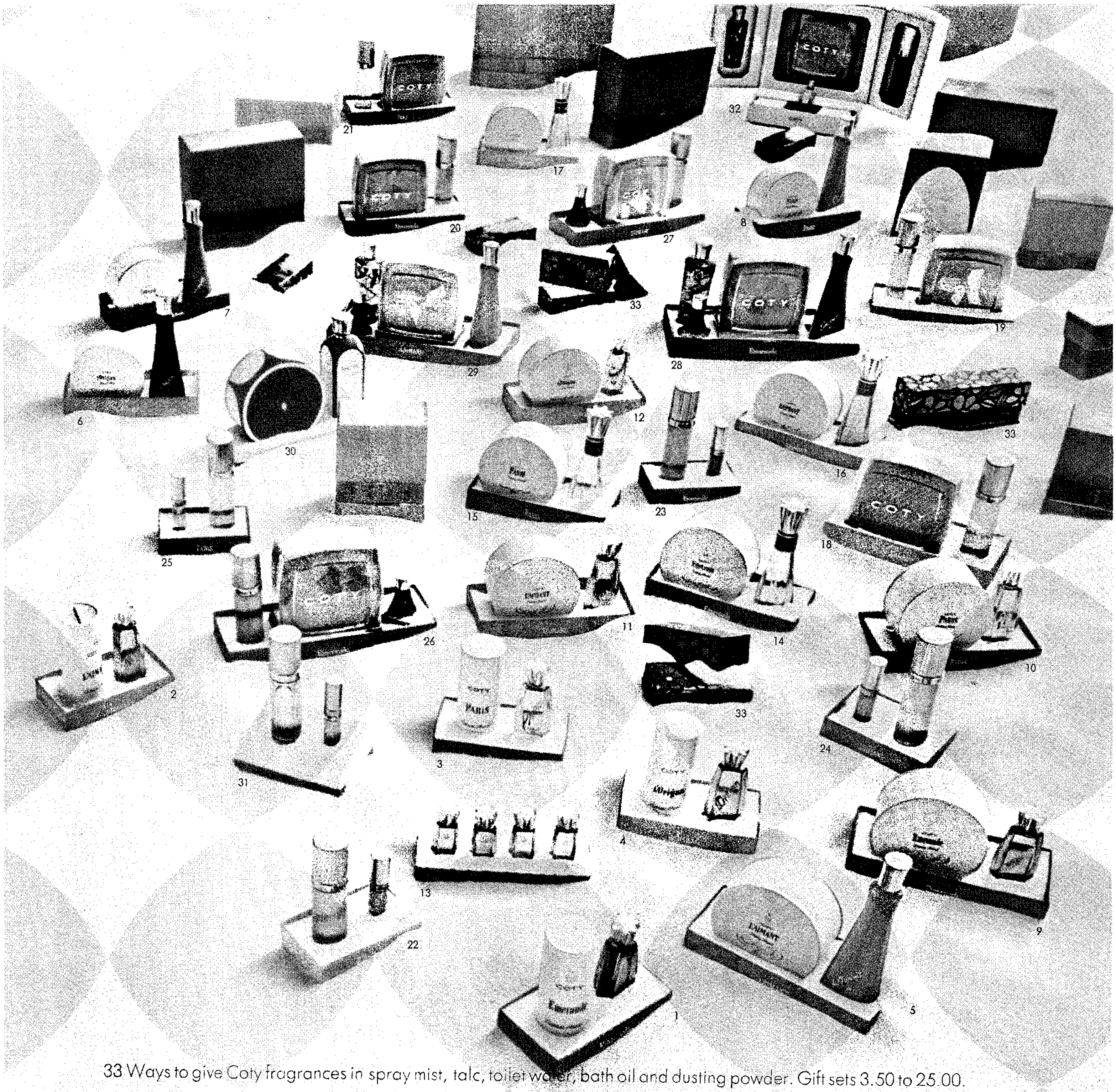

33 Ways to give Coty fragrances in spray mist, talc, toilet water, bath oil and dusting powder. Gift sets 3.50 to 25.00.

'66 is a great year for Coty gift sets.

(1-4) Toilet Water and Talc $3.50. (5-8) Spray Mist and Dusting Powder $6.25. (9-12) Toilet Water and Dusting Powder $5.00. (13) Quartette de Toilette $4.50 ½ oz. each of L'Aimant, Emeraude, L'Origan, Paris. (14-17) Dusting Powder and Flacon Mist $4.50. (18-21) Pure Spray Toilet Water and Deluxe Dusting Powder $7.75. (22-25) Pure Spray Toilet Water and Pure Spray Parfum $8.50. (26-27) Creamy Skin Parfum, Pure Spray Toilet Water and Deluxe Dusting Powder $9.75. (28-29) Spray Mist, Deluxe Dusting Powder, Bath Oil, Creamy Skin Parfum $14.50. (30) Spray Mist Dusting Powder $9.00 in Imprevu. (31) Pure Spray Toilet Water, Pure Spray Parfum $10.00 in Imprevu. (32) Parfum, Bath Oil, Pure Spray Toilet Water, Dusting Powder $25.00. (33) Individual items gift wrapped. Most sets available in L'Aimant, Emeraude, L'Origan, Paris.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... **MARA AND HER COMPANY:** "Beyond the Milky Way: A Legend of the Far East," Friday, Nov. 25, at 3....¶ "Princess Qua Qua: A Russian Fairy Tale," Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 26-27, at 3, and Saturday, Dec. 3, at 11. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Scraps." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... **ROCKEFELLER PLAYERS:** "A Legend of Sleepy Hollow." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays and Friday, Nov. 25, at 1. For tickets, call 249-6978.)... **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer," Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 26-27, at 1:30 and 3:30....¶ "Mr. Scrooge," Saturday, Dec. 3, at 1:30 and 3:30. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Adventures of Pinocchio." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3, and Friday, Nov. 25, at 1:15 and 2:30.)... **UNIT THEATRE GROUP:** "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Saturdays, Sundays, Thanksgiving Day, and Friday, Nov. 25, at 1.)... **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "Rapunzel." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop–Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The new show is called "The Sky at Christmas Time." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 25, at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Thanksgiving Day at 1, 2:30, and 4; and Friday, Nov. 25, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 25, from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—James Dickey and Sandra Hochman reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)... ¶ Robert Graves reading from his own works. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 1:45: Continental and English furniture and decorations, from various owners.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 1, at 10:30 and 1:45: Oriental art belonging to several collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 26.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, at 1:45: English and French furniture and decorations, from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 26.

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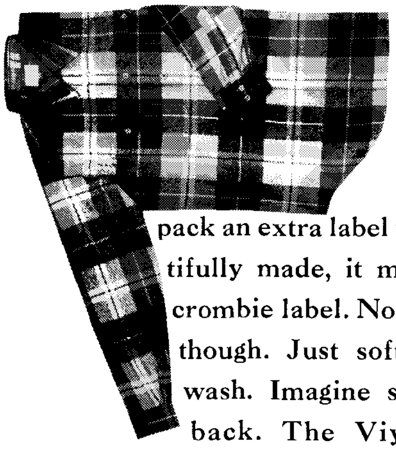

Poppycock, Mrs. Ellis, pure poppycock. Suggested to our superior here, that this shirt be displayed on a hanger, and treated in the home like a fine cashmere sports coat. It's that luxurious. Proffered another thought, pack an extra label with each shirt, it's so beautifully made, it may well outlast the Abercrombie label. No need for such toe tappings, though. Just soften your fingertips on its wash. Imagine such gentling against your back. The Viyella® people tell us it's Merino wool and cotton. Sort of tugs at the imagination to think such luxury can be tumbled around in a washer with your eleven-year-old's socks. Look in close there at the rounded collar treatment. Fussed till they got that curve just right. Little thing—so's the pocket flap—the extra depth in the pocket for things that need extra depth — the single stitching — the perfect pattern marriage of yoke to shoulder. But that's what luxury is made of. Little things. Comes most pleasantly in several patterns. Tempted to call it the world's only luxury shirt, it's that unique. Settled on calling it *the* Abercrombie Shirt. Quite expensive $20.00.

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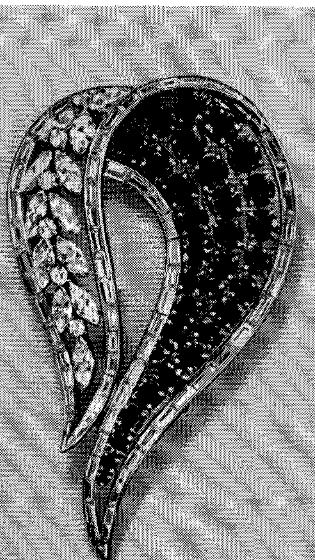

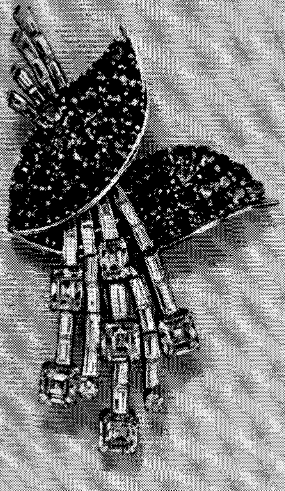

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Any Wednesday—A better movie than it was a play, and it was a pretty funny play. With Jane Fonda, Jason Robards, Rosemary Murphy, and Dean Jones. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037. . . . ¶ Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Nov. 30, tentative. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Nov. 30.)

The Bible—Glimpses of Genesis, painted in poster colors by John Huston. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 24-27, at 2:30. Extra performance Saturday, Nov. 26, at 10 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

Chushingura—A beautiful, stately rendering of the old Japanese epic. With Toshiro Mifune, the barking samurai. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Doctor Zhivago—A movie that is mostly settings, with such actors as Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, Tom Courtenay, Julie Christie, and Omar Sharif milling about in what amounts to unemployment. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 24-27, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Endless Summer—California surfers take their boards to Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Tahiti. Out of sight. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—The Broadway musical, directed with characteristic hypomania by Richard Lester and starring Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and Jack Gilford. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Georgy Girl—Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling in an excellent English tragicomedy. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Hawaii—In which a deadly script crushes Max von Sydow, Julie Andrews, gorgeous scenery, history, and the director, George Roy Hill. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 24-27, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Is Paris Burning?—One of the biggest failures of recent times, in which many fine actors sink without a trace. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 24-27, at 2:30. Extra performance Friday, Nov. 25, at 10 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

Khartoum—Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier are enemies in a historical blockbuster about General Gordon of the Sudan. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Nov. 29.)

Loves of a Blonde—A charming tale of disorderly young love in Czechoslovakia. Directed by Milos Forman. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

A Man and a Woman—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Penelope—Natalie Wood in a cheerful trifle about a banker's wife who steals. Shot on location in our shining city. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Shameless Old Lady—A stout-hearted octogenarian widow treats herself to a good time. Ably directed by René Allio. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Nov. 29.)

REVIVALS

À Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 24.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Nov. 28-29.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 30.)

Casque d'Or (1952)—Love and crime in apache Paris, circa 1900. With Simone Signoret and Serge Reggiani. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Nov. 29.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—A western that makes sport of Westerns, with Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Nov. 27.)

Diabolique (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 29.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Nov. 30.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers again, this time in nightgowns and at war. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Nov. 27.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Nov. 30.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 24.)

Monkey Business (1931)—Still more Marx Brothers, here on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Nov. 27.)

Pather Panchali (1958)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 27.)

The Quare Fellow (1963)—Brendan Behan's play about a hanging in a Dublin prison. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Nov. 30.)

Ship of Fools (1965)—Simone Signoret and Oskar Werner and Vivien Leigh and José Ferrer and Michael Dunn and George Segal and Elizabeth Ashley and Lee Marvin. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Nov. 30.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—Lotte Lenya in the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill musical. In German. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Nov. 28.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Four programs in a series of films by the French director Abel Gance. Nov. 24 at 2 and Nov. 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Louise" (1938), with Grace Moore. . . . Nov. 26 at 11:30 and 5:30: "Napoleon" (1925). . . . Nov. 27 at 2 and 5:30: "La Roue" (1922). . . . Nov. 28-29 at 2 and 5:30: "J'Accuse!" (1938). . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 2 and 5:30: "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" (1939), with Edward G. Robinson and Francis Lederer. . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Documentary films produced by David L. Wolper. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone LT 1-2311. . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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27	28	29	30			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Defector," Montgomery Clift, Hardy Krüger.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1706)
IS PARIS BURNING?

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
PENELOPE.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 24-27, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Liquidator," Rod Taylor, Trevor Howard.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
GEORGY GIRL.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Nov. 30: **SHIP OF FOOLS**, revival; and **DR. STRANGELOVE**, revival.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 29: **KHARTOUM.**
From Nov. 30: **ANY WEDNESDAY.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Defector," Montgomery Clift, Hardy Krüger.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"What's Up, Tiger Lily?," Tatsuya Mihashi.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
LOVES OF A BLONDE, a Czechoslovakian film.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Defector," Montgomery Clift, Hardy Krüger.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
GEORGY GIRL.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Fahrenheit 451," Julie Christie, Oskar Werner.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Texas Across the River," Dean Martin, Alain Delon.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

CINEMA I (PL 3-6022) and **CINEMA II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Nov. 27: **CAT BALLOU**, revival; and "Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.
From Nov. 28: To be announced.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Tokyo Olympiad."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 29: **KHARTOUM.**
From Nov. 30: To be announced.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
GEORGY GIRL.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 29: **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** (in French).
From Nov. 30: **THE QUARE FELLOW**, revival.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
ANY WEDNESDAY; and "Fireball 500," Frankie Avalon.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
"Eyewitness . . . North Viet Nam," a documentary film; and "Good Times, Wonderful Times," a semi-documentary film.

GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Nov. 27: **DUCK SOUP**, revival; and **MONKEY BUSINESS**, revival.
Nov. 28-29: **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.
From Nov. 30: To be announced.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
ANY WEDNESDAY; and "Walk in the Shadow," Patrick McGoohan, Janet Munro.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 29: **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival.
From Nov. 30: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Nov. 28: **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German), revival.
From Nov. 29: **CASQUE D'OR** (in French), revival; and "Colette" (in French).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 28: **KHARTOUM**; and "I Deal in Danger," Robert Goulet.
Nov. 29: "The Great Caruso," revival, Mario Lanza, Dorothy Kirsten; and "The Band Wagon," revival, Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse.
From Nov. 30: "Alvarez Kelly," William Holden, Richard Widmark; and "3 on a Couch," Jerry Lewis, Janet Leigh.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 29: **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** (in French).
From Nov. 30: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Not with My Wife, You Don't!," Tony Curtis, Virna Lisi.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 30 (tentative): **ANY WEDNESDAY.**

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"The Counterfeit Constable," Robert Dhéry.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
CHUSHINGURA (in Japanese).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Romeo and Juliet," performed by Margot Fonteyn, Rudolf Nureyev, and the Royal Ballet. (Weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30 and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

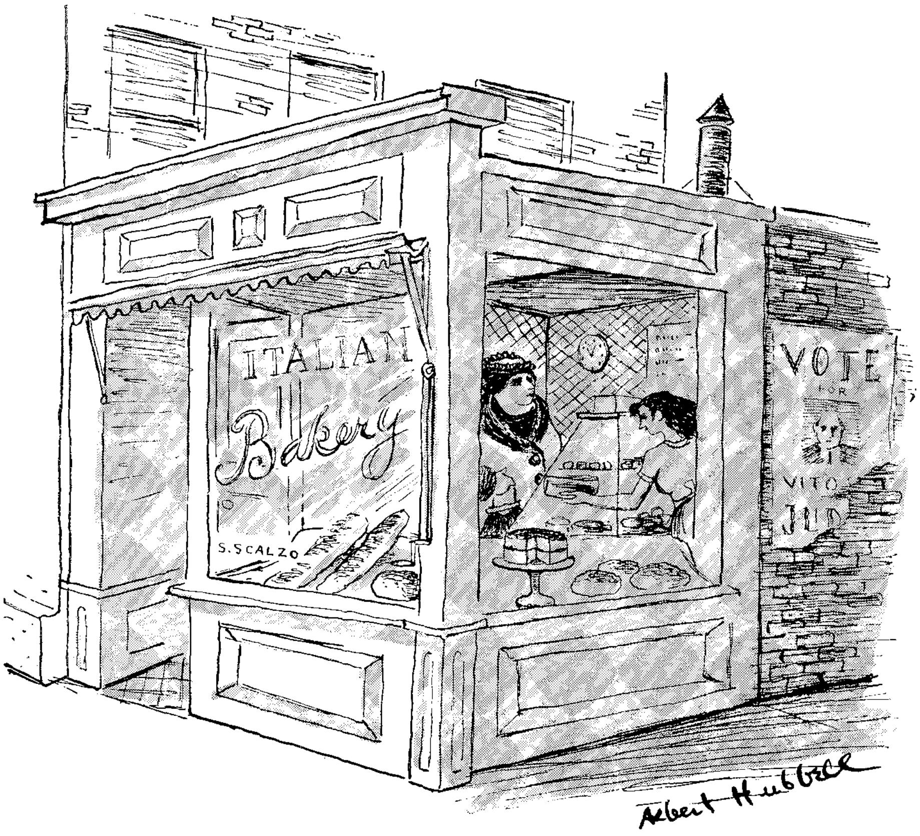
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 30: **THE BIG STORE**, revival; and "Queen Christina," revival, Greta Garbo, John Gilbert.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 29: **KHARTOUM**; and "Crack in the Mirror," revival, Orson Welles, Juliette Greco.
From Nov. 30: **HENRY V**, revival; and "The Captain's Table," revival, John Gregson, Peggy Cummins.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 24: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** and **THE LOVE GAME** (both in French and both revivals).
Nov. 25: "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruehmann; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Horst Buchholz.
Nov. 26: "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players; and "Stella" (in Greek), revival, Melina Mercouri.
Nov. 27: **PATHER PANCHALI** and "Devi" (both in Bengali and both revivals).
Nov. 28: "The Playboy of the Western World," revival, Siobhan McKenna; and "Broth of a Boy," revival, Barry Fitzgerald.
Nov. 29: "Bandits of Orgosolo" (in Italian), revival; and "The White Sheik" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi.
From Nov. 30: "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune; and "Gate of Hell" (in Japanese), revival, Machiko Kyo.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 29: **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** (in French).
From Nov. 30: To be announced.



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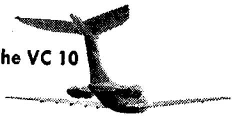

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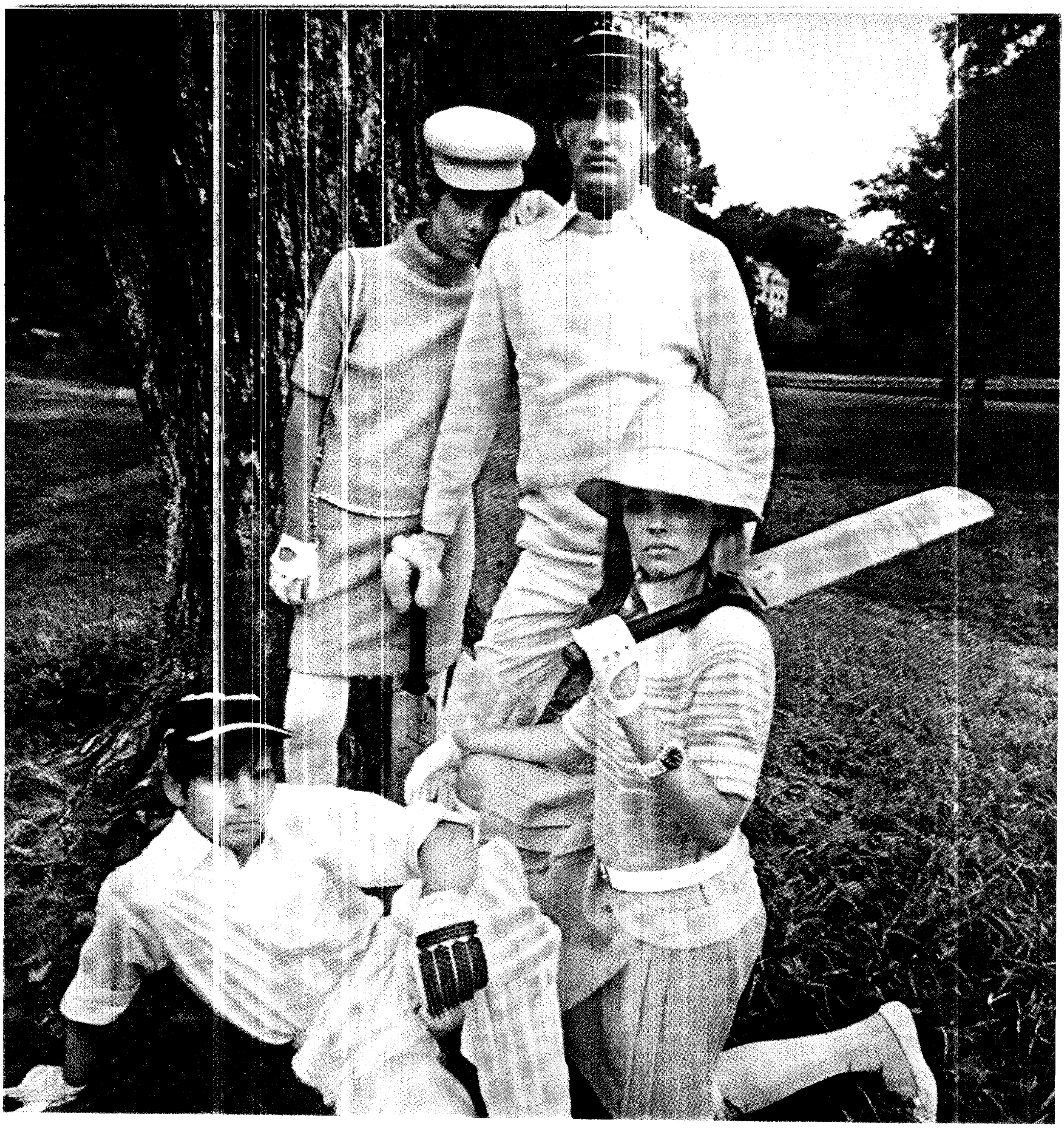

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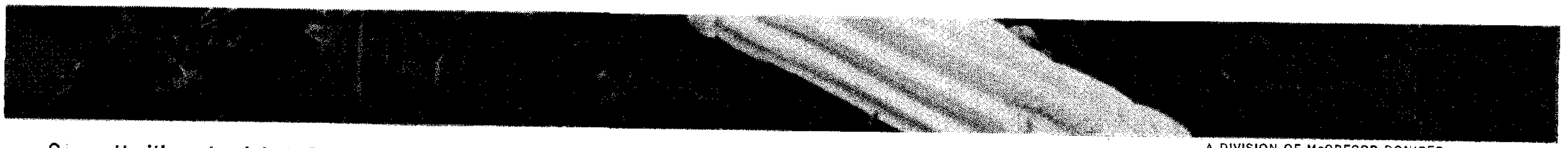

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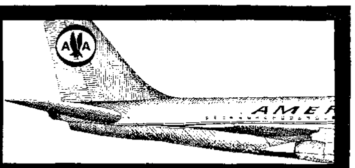

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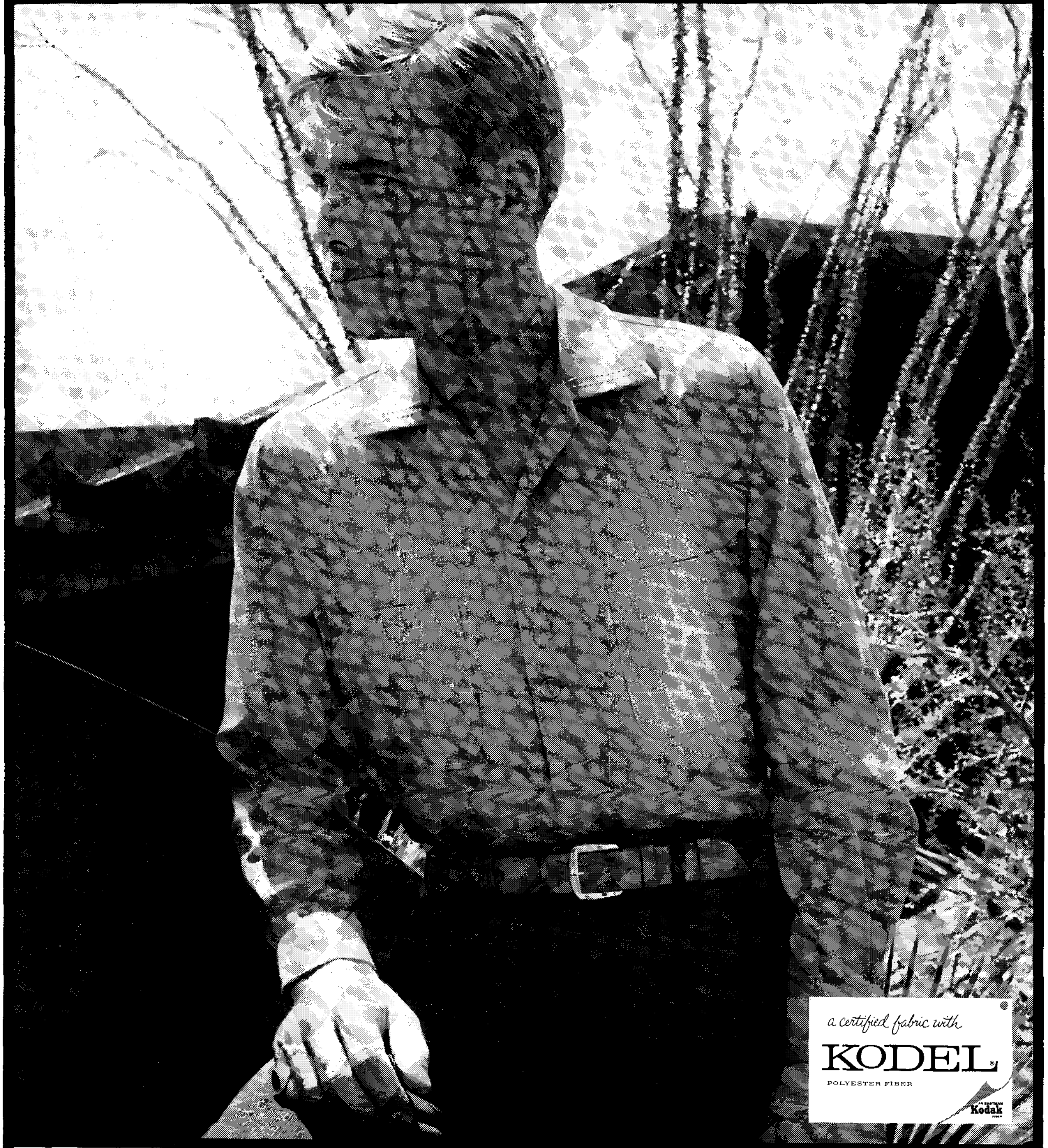

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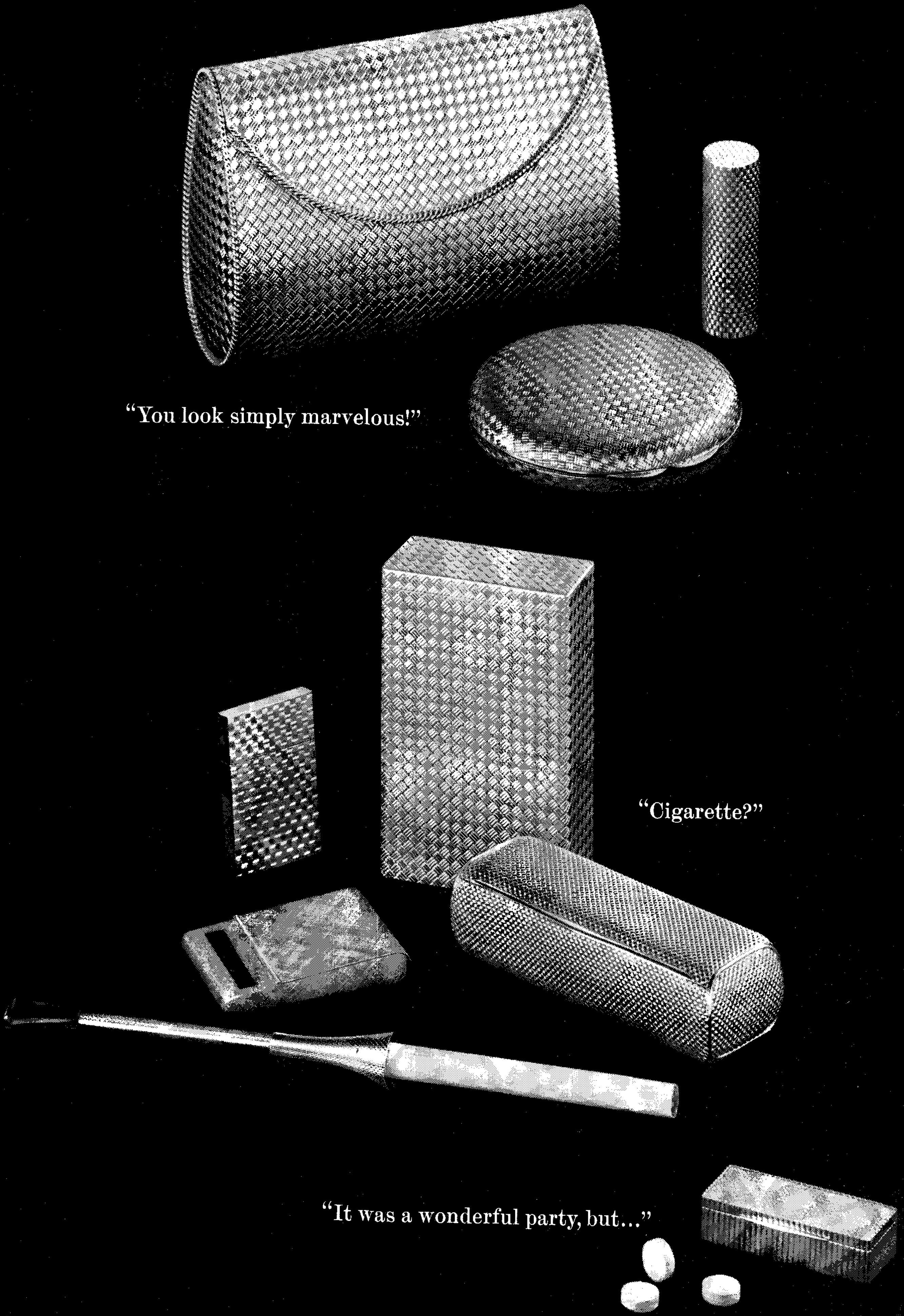
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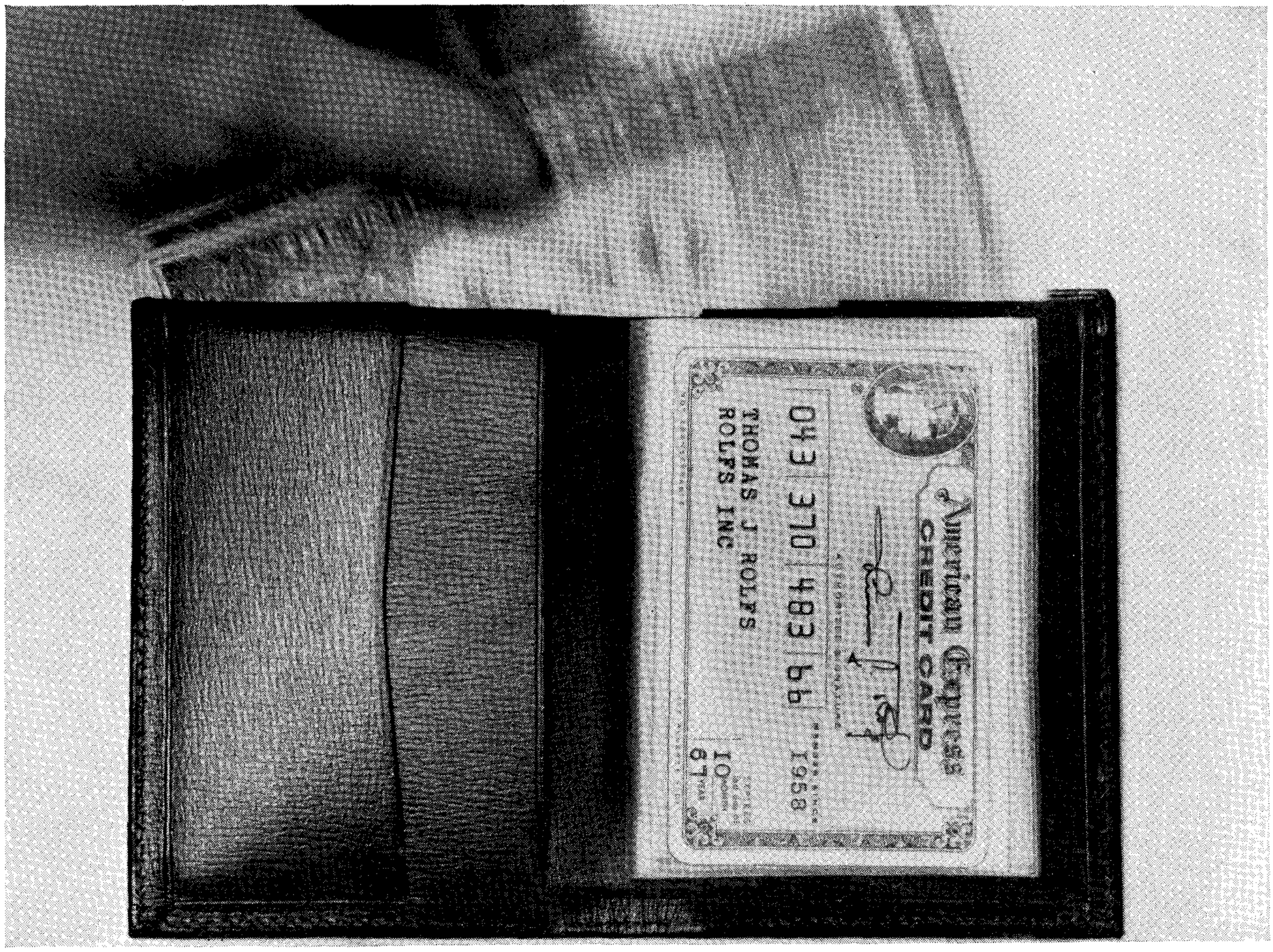
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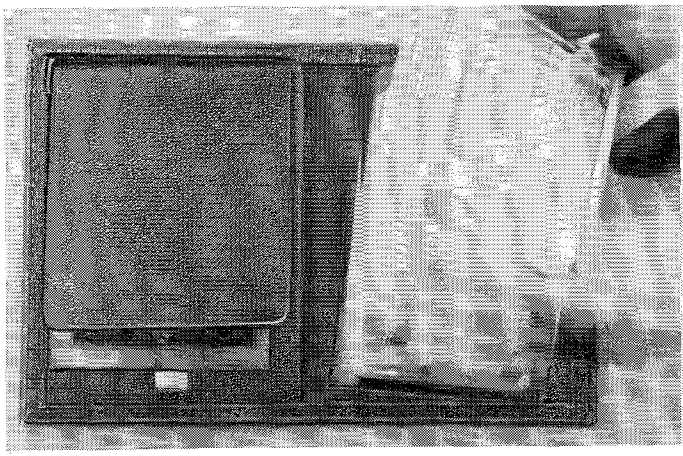

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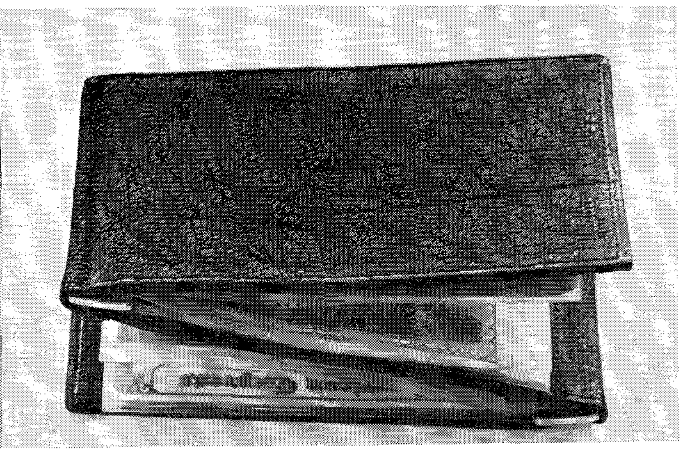

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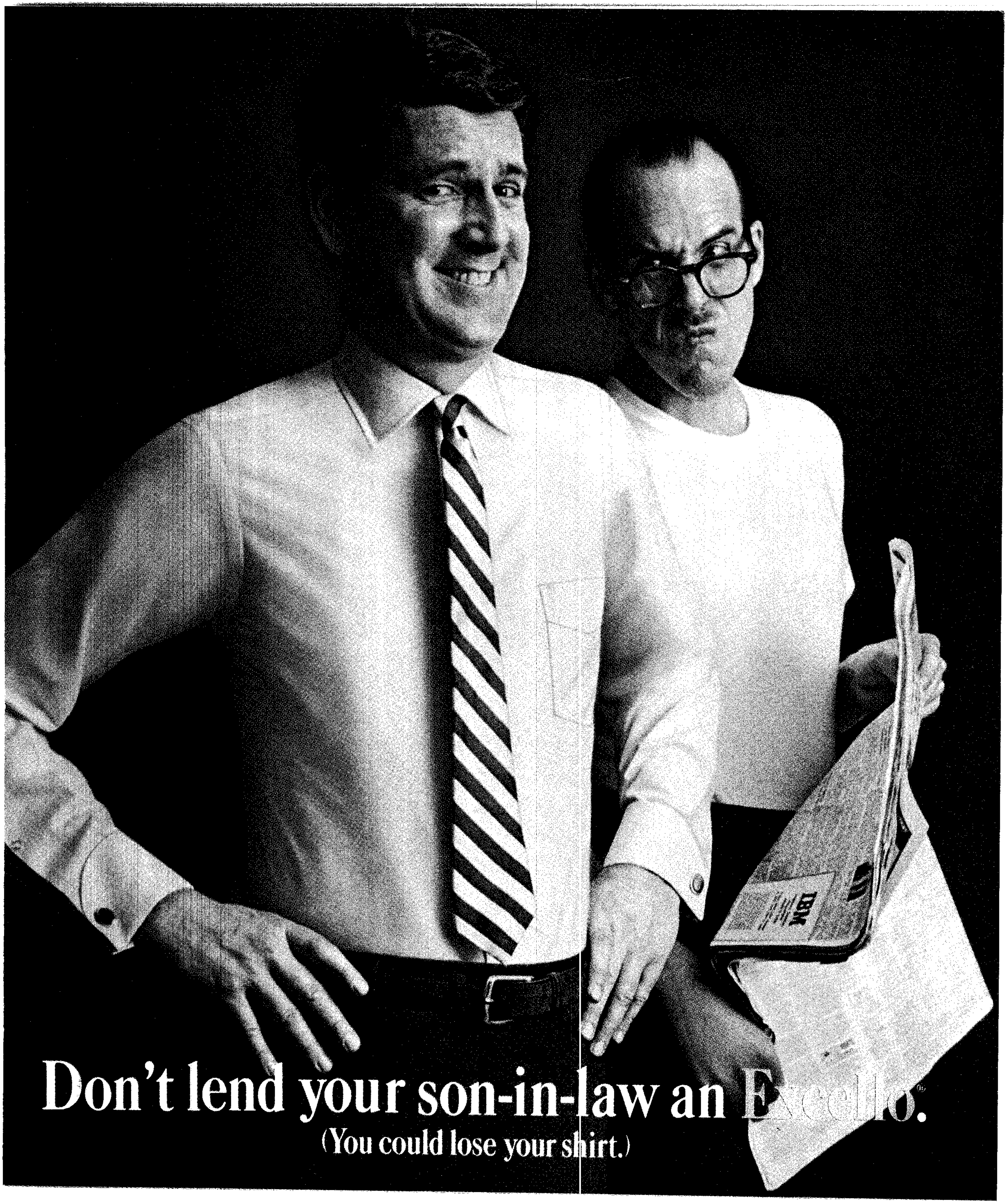
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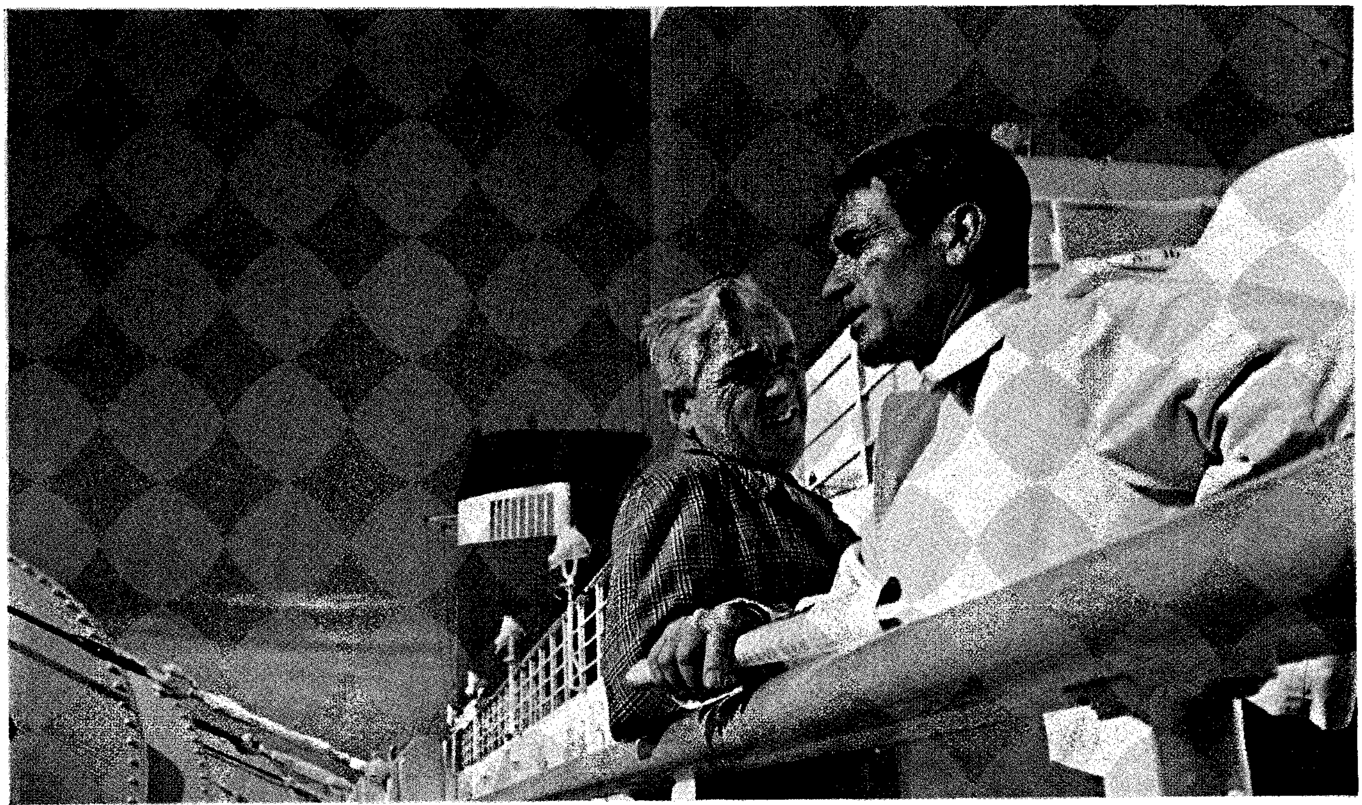

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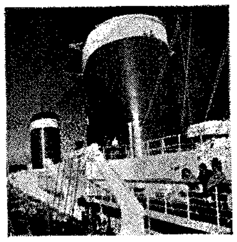

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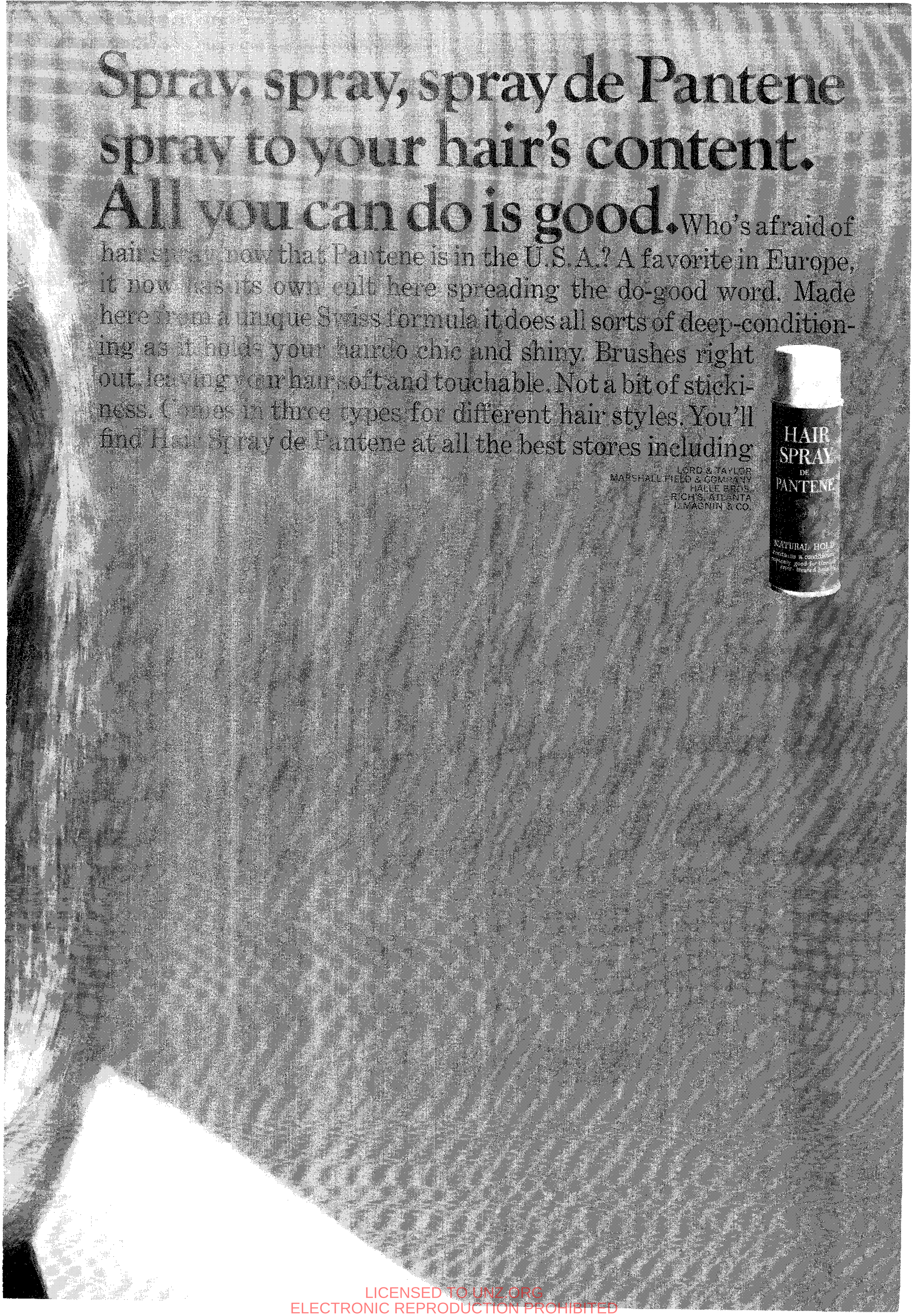
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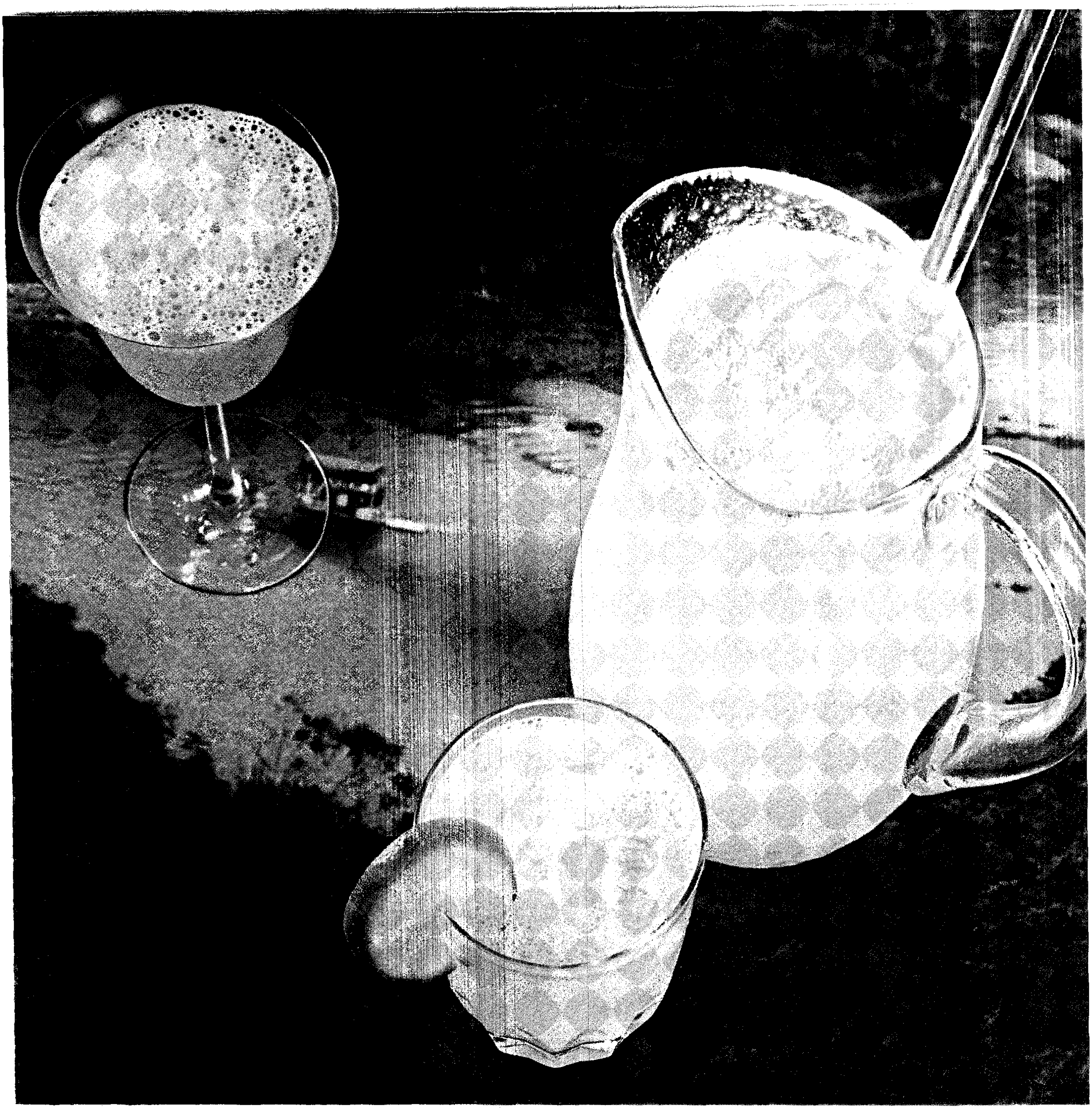

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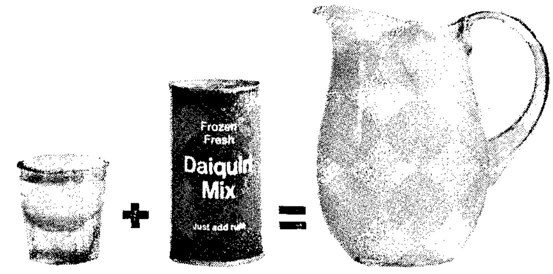

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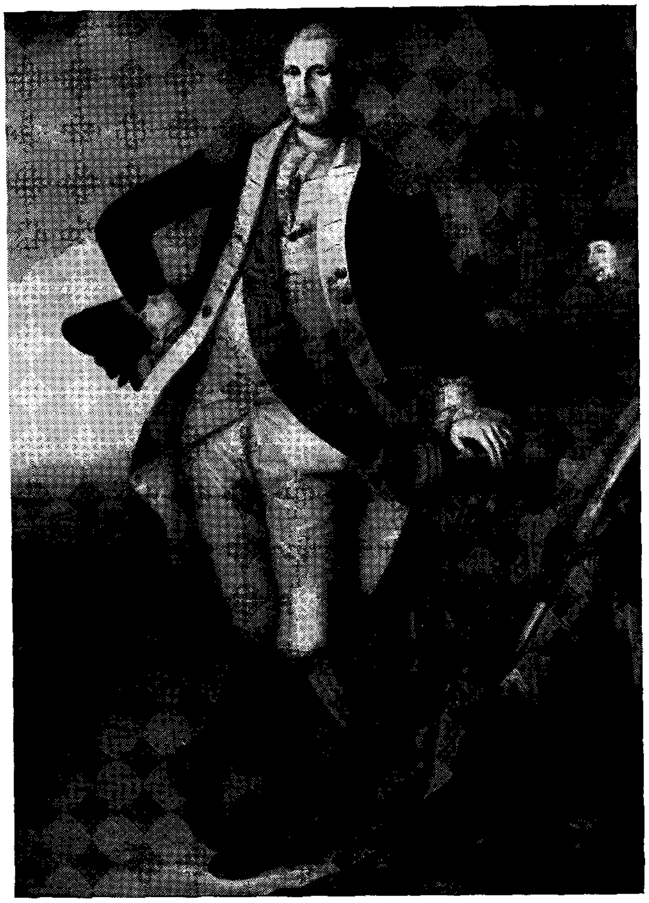

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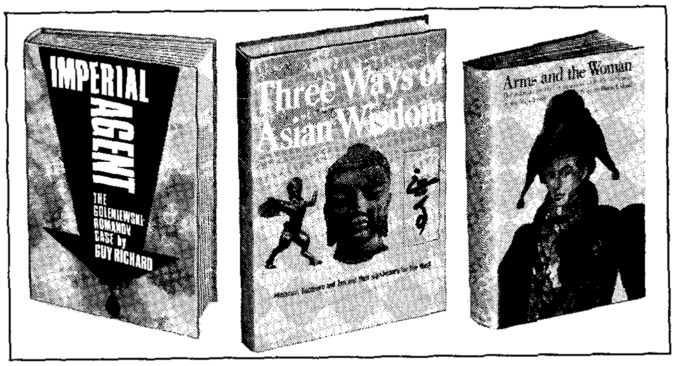
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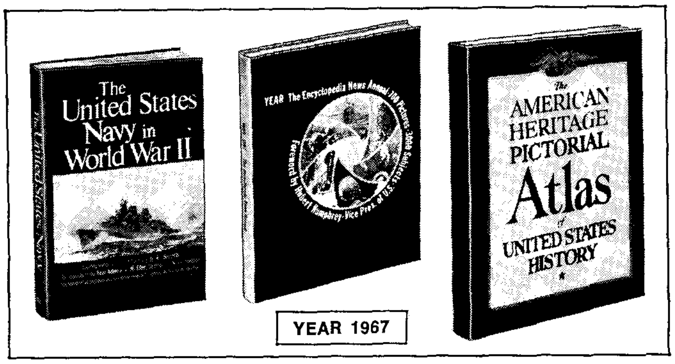
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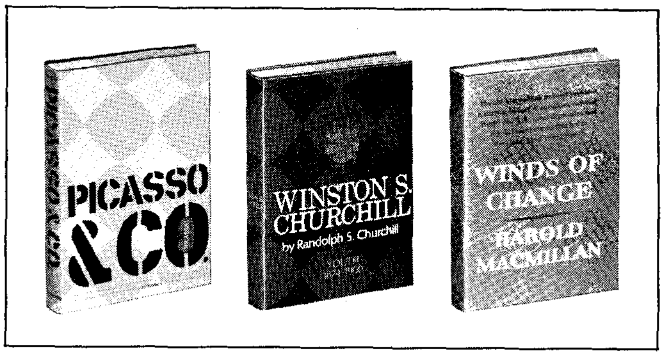
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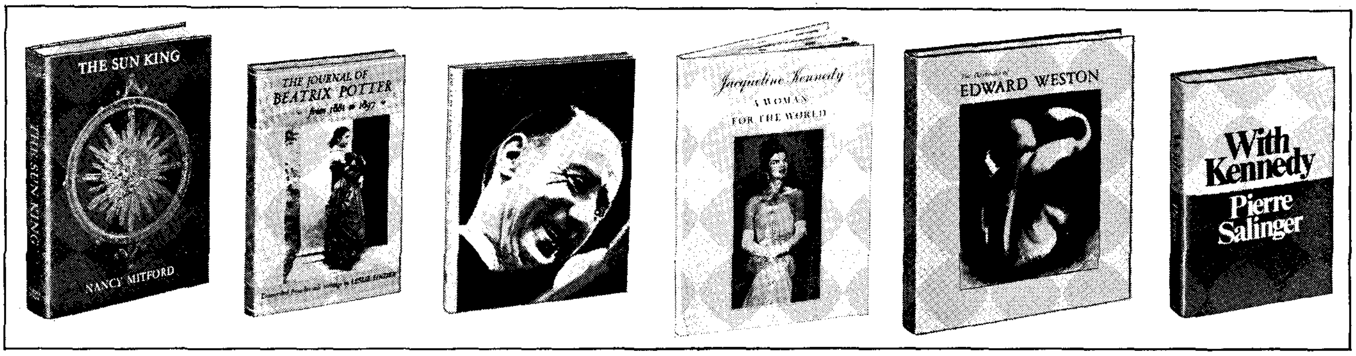
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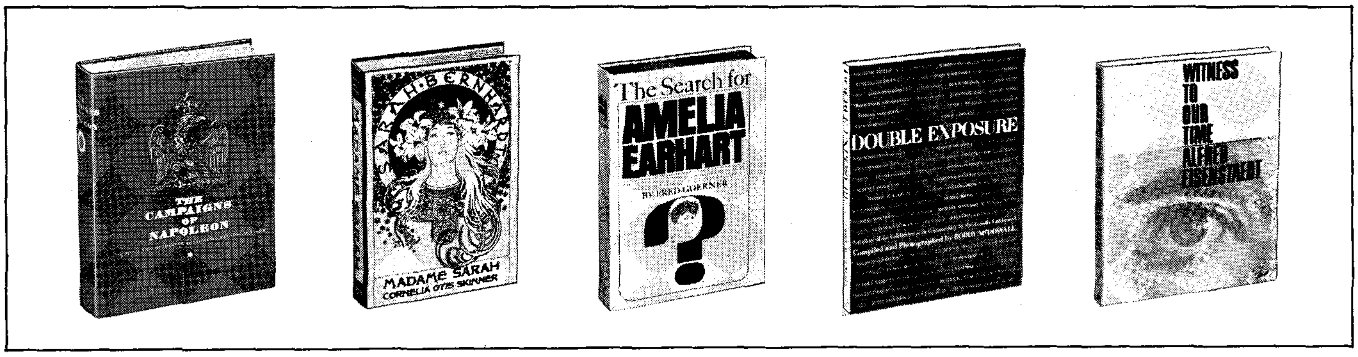
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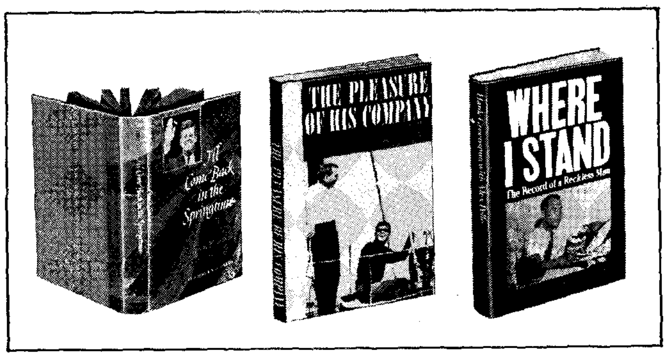
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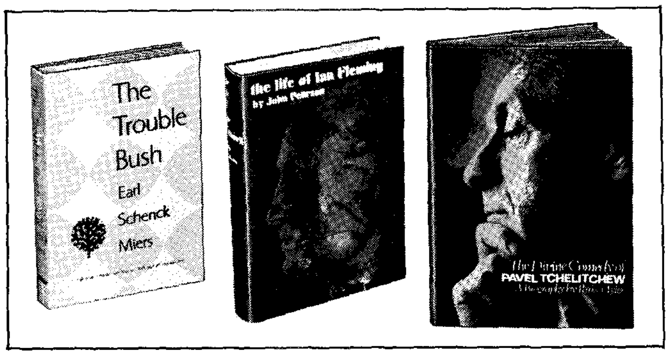
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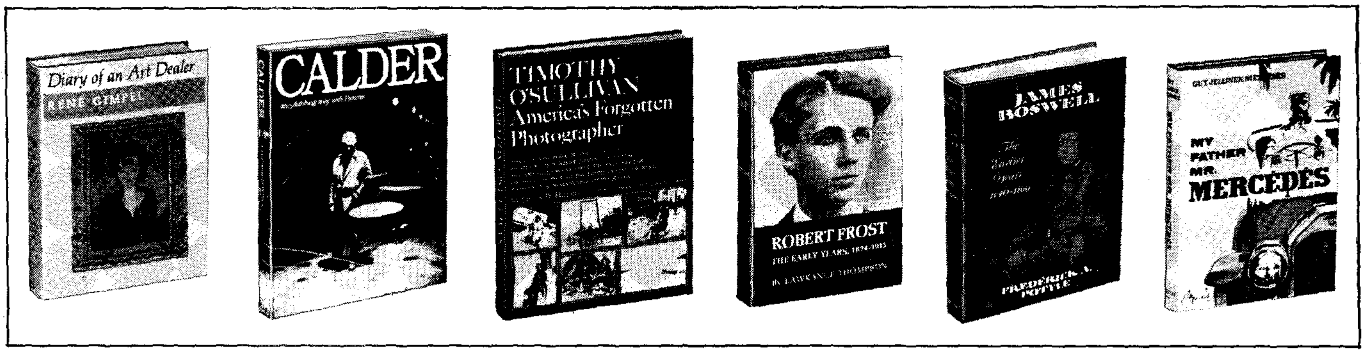
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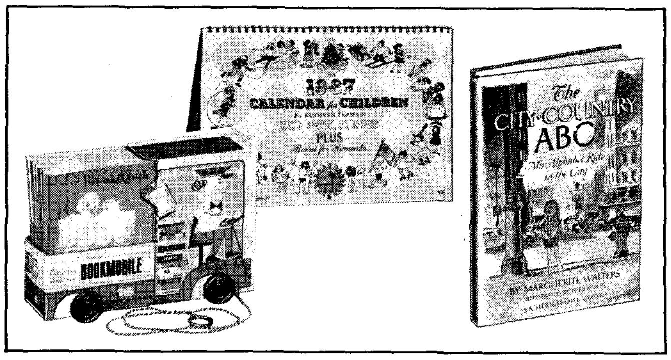

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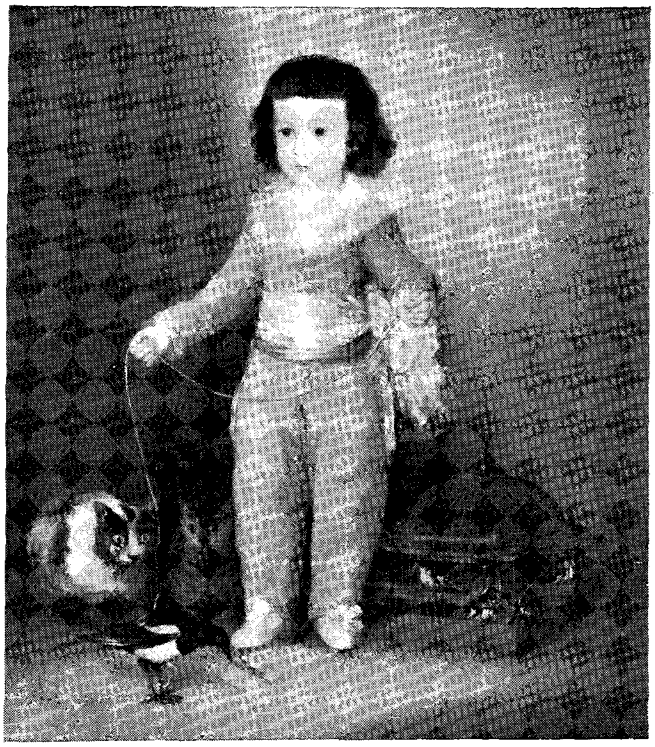

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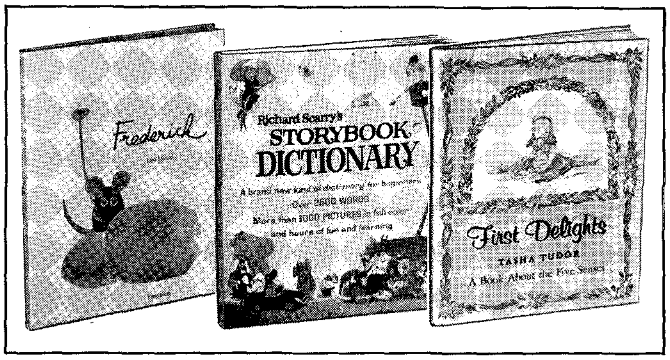

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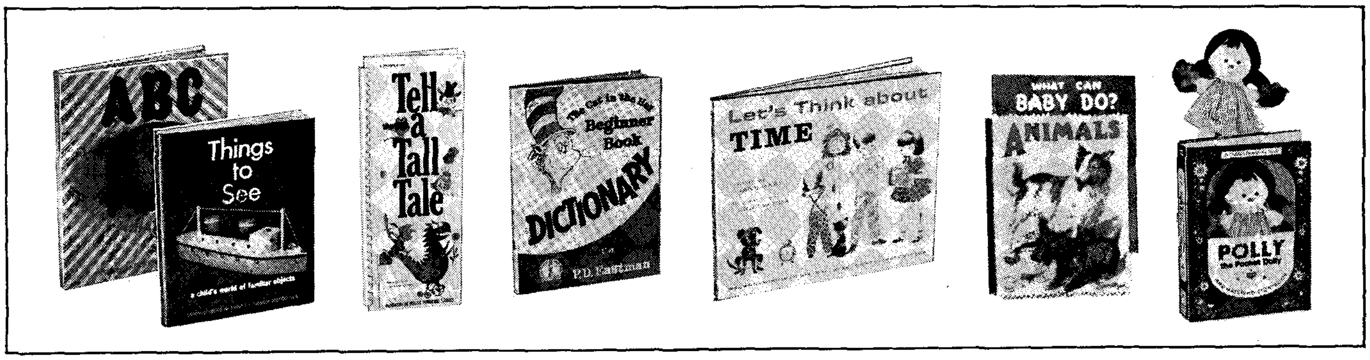

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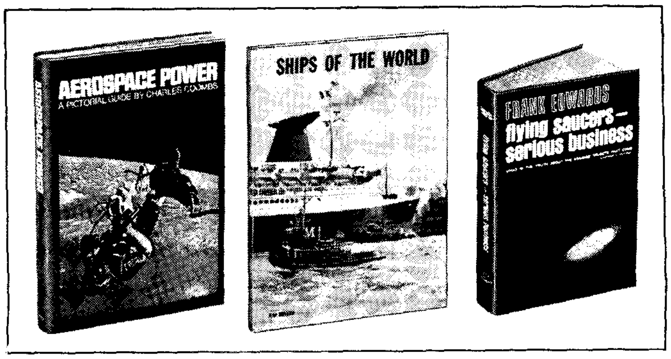
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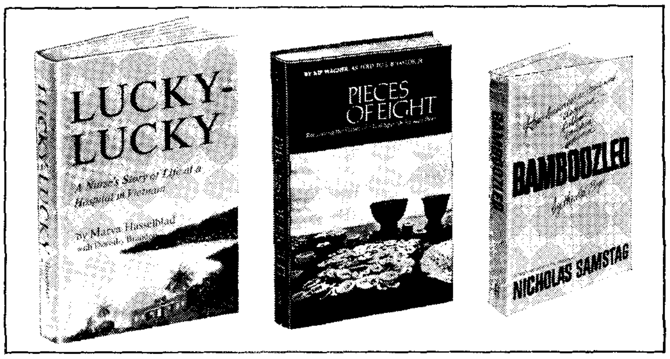

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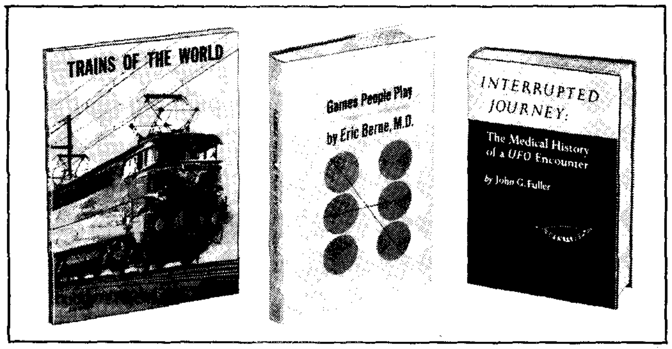

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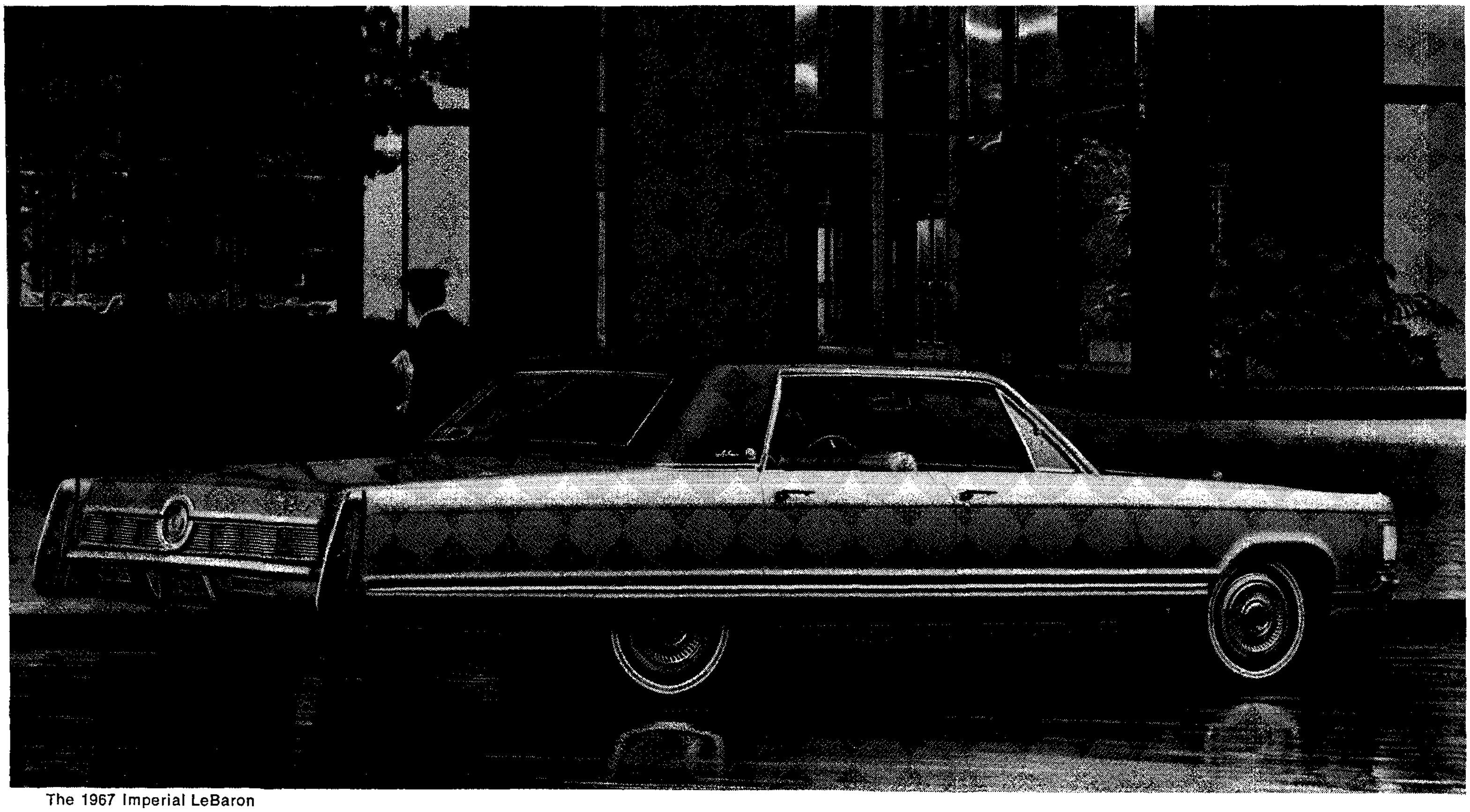

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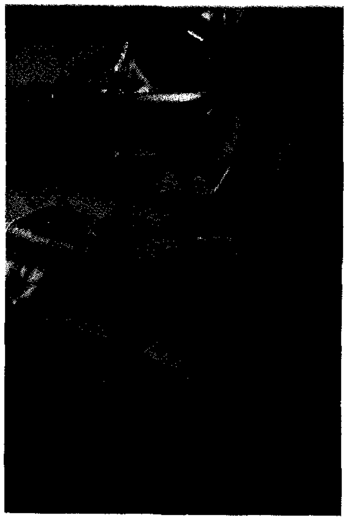

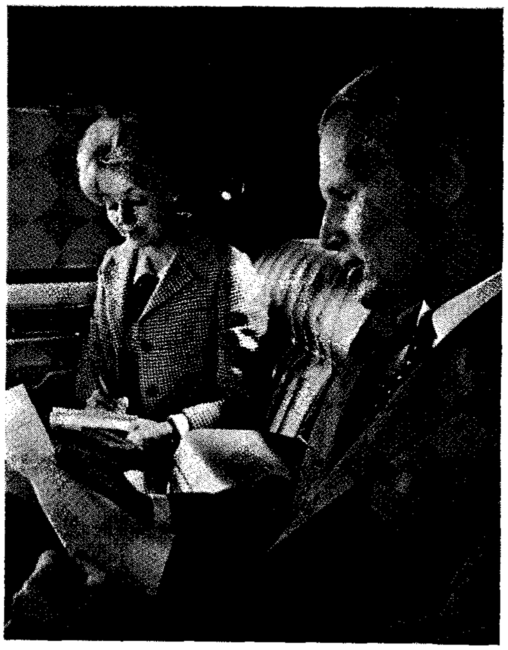

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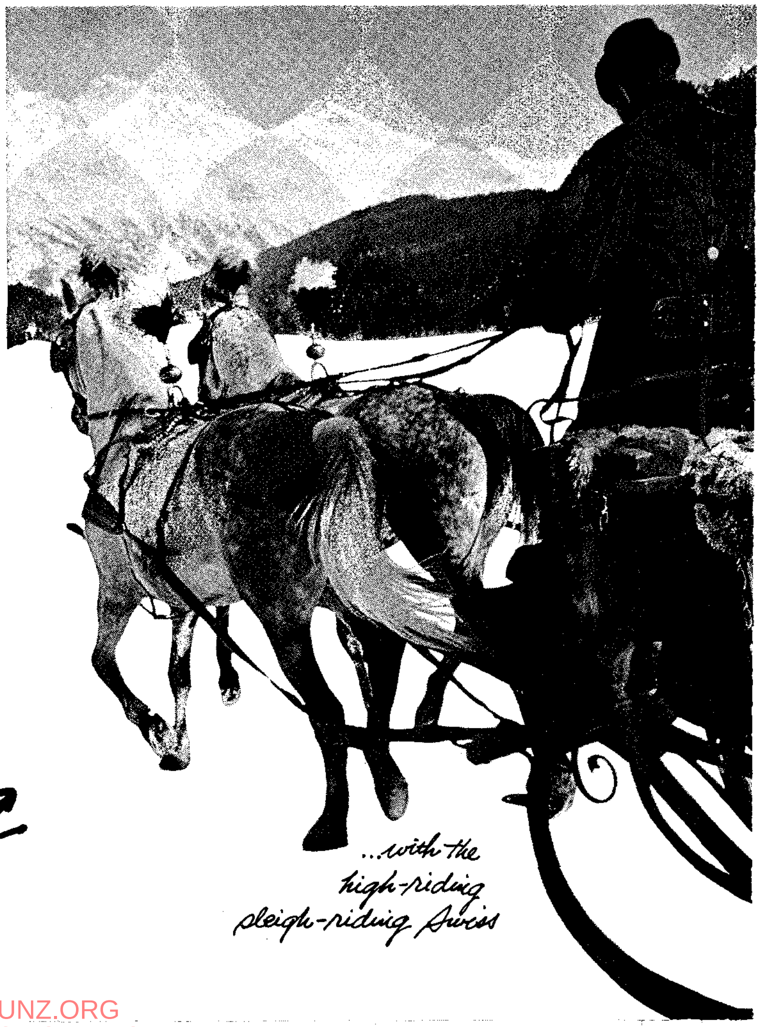

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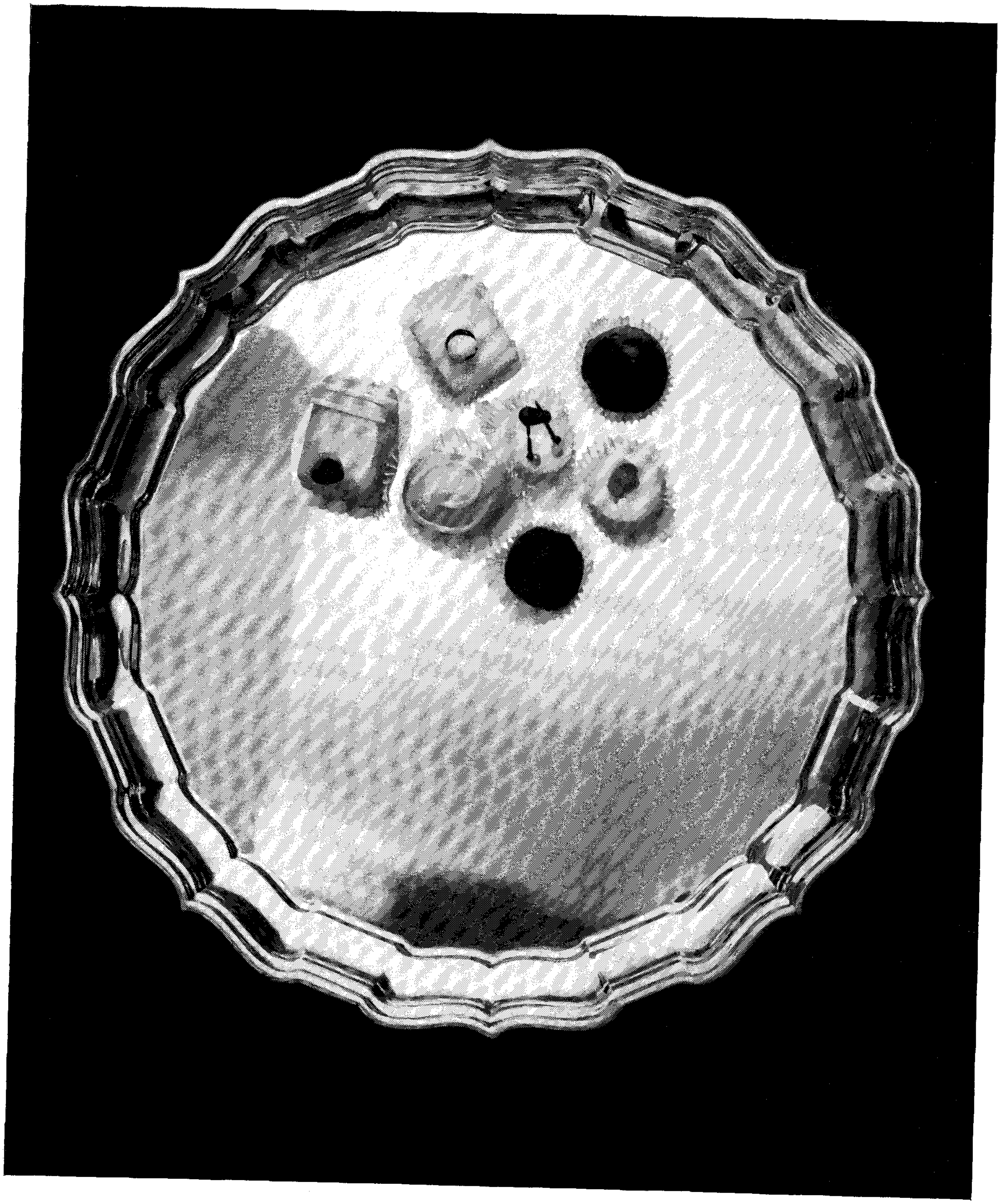

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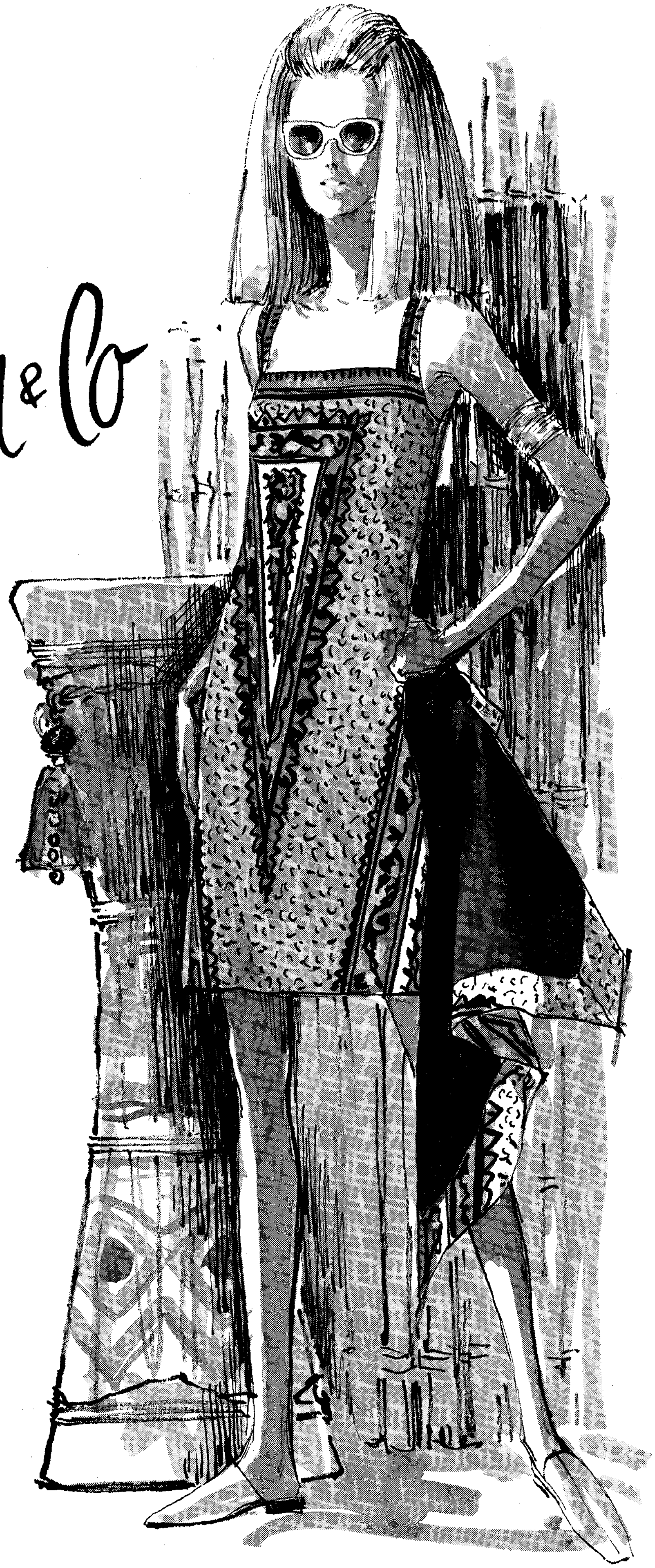

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THE NEW YORKER

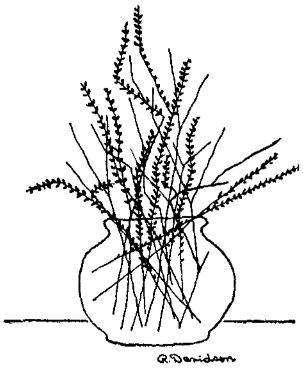
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OUR friend Alotrios dropped in on us one recent afternoon, pulled out of his pocket some crumpled old newspaper clippings, heavily annotated in his tiny handwriting, and said, “I have a scoop for you. But before I show you these clippings let me tell you the preliminary part of my scoop: President Johnson has given top priority to the secret construction of the supersonic jetliner.”

“You’re joking,” we said. “The whole country has been talking about this supersonic secrecy for four months, so it’s a dead issue now, and you call it a scoop? Some days ago, the *Times* had a long article that said, or *seemed* to say, that the government won’t permit the supersonic planes to fly overland at top speed unless the boom problem is solved.”

“My scoop is that you are not joking,” he answered. “I know that supersonic secrecy is a dead issue now, but the secret of all secrets is that *you* are a dead issue, or you would have some secret of your own to announce to the world. Or to keep from the world—which is the same thing. Why should you have to recognize as secret only what some columnist wrests from official sources a few hours before it becomes news? Anyway, the *Times* was wrong. I have made my own inquiries at the Federal Aviation Agency, and I can tell you—full of scoops as I am—that the government has not yet made *any* decision on the matter, and up to now no one even knows whether there will ever be a decision at all. Furthermore, the boom problem has not begun to be solved. But, to get back to supersonic secrecy, it is no secret that, as the daily victim of supersonic boom—to say nothing of air pollution or strip mining—you feel insulted in your dignity, robbed of your money as a taxpayer, and robbed of the very soil of your homeland under your feet. And what is it you do to express your indignation at this onslaught of insults, taxes, poisoning, deafening, and alienation from your natural environment? You explain to those who aroused it that you are not subversive if you say you don’t like a lot of what is going on, including supersonic boom, pesticides, smog, missiles, hydrogen bombs, and napalm. You keep repeating the same thing: ‘I have no secrets—no secret motives, secret associations, secret hatreds, or secret axes to grind. I am a simple citizen who wants to live in peace, and not be taxed out of existence or poisoned out of oxygen or sonically boomed out of my sanity and my home by all the things you do, to help me, to defend me, to better provide me with speed, electricity, national prestige, and freedom from bugs. As a consumer, I am grateful to you, but I am not *merely* a consumer.’ By saying such things you can only exasperate the government and our entire industrial system. One difference between civilized people and barbarians is that the civilized man acts on the assumption that to improve himself he must mold and transform his ways of thinking, whereas the barbarian acts on the assumption that what he must mold and transform to improve himself is the world of dead things. ‘A bicycle will not improve your thinking,’ my father said to me when I was thirteen. ‘Your ignorance of Latin syntax will be the same out in the country, at the beach, or in the city as it is here,’ he told me, ‘so you’d better stay here and change your inner world, and then introduce the outside world to a new man.’ This was ridiculously true in the case of a thirteen-year-old boy who wanted a bicycle, but it is tragically true in the case of the grown men who want the supersonic jet, because grown men are infinitely more virulent in their ignorance of what it takes to live in a civilized world than thirteen-year-old boys are, and when grown men use grown material means to travel faster than sound in metal monsters, they can turn into barbarians who leave Attila, on his horse or in his chariot, far behind. Molders and transformers of things not only are not helped to know themselves, and therefore not helped to check their own worst instincts (or to know good from evil), but are responsible for the gradual corruption of the world of people—a corruption that takes the form of a domination of the world of men by the world of things. While human beings can be thingified, things as such can never be humanized. An airplane not only leaves me untouched in my ignorance but can never make me a better man; on the contrary, it *can* teach me to behave crudely and violently, like just another big machine.



“Here is my first exhibit—an article (one of many) in defense of the superjet, by Evert Clark, that appeared in the *Times* of September 7th. I quote: ‘The proposed 1,800-mile-an-hour superjet is now viewed by the Administration as a vital commercial and diplomatic weapon in the cold war. There is little doubt that test models of a winning design will be built. . . . The Government is to advance and later recover about 90 per cent of the estimated $1.3-billion cost of building the prototypes of the plane. Total cost to Government, industry, and private investors is estimated at $4.5 billion by the time the planes are used commercially.’ You read this and you feel you have been treated like a fool. Such words as ‘vital commercial and diplomatic weapon in the cold war’ give you the sensation you might get when someone has insulted you, robbed you, beaten you up, and told you it was for your own good. Farther down you read, 'In 22,000 pages of documents, the four companies handed the Government today a distillation of 10 years of aeronautical research. . . . These proposals, and hundreds of thousands of pages of supporting data, will be reviewed by 235 Government evaluators and 10 domestic and 21 foreign airlines.' You stop here, feeling even more of a fool at having facts that any housewife could outline for you in the clearest, simplest, most scientific terms refuted in twenty-two thousand pages of data, plus hundreds of thousands of pages of God knows what boring federalese, and then reviewed by two hundred and thirty-five government officials, all of them hired at your expense. And what is the diplomatic reason for having such a national nuisance as the superjet in our country? Prestige. France and England are going to have supersonic planes; so, possibly, is Russia. If this is not a war by all the governments against all the people, what is it?

"An acquaintance of mine who studied the effects of the boom in Oklahoma in 1964—so old is the scoop—said that not only will there be great destruction of property, plants, animals, and human life but people will be alienated from their environment; they will hate their own country, where life will have become daily torture. Now, consider the number of passengers who might benefit by those flights, he says, and you will find that for every thousand passengers who will be transported at absurd speed to places where they will be unable to function until they have recovered from the speed—an hour lost for an hour gained—there will be ten million sufferers from the effects of the boom. Even now, in the slow-jet age, air transport amounts to a major psychological disturbance, comparable to a surgical operation that carves the body from under the soul. It transports the body, and the soul comes panting behind. The soul gets there about three days after the body has arrived, which usually means when the tired businessman or statesman is about to return home, or has returned already. The effects of this wanton separation of the body from its environment and its internal clock are a subject of study in many scientific laboratories right now. We all know how difficult it is for people in high places to discharge their many responsibilities even when they don't travel at jet speed. Why make things harder for them by alienating them even further from their environment, if not from their consciences? It is also well known that the split between the personality and the environment is a mental disease called schizophrenia. Add to this the schizophrenia created by the boom in all the people who will learn to hate the very air of their own country, and you do not get a very clear picture of patriotism, constructive action, or service to mankind. The royal coach splashing the poor with mud, before the French Revolution, was as nothing compared to this service we are offered by industry and government in the name of science and progress. No amount of supersonic transportation will raise the level of the poor in our country, but every departure of a supersonic plane will raise the level of popular indignation and make violent anarchists of more of our peaceful citizens. Now, what is your secret here? That you are dealing with idiots—idiots and illiterates. What is an idiot? In ancient Greece, an *idiotes* was one who did not believe he owed anything to the community. Today, it is one who believes that what is good for the aerospace industry is necessarily good for the country. And what is an illiterate person? Not one who cannot read but one who can read—and, worse, can write—twenty-two thousand pages to prove that supersonic flights are a blessing, and not a curse, upon mankind."

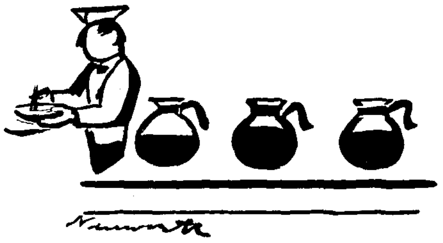
There Will Always . . .

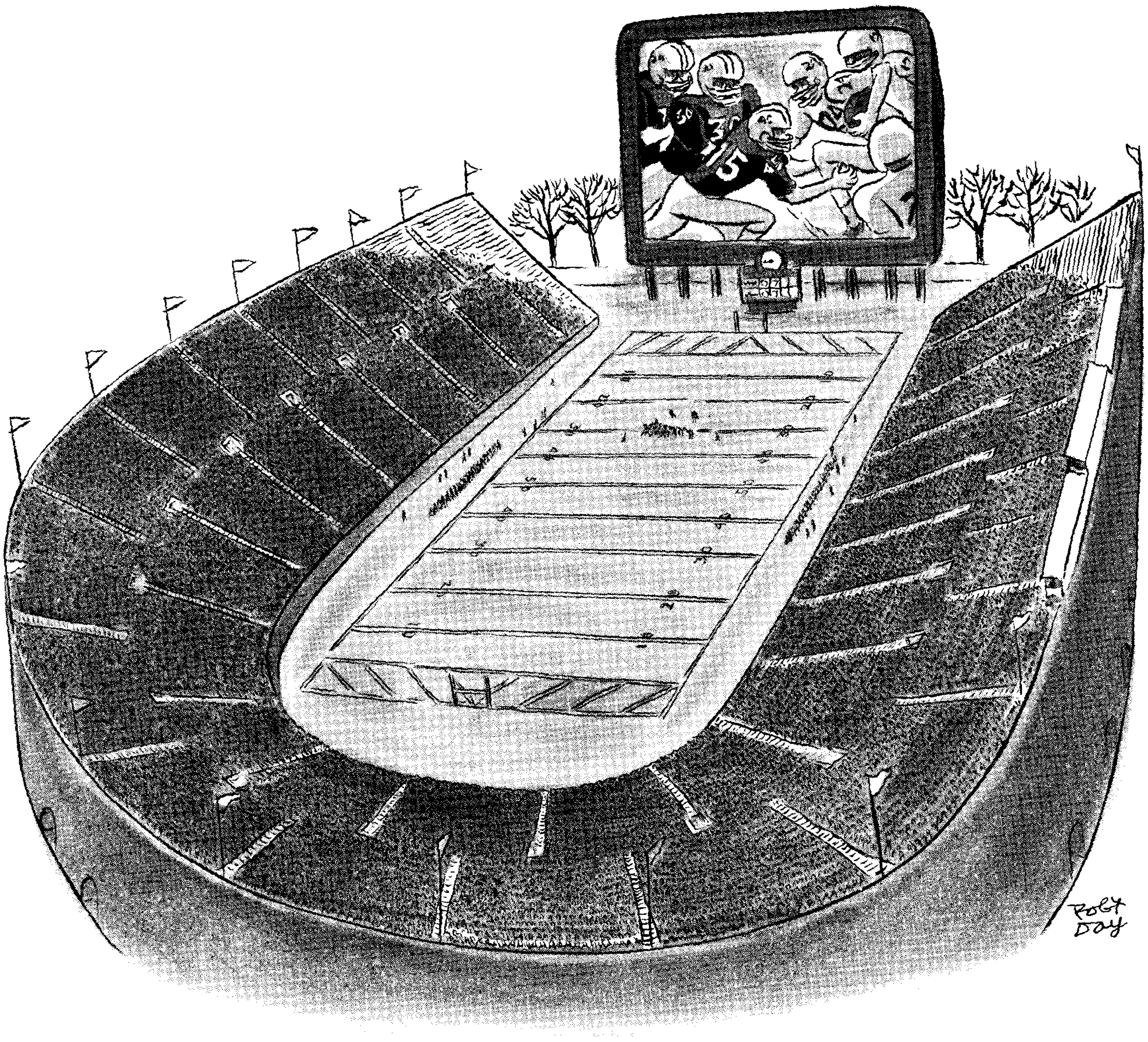
A FRIEND of ours who was recently poking through the Wellington Museum, in London, came across a striking error of dates on a small card that accompanied one of the exhibits, and called this, by mail, to the attention of the Museum authorities. By return mail came a message reading, "It is a printing error on the label and will be corrected when the corridor in which the object is hung is decorated."

Tunnel

TWO years ago, as we reported in these pages, we took a lofty walk from Brooklyn to Staten Island over the just completed Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, whose main span rises two hundred and twenty-eight feet above the sea. The other day, returning to the vicinity, we made a suboceanic journey from Staten Island to Brooklyn in a nearly completed aqueduct tunnel that is being driven through bedrock almost a thousand feet below the surface of Upper New York Bay. The Richmond Tunnel, as it is called, is being excavated for the New York City Board of Water Supply by the Perini Corporation and the Morrison-Knudsen Company, and will be twenty-five thousand feet long. At present, it extends four and three-quarters miles in a northeasterly line from the base of a nine-hundred-and-sixty-five-foot vertical access shaft in Tomkinsville, on the Staten Island waterfront, and at the time of our visit the working face was only a few hundred yards from a nine-hundred-and-twelve-foot vertical access shaft in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn, where the tunnel will be "holed through" next week. Our guide for this underworld jaunt was Mr. Martin J. Barkin, a mild-mannered, bespectacled man in his late fifties, who is Acting Deputy Chief Engineer of City Construction at the Board of Water Supply, and who helped to plan the tunnelling operation and has helped to direct it since it began, nearly five years ago. We met Mr. Barkin at the top of the Staten Island shaft at one o'clock on a gray afternoon, and the first thing he did was lead us into a nearby construction shack and hand us a pair of rubber boots, a rubber raincoat, and an orange plastic helmet. "Better put these on," he said, with a grin. "It's going to be damp down there."

While we were climbing into our gear, Barkin, donning similar apparel, told us that in 1959 and 1960 the Board of Water Supply undertook feasibility studies for the Richmond Tunnel by making forty-four test borings of the bedrock beneath the Upper Bay. "The boring was done from platforms on stilts, and core samples were taken at various depths, ranging all the way down to nine hundred feet," he said. "When the core samples were assessed by our engineering and geological staff, it was found that the tunnel would be going through Manhattan schist beneath Staten Island and the Upper Bay, then through a narrow band of limestone near the Brooklyn waterfront, and after that through Brooklyn injection gneiss, which, like Manhattan schist, is an igneous rock, but even harder and more granitic. From the feasibility studies, we knew that we would encounter

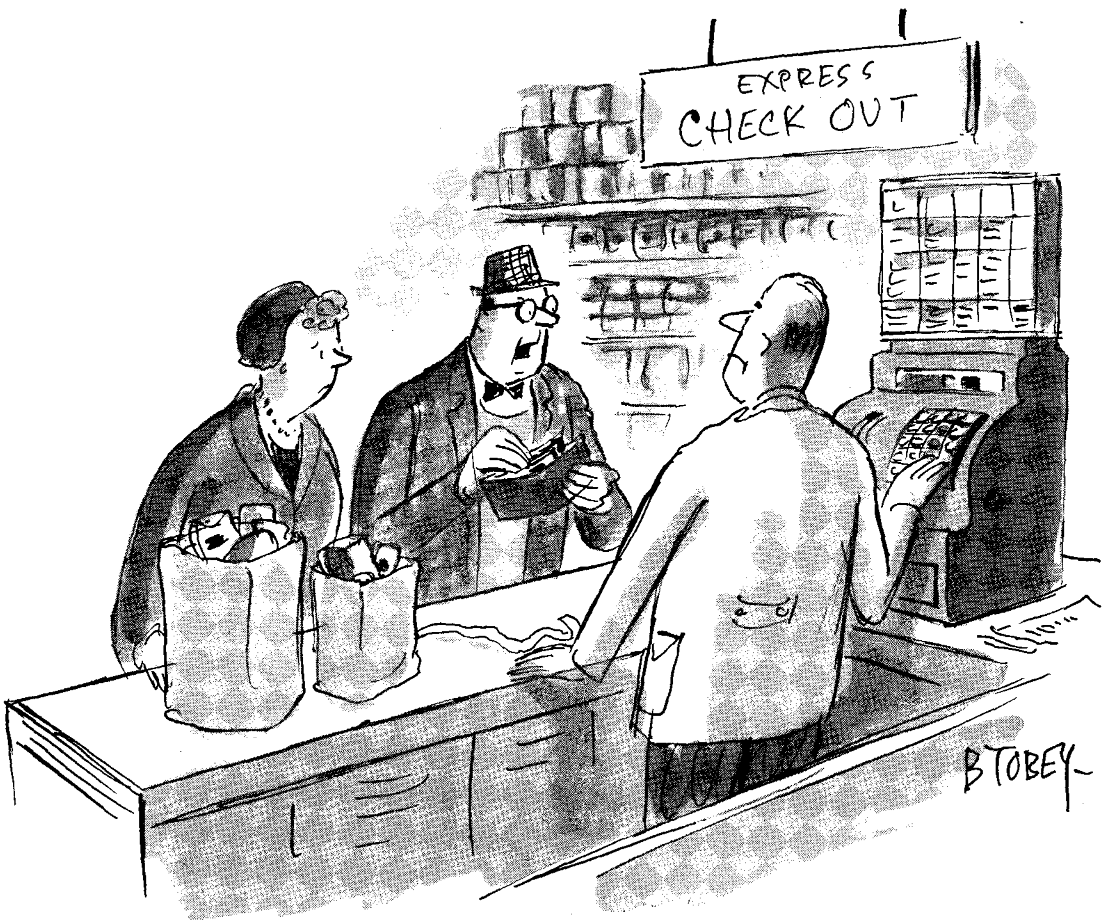




crush and decay zones caused by water permeating faults in the bedrock, and since the danger of inflow lessens as the depth of the bedrock increases, we decided that the tunnel should be constructed at the nine-hundred-foot level. With a practically unlimited amount of water overhead, you see, we wanted to play it safe."

Barkin glanced at his watch and announced that in a few minutes we would be going down into the tunnel with the one-thirty work shift. Then, leading us outside, he started across a muddy yard toward the head frame—a hundred-and-fifty-one-foot steel tower supporting an elevator cage that carries men and materials to and from the bottom of the shaft. On the way, he told us that work on the access shafts at the ends of the proposed tunnel began in January of 1962, and that water was a problem from the outset. "Here, as you can see, we're only two hundred and fifty feet from the Bay, and in order to keep the shaft hole from flooding, we had to surround the site with four fifty-foot wells, sunk to the top of the bedrock," he said. "Then, pumping out as we went, we excavated with a clamshell bucket until we hit rock. At that point, we erected the head frame to support a shaft bucket, and from then on it was down, down, down—drilling, blasting, and mucking—through nine hundred feet of solid schist. On the Brooklyn side we had even tougher going. The water table at Red Hook is only thirteen feet below the surface, and to get at the gneiss we had to go through one hundred and eighteen feet of overburden, consisting of quicksand, clay, and gravel. To do this, we created an ice wall in the overburden by pumping brine at minus two degrees Fahrenheit down vertical pipes set in a thirty-foot circle; that enabled us to dredge out the quicksand. Then, when we got to rock, we erected a head frame and proceeded to drill, blast, and muck the rest of the way. Vertical shafts are the most difficult and dangerous part of tunnel construction, because you have to work in an area of small diameter, with no means of access except a bucket that is lowered by cable. Also, since there's nothing to support whatever bad rock may be overhead, you have to line your shafts with concrete as you go. For these reasons, it took us a year and a half to complete our shafts, which have a finished diameter of fourteen feet. Then we started the job of driving a tunnel from Staten Island to Brooklyn to link them."

When we reached the head frame, we found twenty-five or thirty workmen on the one-thirty shift assembled beside the shaft elevator, which was rectangular and open on two sides. The men were dressed in yellow rubber pants and jackets, rubber boots, and green helmets. Barkin told us that they were sandhogs from Local 147 of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., but that when sand-



"I'll tell you why I don't write to my congressman—because I am *my congressman!"*

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hogs work in rock they are called tunnel stiffs. At this point, a signal bell rang, and, with Barkin and the tunnel stiffs, we stepped onto the platform of the elevator. Then the bell rang again, the elevator began to descend, and the overcast sky disappeared. At first, the interior of the elevator cage was bathed in an eerie glow from light bulbs that were fixed at intervals to the walls of the shaft beside an iron-runged emergency ladder, but then the light bulbs grew less frequent, and finally the elevator was descending in almost total darkness. As we continued down, swallowing to relieve pressure that was building in our ears, we suddenly felt spray in our face and cast an inquiring glance at Barkin, who, playing a calm Vergil to our rather nervous Dante, explained that it was seawater leaking in through joints in the concrete lining of the shaft. "It's coming in at the rate of about fifty gallons a minute, and it's a nuisance, because it corrodes the light fixtures and keeps the shaft dark," he said. "We'll seal it off when we finish the job, but until then we have to live with it." A moment later, the shaft began to reverberate with a roar that soon crescendoed into an infernally deafening racket, over which Barkin managed to inform us that what we heard was the sound of air being forced through a fan line that ventilates the tunnel. When the elevator reached the bottom of the shaft, we stepped through a cascade of water and found ourself in a work area that had been hollowed out of the rock. Its roof was supported by curved steel beams and vertical side columns, the floor was crisscrossed by narrow-gauge tracks for mining cars, the walls were lined with a tangle of cables and pipes, and the air between was dank and heavy with condensation. The elevator ascended almost at once, and, shouting over the scream of the fan line, Barkin told us that it was carrying ten tons of muck, or crushed rock, to the surface in a skip bucket that was fastened beneath it. "The muck is brought from the face of the tunnel by railway cars and dumped into the skip, which sits in a thirty-five-foot sump hole at the bottom of the shaft," he said. "Don't try to look into the sump, though. The skip is going up about as high as the Chrysler Building, and it occasionally sheds a rock or two on the way."

Barkin now led us to the far end of the work area, and there we and the tunnel stiffs climbed into a train made up of two mining cars and a small diesel engine. When everyone was aboard, the engine tooted its whistle and started pulling us into the tunnel. For the first hundred yards or so, the tunnel, which was only twelve feet in diameter, had smooth black walls; then the walls became rough and pitted. Barkin explained that the initial portion had been drilled by a seventy-one-ton hard-nosed mole machine, which had been disassembled, lowered piece by piece through the access shaft, and reassembled in the work area. "The mole machine was equipped with tungsten-carbide cone bits, but it couldn't stand up to the stress of boring through pegmatitic schist, which has a hardness of seven on the geological hardness scale—the scale ranges from one, for talc, to ten, for diamond," he said. "So we had to abandon it and return to the conventional tunnelling method of drilling with high-compression air drills and blasting with dynamite." He ducked his head as the train passed through a shower of water falling from the tunnel roof, and went on to tell us that we were going through a bad fault zone in mica schist. "At places like this, we tighten up the roof rock by driving six- and eight-foot bolts with expansion heads into it," he said. "Everywhere else, the tunnel supports itself. The water you see is leaking all the way down from the Bay, through a hundred and forty feet of harbor silt and then through fissures in a seven-hundred-foot layer of bedrock. It comes into the tunnel at a pressure of about four hundred pounds per square inch, and, of course, we have to control it as we go. We do that by probing forty-five feet ahead of the tunnel face with an inch-and-a-half drill. When we hit water, we remove the drill, replace it with a hollow pipe, and proceed to inject grout—a mixture of cement and water—at five hundred to a thousand pounds of pressure per square inch. This pressure shoots the grout back up the faults for long distances—sometimes as far as a mile—and seals them off. In spite of the grouting, however, two hundred and fifteen gallons of seawater leaks into the shaft and tunnel every minute, and fifty gallons more comes in through a pipeline that cools the drills, which means that we have to pump out a total of two hundred and sixty-five gallons a minute to keep abreast." As he said this, the train rumbled past a jet of reddish-brown water spurting from one side of the tunnel, and, shining the beam of his flashlight on it, he told us that, at ninety gallons a minute, it was the biggest leak of all. "Before we grouted this fault, water was coming through it at the rate of three hundred gallons a minute," he said. The water was rust-colored, he added, because it had travelled down through iron deposits in the bedrock.

For the next twenty minutes, the train continued to rumble along through the tunnel, swaying, lurching, and splashing muddy water against the walls as it went. The way was feebly lit by light bulbs hanging on the walls at twenty-foot intervals, and every two thousand feet or so the tunnel widened for sidings, which held strings of mining cars used for carrying muck from the face to the work area. Occasionally, we passed a track-maintenance man, but for the most part the tunnel was deserted. Finally, just when its lights seemed to be stretching ahead into a gloomy infinity, Barkin shone the beam of his flashlight at one wall and announced that we were under Brooklyn. "Notice how much lighter the rock is here?" he said. "This is the band of limestone I told you about. It's sixty feet thick, and beneath all the dirt and soot it's pure white and glistening with crystals. After holing through the tunnel, we'll wash down the walls before we line them with concrete, and what a sight that will be! The schist and the gneiss will sparkle with mica, red garnets, pink and green feldspar, and other lovely minerals. Why, the whole place will scintillate!" Barkin grinned, and sniffed the air. "Smell the dynamite powder?" he asked. "That means we're getting close to the heading."

As we approached the face of the tunnel, the train pulled ahead of a conveyor-belt mucking machine, which was parked on a siding. Then it came to a stop, and the tunnel stiffs on the one-thirty shift climbed out, and some grimy-looking tunnel stiffs from the previous shift climbed in. Barkin said that the tunnel was being driven by four six-hour work shifts, at an average rate of three hundred feet a week, with approximately six drilling-loading-blasting-and-mucking cycles a day. Then, pointing at the face, two hundred feet ahead, he told us that it had been drilled with forty twelve-foot holes one and a half inches in diameter, which were at present being loaded with sticks of dynamite. "We'll hear this series of blasts on our return trip to the shaft," he said. "By that time, the tunnel stiffs will have moved back fifteen hundred feet from the face and will be standing against the walls holding their thumbs in their ears and their helmets on their heads with the tips of their fingers. It'll be quite a bang."

Now the diesel engine was uncoupled from the front of the train, another engine was coupled to the rear, and a few minutes later we were chugging back toward Staten Island. When we had gone about a mile, the tunnel suddenly resounded with a series of muffled explosions, which were accompanied by cold blasts of air as shock waves overtook the train and made our ears pop. The mist around us coalesced and receded as one blast followed another; then the sounds merged into one great, rumbling reverberation, which faded and died away. The rest of the trip was without incident, and when we reached the work area, half an hour later, the tunnel stiffs piled out of the mining cars and hurried to the waiting elevator, which quickly began its ascent. We stayed below with Barkin until the elevator returned, and then rode alone with him to the surface. On the way, he told us proudly that when the tunnel is completed, at the end of 1967, it will enable Staten Island to receive up to three hundred million gallons of water a day—ten times the amount that can be brought in now, through two cast-iron mains on the bottom of the Bay. "As far as I'm concerned, this tunnel will be one of the wonders of the world," he said.

The elevator came to the surface, and we stepped off it onto solid ground, to find that during our sojourn in the depths a fog had rolled in from the sea. Ahead of us, a few hundred yards out on the Bay, a small freighter that looked pasted onto the mist and improbably buoyant was groping toward a berth. For a moment, Barkin studied the freighter in silence. Then he said, "Not much of a day for sightseeing, is it?"

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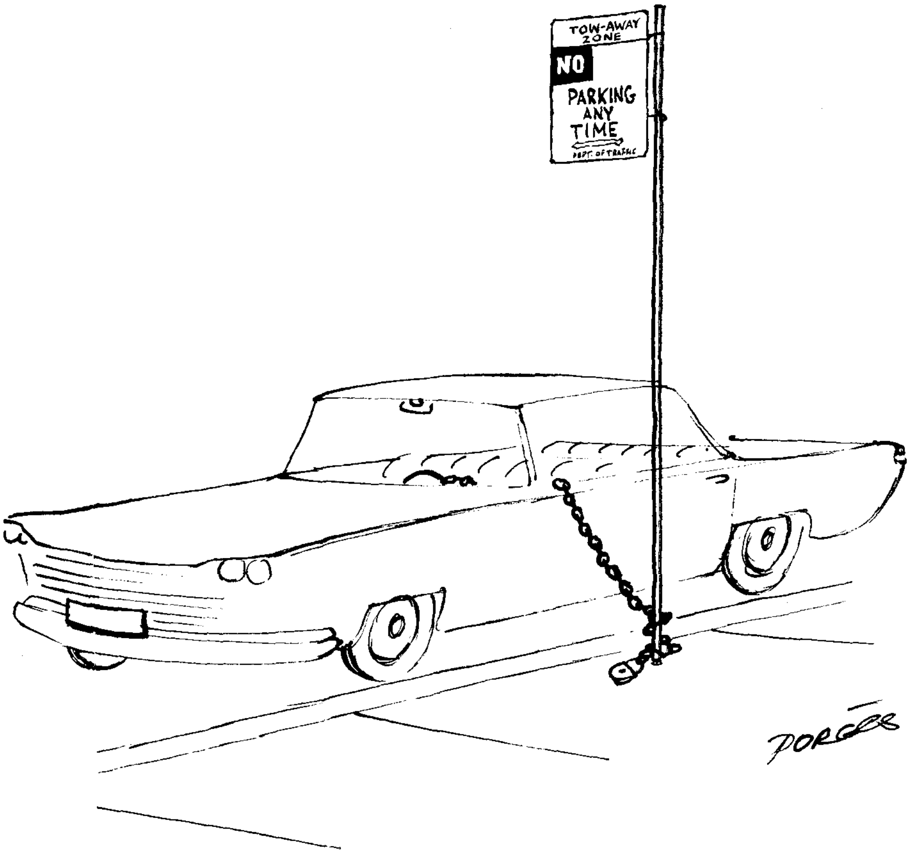
SIGN observed on a recent weekend visit to the Princeton campus:

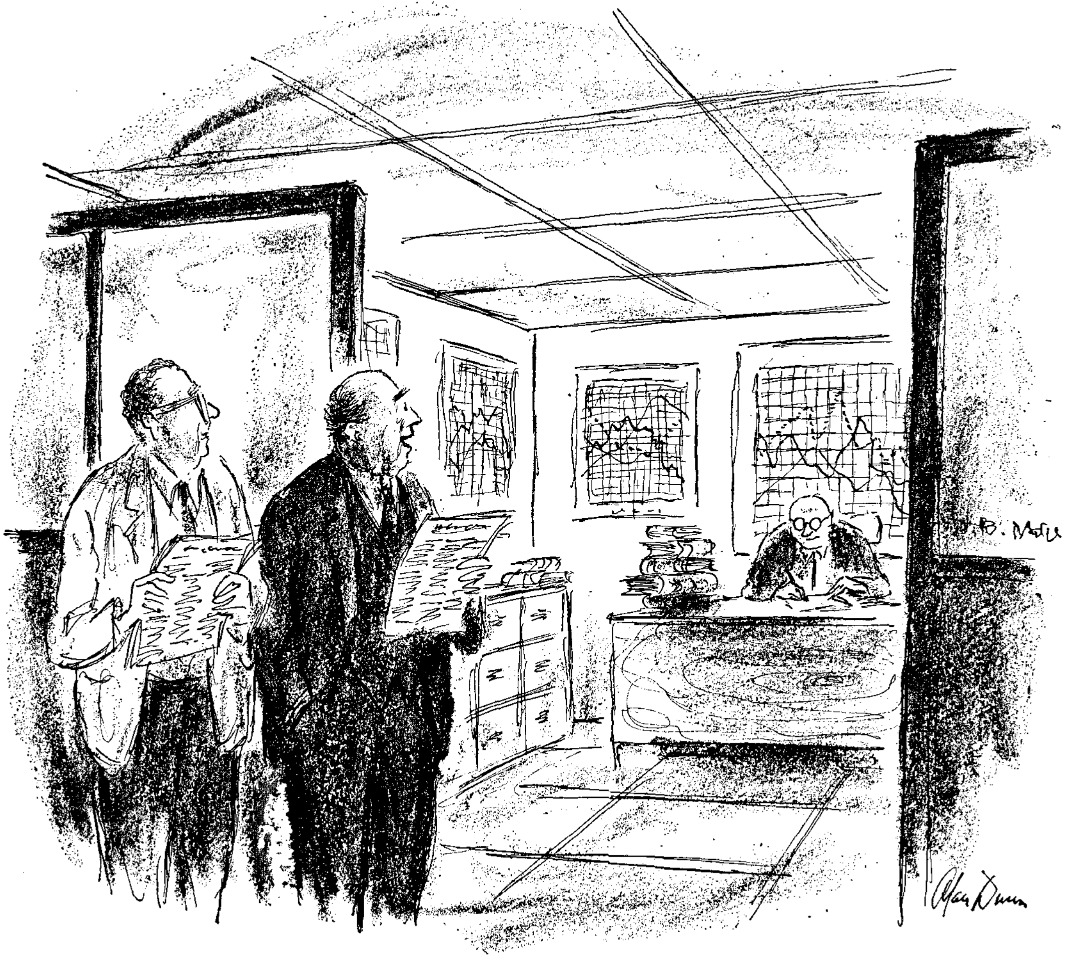
PEACE PARADE
11:30 SATURDAY
NASSAU HALL

BRING DATES
PICNIC LUNCH
THRU BY KICKOFF

Last Sail

ON the morning of what was probably the last truly warm, gentle Saturday of 1966, we wandered off Fifth Avenue at Seventy-second Street





"Seven 'provided that's, thirteen 'but's, and twenty-nine 'if's. Best market-letter analyst in the business!"

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and into the Park, strolling among the skate-boarders, bicyclists, and English baby carriages down the slope toward Conservatory Pond. Most of the trees in the Park were bare, but the big, mottled plane trees that stood around the pool still held some brown-green leaves, and a brisk wind was shivering them. Half a dozen model sailboats, of various sizes and shapes, were zipping across the pool, their sails taut. After our adventure under the Upper Bay, this watery scene seemed particularly tranquil.

"Oh-oh!" said a burly elderly man who was wearing a black ski jacket and a gray cap with a flying-fish emblem on it, and was holding a long bamboo pole. He was staring at a large two-masted schooner that was moving rapidly in a northwesterly direction, on a collision course with the far side of the pool. The man started to run. Muttering "Quiet, boy. Quiet" as he jogged through a group of chattering children, he trotted around the perimeter of the pool, and reached the other side just in time to fend off the arriving schooner with his bamboo pole. The schooner—black-hulled with yellow trim, red waterline, and a varnished deck—set off on a new tack, and the man continued around the pool at a walk, watching it and heading for the next rendezvous.

The man had crouched down and was reaching over the rim of the pool to make an adjustment in the schooner's sails when we caught up with him, a few minutes later. A small group of strollers had gathered to admire the ship, and the man was answering their questions, without looking up. "She's seven feet two inches long. . . . The masts are five feet six inches and five feet. . . . The hull is white pine; the deck is mahogany. . . . She's named Helen. . . . She's got a jib, forestaysail, foresail, mainsail, and two topsails." He gave the schooner a nudge, and it moved away, the wind filling its sails. He stood up and began walking again, carrying the bamboo pole. "It's the last day for me," he told us. "I'm taking her in today." He stepped out of the way of a bicyclist. "I've sailed her almost every Saturday and Sunday since 1941. I built her myself, at home. I made her for my boys. They were babies then, and we sailed her together, till they went off on their own." He glanced out at the water. "Now I'm sailing her alone."

Twenty yards out, a small white speedboat putted rapidly toward Helen, veered across her bow, and careened away. A plump boy wearing glasses and a white sweater stood on the sidewalk controlling the speedboat by radio, sending it this way and that across the pond. The elderly man watched the speedboat for a moment. "They're all right," he said, "but there's no fun in them."

A gust of wind rippled the water, and Helen—halfway across now—heeled. The man was unconcerned. "She's never turned over," he said. "I've got seventeen pounds of lead in her keel." Helen righted herself and continued full ahead. "Sailing her is more fun every year," he said. "I don't know why. Old age, I guess." He began to walk faster. "You know how old I am? Guess. . . . Sixty? No. I'll be seventy-two if I live through the seventh day of next April."

When, a little later, he met Helen at the edge of the pool, he reached down through an open hatch in the deck and lifted the ship out of the water. He turned and walked briskly, carrying the schooner with one hand—its sails still set—across the sidewalk, and put it down on its side on the grass under the plane trees. Nearby, another elderly man—hatless, with short gray hair and a grave expression—had laid his own sailboat on the grass. Neither spoke. The man in the gray cap knelt among the fallen leaves, took a small knife from his pocket, and began cutting away Helen's rigging. As he sliced the stays, he held one of the strings in his teeth. Then he pulled out the masts and carefully rolled the sails around them. "She goes to bed for a while," he said, almost to himself, as he worked, and then he stood up—the masts with their rolled sails in one hand, the hull held through the hatch with the other—and started walking toward the boathouse.

As he went past, the hatless man glanced up and asked, "When you coming back, Mike?"

"I don't know if I'll *ever* come back, Bill," the other man said. He smiled. "That I have no guarantee on," he added, and walked away across the grass.

ANNA TRIVIA PLURALIZED

GOD only knows how they achieved it, but there it was, set down in the middle of modern-day Dublin—a replica of lower Weybosset Street in Providence, Rhode Island, in the year 1913. The same dingy red brick façades blackened by rain, the trolleys clanging and shrieking protest as they rounded the intersections, even a couple of those Dickensian factory hands gobbling their noontime pork pies in the doorways. It was a restoration so scrupulous as to make Williamsburg and Old Sturbridge Village shoddy by comparison, and the illusion such that I automatically sought for the favorite memory of my boyhood, the window display of a dry-cleaning establishment named Lewando's, where a stuffed cat, clad in an apron, was pinning up six baby chicks she had just laundered in a washtub. But the downpour was furious by now, the plane journey from London had taken longer than I'd foreseen, and I needed a wash and a brushup before starting my weekend sojourn. The outer door of D'Arcy's Hotel, unfortunately, ambuscaded a precipitous step and a half downward, so that I pitched across the small lobby and fetched up with a crash against the reception desk, nearly concussing the clerk.

"Alannah, don't give it a thought," he said, dismissing my apology. "They fly in here all hours of the day and night." He was the Hibernian stereotype of that vanished era—Barry Fitzgerald, to the life. "You'll be the American gentleman who phoned from the airport?"

"Yes, the Shelbourne and the Gresham said they were full up."

"It's the bloodstock sales," he explained. "The county folk replenishing their stables—the town's bursting at the seams. Here's your key and a message from Mr. Donahoe. You're to join him at the Red Bank bar in D'Olier Street on the double."

Unpacking my bag in a bedroom redolent of hair oil and generations of commercial travellers, it occurred to me to wonder how my friend knew I was staying here before I did, but in a small place like Dublin, clearly, there were no secrets for anyone so ubiquitous. Columnist, drama critic, and book reviewer, Donahoe was the tireless encyclopedist of the Celtic Revival, brimming with anecdotes of O'Casey, the Yeatses, Gogarty, and the notables of the Abbey. All these, he had revealed on a previous visit, were warp and woof of a volume of reminiscences he had been compiling for years, and when, an hour later, our reunion in the Red Bank had been duly solemnized with malt, I asked if it was progressing well.

He beamed at me over the empurpled squash that served him for a nose. "Famously, my boy," he said. "The printer's devil was just around to the office with the galleys." I sensed that not a word was on paper. "Ah, 'twill be the grand memoir of our times, in my humble opinion, and there's one portion in particular—" He checked himself, looked around, and lowered his voice. "Give us your oath, now," he said. "You're not writing a book about Joyce, are you?"

"Honor bright," I said. "Why?"

"Because I've unearthed a simply tremendous story about him that's never been told," he said. "It's the crowning chapter of my work—the keynote, no less—and I'm pauperized if you blab a word of it."

Donahoe's informant, it emerged after a preliminary flourish, was a certain Mulcahy, who regularly took his evening glass at a pub in Chapelizod. He had in due course formed a nodding acquaintance with another student of Guinness there, an altogether prosaic old codger in moleskins he judged to be a corporation workman. One day, the latter failed to materialize, and when he turned up the following evening, garbed in decent black, Mulcahy inquired solicitously whether anything was amiss.

"Nosey Flynn," the other imparted glumly. "We laid the poor devil to rest yesterday, God save his soul."

"Nosey Flynn?" asked Mulcahy, recognizing a recurrent character in "Ulysses." "Was he a chum of yours?"

All of that crowd were his butties, the old man replied—Bantam Lyons, Pisser Burke, Corny Kelleher, and Joe Hynes.

Dazzled by the rich literary ore he had stumbled on, Mulcahy began wielding his pick. "Did you ever know old John Joyce, by any chance?" he asked, with a pretense of casualness.

"Aye, indeed." An affectionate sigh. "A hell of a fella with a jar or a stave. Talk your blessed arm off."

"Had a son named Stanislaus, didn't he?"

Yes, and a studious nipper he was.

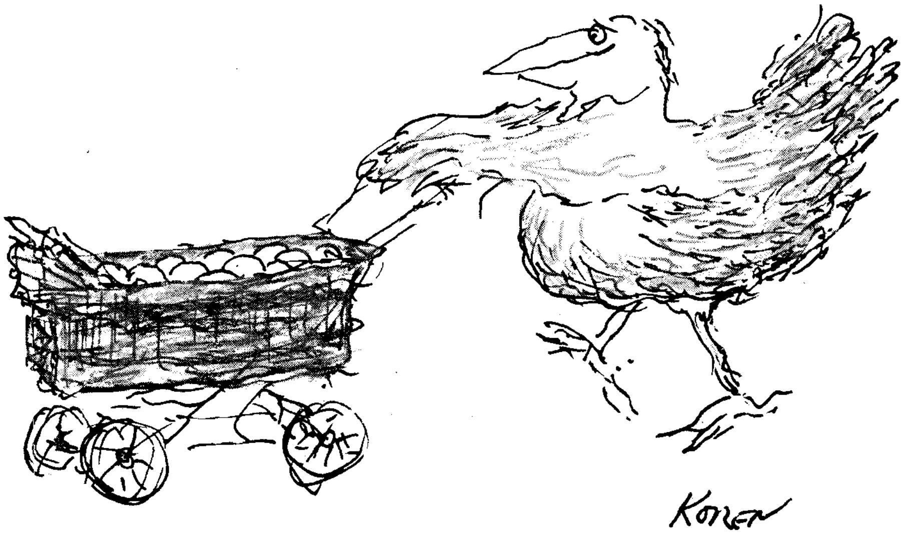
Mulcahy pressed on. "And wasn't there a younger lad, now? The one who went to the Jesuit college at Clongowes?"

The man reflected deeply. "Faith, you're dead right," he said at last. "A ne'er-do-well called Jim. He ran that Volta Theatre in Mary Street for a bit. I often wondered what became of him."

A look of positive ecstasy overspread Donahoe's face as he delivered the payoff. "That's the tribute we pay our laureates in this benighted country!" He hooted, and then paused abruptly. "Remember, you promised not to breathe a syllable—"

"*Verbum sap*," I assured him. "My lips are sealed."

The obligation to keep them that way was tested in short order. Toward nightfall, I found myself at the *vernissage*, off Grafton Street, of a group of Dublin's avant-garde painters. The gallery boiled with leaders of the social and artistic set whose names, if household words in Ireland, regrettably meant less than nothing to me. Attaching myself to a raven-haired amazon in jodhpurs with a dimple bewitching enough to coax one into treason, I managed to woo her interest by glib reference to exploits in the hunting field with John Huston. Our colloquy,



which might well have flamed into ungovernable passion, was short-lived. A bearded party flaunting a watered-silk waistcoat and a pompadour like a Rambouillet sheep's flung himself between us and shouldered me into a corner. "I'm Shameless McGonigle, the poet," he said. "We shared the podium at Western Reserve University in your country. How is dear Dr. Heublein?"

My protestation that the only Heublein I knew of was a distiller fell on deaf ears.

"A lovely person, and how he worships *you*. Look here," he said in an undertone, "I understand you're combing the town for fresh material on Joyce. I've a simon-pure nugget I was expanding into book form, but, as a mutual pal of Heublein's, I wouldn't be unreasonable. What figure did you have in mind?"

"Only what might appeal to pornographers," I said. "I'm here to work up an album of saucy French photos entitled 'Ginger Snaps.' The Joyce rumor is hogwash."

He winked conspiratorially. "Oho, Mr. Slyboots," he said. "Ach, I don't blame you for being careful—Dublin's a whispering gallery. But I'll just convey the flavor so you can decide. I was nursing my pint one day in a shebeen in Chapelizod . . ."

Except for the inevitable *broderie irlandaise*, of course, it was the very yarn Donahoe had spun, and, once embarked, McGonigle catapulted to the end, binding me by Masonic vows not to divulge it to chick or child.

When I returned to the hotel to change for dinner, I stopped by at the desk to procure some extra hangers. The clerk observed me scanning the names of several new arrivals in the guestbook—compatriots of mine, he pointed out helpfully, from Iowa and Arkansas. Doubtless shopping for pedigreed horseflesh, I hazarded.

"Pedagogued would be closer to it," he said. "The scholars and savants come through here in droves. Professor Krumholz there mentioned he was an authority on the Irish novel. He's over to pick up any trifles fornenst one of our major writers."

"And do you have any?"

"I have that," he said cunningly. "But I'm not shelling it out to every Tom, Dick, and Harry. Now, if a well-to-do gentleman like yourself—"

"Never mind the hangers," I interrupted, wheeling toward the stairs. "I can use the hooks in the shower curtain." Midway through my ablutions, however, an elderly parlormaid in a headband patterned after Marie of Rumania's bustled in with an armful of rusty wire. So coquettish was her smile that I instinctively drew my bathrobe tighter around me.

CHESAPEAKE

I

Nature most calm is often a crisis.
I remember a bay day,
creaseless, ruffleless,
land out of sight out of mind,
when the aimlessness
of my eyes, hands, dreams, work, art
rose up in my throat and smote me,
and I cried for wind. . . .

Wind high,
bay gray and white,
the avenging angel's
enormous
wings over us:
it rained a spray of
dross cold; sails grew; boat heeled;
lungs filled with danger;
our bodies blessed and bent
to servitude,
you a slave
to the tiller, I
slave to your prescience.
Lord, Lord give us clearance.

II

Lost souls haunt rivers.
In a light wind,
by moon,
they can keep you as half-wakeful
as the boat that sways always
on its anchor
back and forth,
and your light dreams
bring you up short
on your body;
you rise and cry out,
"Where am I?"
The ghosts recede to shore.
Next morning, old stumps
abandoned by pioneers
are covered by
large silent birds.

This bay is not rhetorical:
modestly
it receives its rivers,
except at Annapolis
where Severn, South, Magothy
swirl and pull off
a small naval battle.
Otherwise, patiently
receiving all tributes of waters,
it slumbers and waits
for the storms to ride across its stretches,
for the wind to call out the changes
that set the nun buoys nodding
and all the bells and gongs
to dire scolding.
A bay is an infold,
a withholding
between prosaic land
and cannibal ocean.

At bay, at bay!
How many a day's journey
across the whims of water
to find headway!
Lighthouse and land ho.
It's moving that counts.

—GERTA KENNEDY

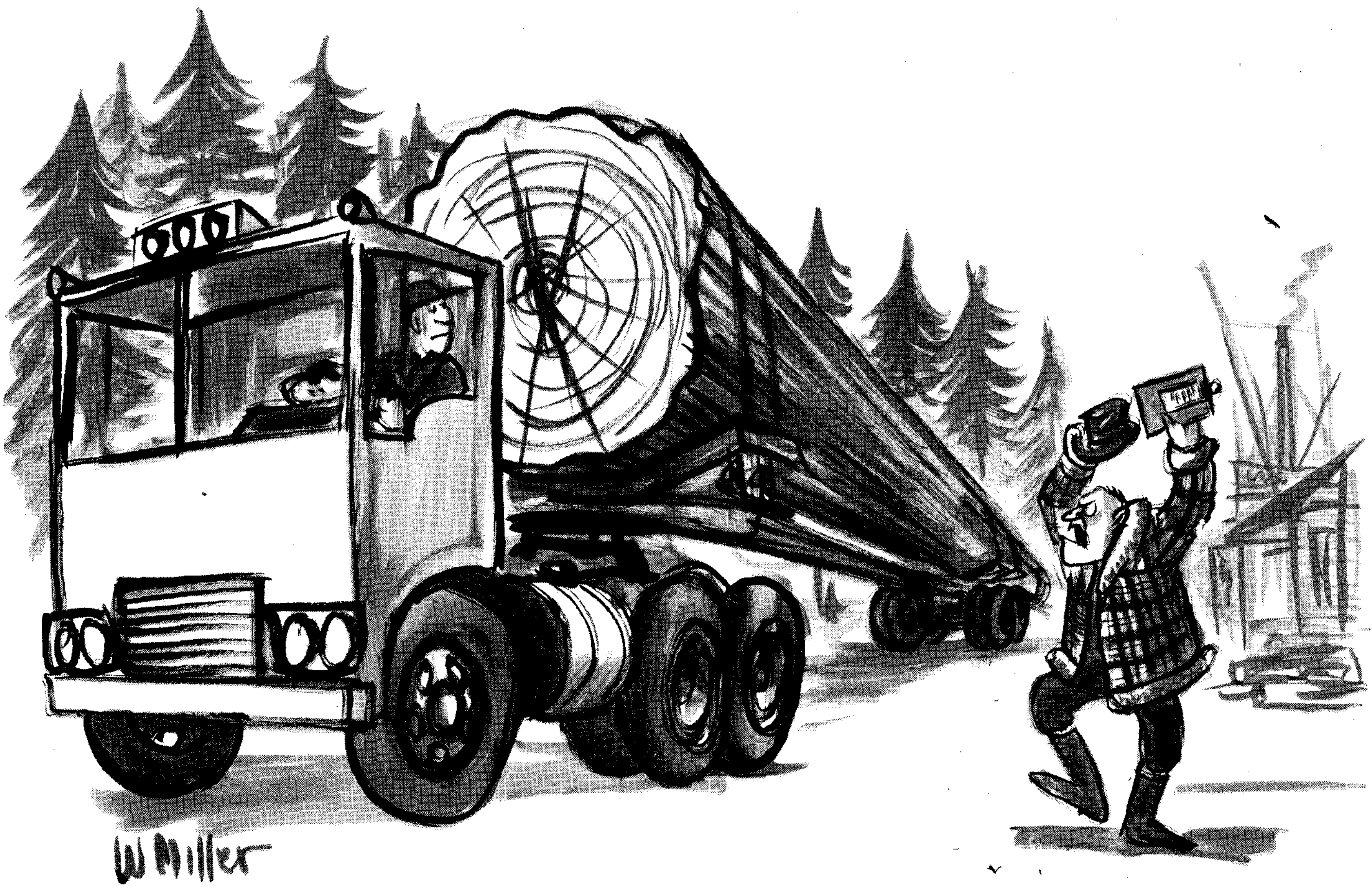
"Good evening, Your Worship," she purred. "Was it you pumping the lad in the reception about the pagan who wrote that filthy book?"

I told her she was confusing me with Professor Krumholz, or possibly Dr. Heublein.

Her eye roved to my portable typewriter. "No, you're the one, Lord love you, and praise the Heavenly Father we met, for our bloody fortune's made if you write it down just as I tell it. Oh, wait till my old bucko comes home tonight, spent from digging up half of Ballsbridge, and hears the glorious news! We'll be riding around in a coach, eating off of damask—"

"Madam," I said. "I have made it a principle heretofore never to brutalize a woman older than myself. You force me into a painful position, but in a moment, when this door closes on your foot, you will be in a much worse one." I closed the door on her foot. "Go peddle your vapors elsewhere."

In the ensuing twenty-four hours, I balked three further attempts to relate the story—one by a cabby en route to a friend's in Glasnevin, another by a haberdasher dangling it to bait the purchase of a poplin scarf, and last by a chef at Jury's who, in his haste to season my meal with local color, carbonized the steak to charcoal. With each repetition, though, I was assailed by increasing doubts. If all those who claimed to have witnessed the incident were to be credited, they would overflow the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, let alone a neighborhood snug. The more puzzling question was the objective. There was, obviously, a prodigious traffic in Joycean apocrypha; I knew the pushers, so to speak, but who were the users? The answer to the rid-



"No, no! For Rockefeller Center, we send them with the branches still on."

• •

dle revealed itself unexpectedly on the eve of my departure.

I was catching a nap at D'Arcy's before dinner, sunk in a dream wherein my raven-haired goddess of the art show and I were marooned on the Great Barrier Reef. Our plight was hopeless; although breadfruit was plentiful and we had just disinterred a chestful of doubloons, we were far off the steamer lanes and I faced the prospect of becoming her squaw man if I yielded to the importunate Fiona. Suddenly the murmur of voices—rising, it almost seemed, from within the room itself—galvanized me awake. My first surmise, that it issued from the corridor or the adjoining chamber, collapsed on investigation. Then, as the sound continued unabated, I tracked it to the half-open door of the armoire. Sure enough, the backing was a mere sheet of plywood sealing a former doorway, and, as I applied my ear to it, I caught unmistakable Midwestern accents.

"Oh, Vernon, isn't it scrumptious?" some woman was exulting. "Those faculty wives will be livid! I shouldn't wonder you're made head of the department when your book comes out."

"Yes, it's a very important find. Indubitably"—a smug voice endeavoring to contain its owner's jubilation. I envisioned a thin little radish swollen with self-importance, a tyrant in the classroom. "It throws Joyce's youth into a wholly new perspective, crystallizing in a phrase as it does the denigration of his coevals." I longed for a sword cane to ram through the plywood and spit him like a shish kebab. "You realize, Chlorine, that my discovery of this material threatens to render Harry Levin and Herbert Gorman obsolete. It may, in fact, force Richard Ellmann to hand back his National Book Award."

She cooed dutifully, teacups rattled, and after a pause I detected a note of uncertainty in her voice. "The hundred dollars you gave that man in the saloon," she said. "How can you be sure he won't sell this to some other biographer?"

"No fear of that, baby." Her husband sniggered fatly. "I'll get him to sign a formal release before we leave. Besides, we can always charge it off to the foundation as research, along with those tweeds you bought."

I boarded an Aer Lingus flight to Shannon that night, transferring to the onward jet service to New York. Seated next to me was a sprightly oldster in a brand-new suit set off by an opulent watch chain. In no time, his tongue was wagging; he was off to visit his niece in Providence, of all places, and insisted on standing me a drink to celebrate some recent and lucrative transaction. "A wonderful bit of property, son," he confided gleefully. "I keep selling it over and over, and I'm not done yet. The silly bosthoons snap it up like nougat."

"Well, watch yourself in Providence, Mister," I said. "They're a sharp lot there. They'll take you to the cleaners—a place called Lewando's, as I recall."

"A-ah, trust me to handle 'em," he said. "All I need is a small pub somewhere and a handful of Ph.D.s."

"You don't say," I said. "Tell me, who takes care of the store in Chapelizod while you're gone?"

He gave me a long, penetrating look. "Bedad," he said, "I'm thinking you're a pretty sharp lot yourself."

"No," I said. "Only a mark that got away." —S. J. PERELMAN

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Another favorite way to fit an eating area into the kitchen plans is to make it a completely separate room adjacent to the kitchen.—*Better Homes & Gardens.*

What'll they think of next?

THE DEMONSTRATORS

NEAR eleven o'clock that Saturday night, the doctor stopped again by his office. He had recently got into playing a weekly bridge game at the club, but tonight it had been interrupted for the third time, and he'd just come from attending to Miss Marcia Pope. Now bedridden, scorning all medication and in particular tranquillizers, she had a seizure every morning before breakfast and often on Saturday night for some reason, but had retained her memory; she could amuse herself by giving out great wads of Shakespeare and "*Arma virumque cano*," or the like. The more forcefully Miss Marcia Pope declaimed, the more innocent grew her old face—the lines went right out.

"She'll sleep naturally now, I think," he'd told the companion, still in her rocker.

Mrs. Warrum did well, perhaps hadn't hit yet on an excuse to quit that suited her. She failed to be alarmed by Miss Marcia Pope, either in convulsions or in recitation. From where she lived, she'd never gone to school to this lady, who had taught three generations of Holden, Mississippi, its Latin, civics, and English, and who had carried, for forty years, a leather satchel bigger than the doctor's bag.

As he'd snapped his bag shut tonight, Miss Marcia had opened her eyes and spoken distinctly: "Richard Strickland? I have it on my report that Irene Roberts is not where she belongs. Now which of you wants the whipping?"

"It's all right, Miss Marcia. She's still my wife," he'd said, but could not be sure the answer got by her.

In the office, he picked up the city newspaper he subscribed to—seeing as he did so the picture on the front of a young man burning his draft card before a camera—and locked up, ready to face home. As he came down the stairway onto the street, his sleeve was plucked.

It was a Negro child. "We got to hurry," she said.

His bag was still in the car. She climbed into the back and stood there behind his ear as he drove down the hill. He met the marshal's car as both bounced over the railroad track—no passenger rode with the marshal that he could see—and the doctor asked the child, "Who got hurt? Whose house?" But she could only tell him how to get there, an alley at a time, till they got around the cottonseed mill.

"*All hope abandon, ye who enter here.*"

Down here, the street lights were out tonight. The last electric light of any kind appeared to be the one burning in the vast shrouded cavern of the gin. His car lights threw into relief the dead goldenrod that stood along the road and made it look heavier than the bridge across the creek.

As soon as the child leaned on his shoulder and he had stopped the car, he heard men's voices; but at first his eyes could make out little but an assembly of white forms spaced in the air near a low roof—chickens roosting in a tree. Then he saw the reds of cigarettes. A dooryard was as packed with a standing crowd as if it were funeral time. They were all men. Still more people seemed to be moving from the nearby churchyard and joining onto the crowd in front of the house.

The men parted before them as he went following the child up broken steps and across a porch. A kerosene lamp was being held for him in the doorway. He stepped into a roomful of women. The child kept going, went to the foot of an iron bed and stopped. The lamp came up closer behind him and he followed a path of newspapers laid down on the floor from the doorway to the bed.

A dark quilt was pulled up to the throat of a girl alive on the bed. A pillow raised her at the shoulders. The dome of her forehead looked thick as a battering ram, because of the rolling of her eyes.

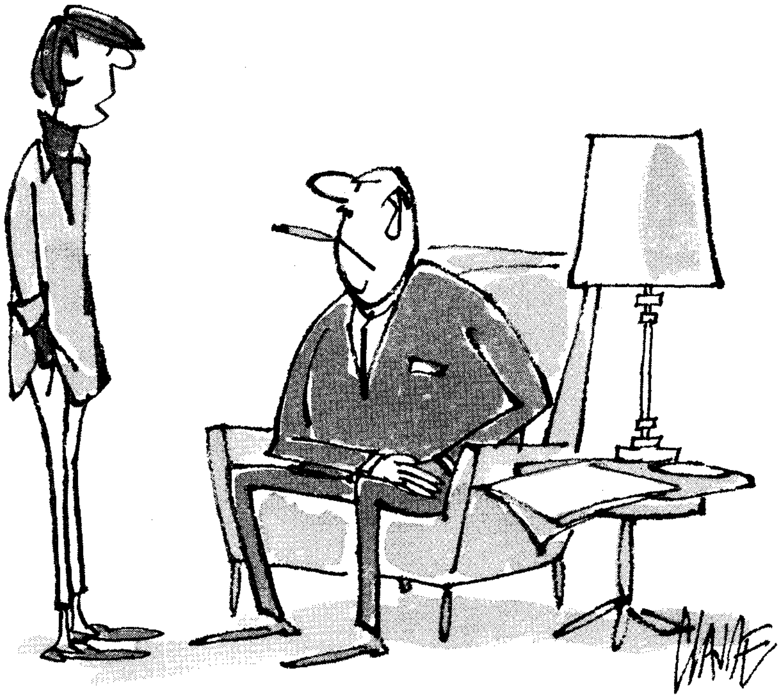
Dr. Strickland turned back the quilt. The young, very black-skinned woman lay in a white dress with her shoes on. A maid? Then he saw that of course the white was not the starched material of a uniform but shiny, clinging stuff, and there was a banner of some kind crossing it in a crumpled red line from the shoulder. He unfastened the knot at the waist and got the banner out of the way. The skintight satin had been undone at the neck already; as he parted it farther, the girl kicked at the foot of the bed. He exposed the breast and then, before her hand had pounced on his, the wound below the breast. There was a small puncture with little evidence of external bleeding. He had seen splashes of blood on the dress, now almost dry.

"Go boil me some water. Too much excitement to send for the doctor a little earlier?"

The girl clawed at his hand with her sticky nails.

"Have you touched her?" he asked.

"See there? And she don't want you trying it, either," said a voice in the room.



"Gee, Pop, since when has a half a buck called for a State of the Union Message?"

• •

A necklace like sharp and pearly teeth was fastened around her throat. It was when he took that off that the little girl who had been sent for him cried out. "I bid that!" she said, but without coming nearer. He found no other wounds.

"Does it hurt you to breathe?" He spoke almost absently as he addressed the girl.

The nipples of her breasts cast shadows that looked like figs; she would not take a deep breath when he used the stethoscope. Sweat in the airless room, in the bed, rose and seemed to weaken and unstick the newspapered walls like steam from a kettle already boiling; it glazed his own white hand, his tapping fingers. It was the stench of sensation. The women's faces coming nearer were streaked in the hot lamplight. Somewhere close to the side of his head something glittered; hung over the knob of the bedpost, where a boy would have tossed his cap, was a tambourine. He let the stethoscope fall, and heard women's sighs travel around the room, domestic sounds like a broom being flirted about, women getting ready for company.

"Stand back," he said. "You got a fire on in here?" Warm as it was, crowded as it was in here, he looked behind him and saw the gas heater burning, half the radiants burning blue. The girl, with lips turned down, lay pulling away while he took her pulse.

The child who had been sent for him and then had been sent to heat the water brought the kettle in from the kitchen too soon and had to be sent back to make it boil. When it was ready and in the pan, the lamp was held closer; it was beside his elbow as if to singe his arm.

"Stand back," he said. Again and again the girl's hand had to be forced away from her breast. The wound quickened spasmodically as if it responded to light.

"Icepick?"

"You right this time," said voices in the room.

"Who did this to her?"

The room went quiet; he only heard the men in the yard laughing together. "How long ago?" He looked at the path of newspapers spread on the floor. "Where? Where did it happen? How did she get here?"

He had an odd feeling that somewhere in the room somebody was sending out beckoning smiles in his direction. He lifted, half turned his head. The elevated coal that glowed at regular intervals was the pipe of an old woman in a boiled white apron standing near the door.

He persisted. "Has she coughed up anything yet?"

"Don't you know her?" they cried, as if he never was going to hit on the right question.

He let go the girl's arm, and her hand started its way back again to her wound. Sending one glowing look at him, she covered it again. As if she had spoken, he recognized her.

"Why, it's Ruby," he said.

Ruby Gaddy *was* the maid. Five days a week she cleaned up on the second floor of the bank building where he kept his office and consulting rooms.

He said to her, "Ruby, this is Dr. Strickland. What have you been up to?"

"*Nothin'!*" everybody cried for her.

The girl's eyes stopped rolling and rested themselves on the expressionless face of the little girl, who again stood at the foot of the bed watching from this restful distance. Look equalled look: sisters.

"Am I supposed to just know?" The doctor looked all around him. An infant was sitting up on the splintery floor near his feet, he now saw, on a clean newspaper, a spoon stuck pipelike in its mouth. From out in the yard at that moment came a regular guffaw, not much different from the one that followed the telling of a dirty story or a race story by one of the clowns in the Elks' Club. He frowned at the baby; and the baby, a boy, looked back over his upside-down spoon and gave it a long audible suck.

"She married? Where's her husband? That where the trouble was?"

Now, while the women in the room, too, broke out in sounds of amusement, the doctor stumbled where he stood. "What the devil's running in here? Rats?"

"You wrong there."

Guinea pigs were running underfoot, not only in this room but on the other side of the wall, in the kitchen where the water had finally got boiled. Somebody's head turned toward the leaf end of a stalk of celery wilting on top of the Bible on the table.

"Catch those things!" he exclaimed.

The baby laughed; the rest copied the baby.

"They lightning. Get away from you so fast!" said a voice.

"Them guinea pigs ain't been caught since they was born. Let you try."

"Know why? 'Cause they's Dove's. Dove left 'em here when he move out, just to be in the way."

The doctor felt the weight recede from Ruby's fingers, and saw it flatten her arm where it lay on the bed. Her eyes had closed. A little boy with a sanctimonious face had taken the bit of celery and knelt down on the floor; there was scrambling about and increasing laughter until Dr. Strickland made himself heard in the room.

"All right. I heard you. Is Dove who did it? Go on. Say."

He heard somebody spit on the stove. Then:

"It's Dove."

"Dove."

"Dove."

"Dove."

"You got it right that time."

While the name went around, passed from one mouth to the other, the doctor drew a deep breath. But the sigh that filled the room was the girl's own, luxuriously uncontained.

"Dove Collins? I believe you. I've had to sew him up enough times on Sunday morning, you all know that," said the doctor. "I know Ruby, I know Dove, and if the lights would come back on I can tell you the names of the rest of you and you know it." While he was speaking, his eyes fell on Oree, a figure of the Holden square for twenty years, whom he had inherited—sitting here in the room in her express wagon, the flowered skirt spread down from her lap and tucked in over the stumps of her knees.

While he was preparing the hypodermic, he was aware that more watchers, a row of them dressed in white with red banners like Ruby's, were coming in to fill up the corners. The lamp was lifted—higher than the dipping shadows of their heads, a valentine tacked on the wall radiated color—and then, as he leaned over the bed, the lamp was brought down closer and closer to the girl, like something that would devour her.

"Now I can't see what I'm doing," the doctor said sharply, and as the light jumped and swung behind him he thought he recognized the anger as a mother's.

"Look to me like the fight's starting to go out of Ruby mighty early," said a voice.

Still her eyes stayed closed. He gave the shot.

"Where'd he get to—Dove? Is the marshal out looking for him?" he asked.

The sister moved along the bed and put the baby down on it close to Ruby's face.

"Remove him," said the doctor.

"She don't even study him," said the sister. "Poke her," she told the baby.

"Take him out of here," ordered Dr. Strickland.

The baby opened one of his mother's eyes with his fingers. When she shut it on him he cried, as if he knew it to be deliberate of her.

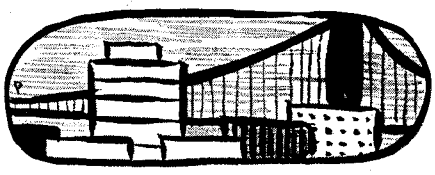
"Get that baby out of here and all the kids, I tell you," Dr. Strickland said into the room. "This ain't going to be pretty."

"Carry him next door, Twosie," said a voice.

"I ain't. You all promised me if I leave long enough to get the doctor I could stand right here until." The child's voice was loud.

"O.K. Then you got to hold Roger."

The baby made a final reach for his mother's face, putting out a hand with its untrimmed nails, gray as the claw of a squirrel. The woman who had held the lamp set that down and grabbed the baby out of the bed herself. His legs began churning even before she struck him a blow on the side of the head.



"You trying to raise him an idiot?" the doctor flung out.

"*I* ain't going to raise him," the mother said toward the girl on the bed.

The deliberation had gone out of her face. She was drifting into unconsciousness. Setting her hand to one side, the doctor inspected the puncture once more. It was clean as the eye of a needle. While he stood there watching her, he lifted her hand and washed it—the wrist, horny palm, blood-caked fingers one by one.

But as he again found her pulse, he saw her eyes opening. As long as he counted he was aware of those eyes as if they loomed larger than the watch face. They were filled with the unresponding gaze of ownership. She knew what she had. Memory did not make the further

LEMONS

I

Scented, cool, and marble dark
the basilica. My unerring words
of benediction echo in the dome.
Under the banners, mumbling lips
of the brown, untouchable poor
moisten with fealty as I pass.
Great brass double doors swing
toward the morning, the sun
shuddering above the piazza
like a struck gong. A clangor
of hot light hovers on rinds
of faces close as a tub of lemons.
And I walk with a learned humility
under the portico, am seen,
and, after a dark ovation
of rising, multitudinous birds,
clapping begins—heavy, hard, dry—
from cupped palms of practiced applauders.

II

I fall awake. Acclamations
of rain are bursting—English
rain, sporadic, spontaneous,
containing silences. The room
is possessed of an after-scent
of spilt, lemon-blossom talc.
I feel the simper of my dream
about my satisfied mouth; listening
in the resonant emptiness
of an unlit, narrow stair-well,
I mutter it slack. Dispassionate,
I look toward the city,
its sky awash with ceaseless neon.
Over fields planked with standing water
I see the cathedral floodlit
among houses where many lie
with many they have left, awake
without the disturbance of words.

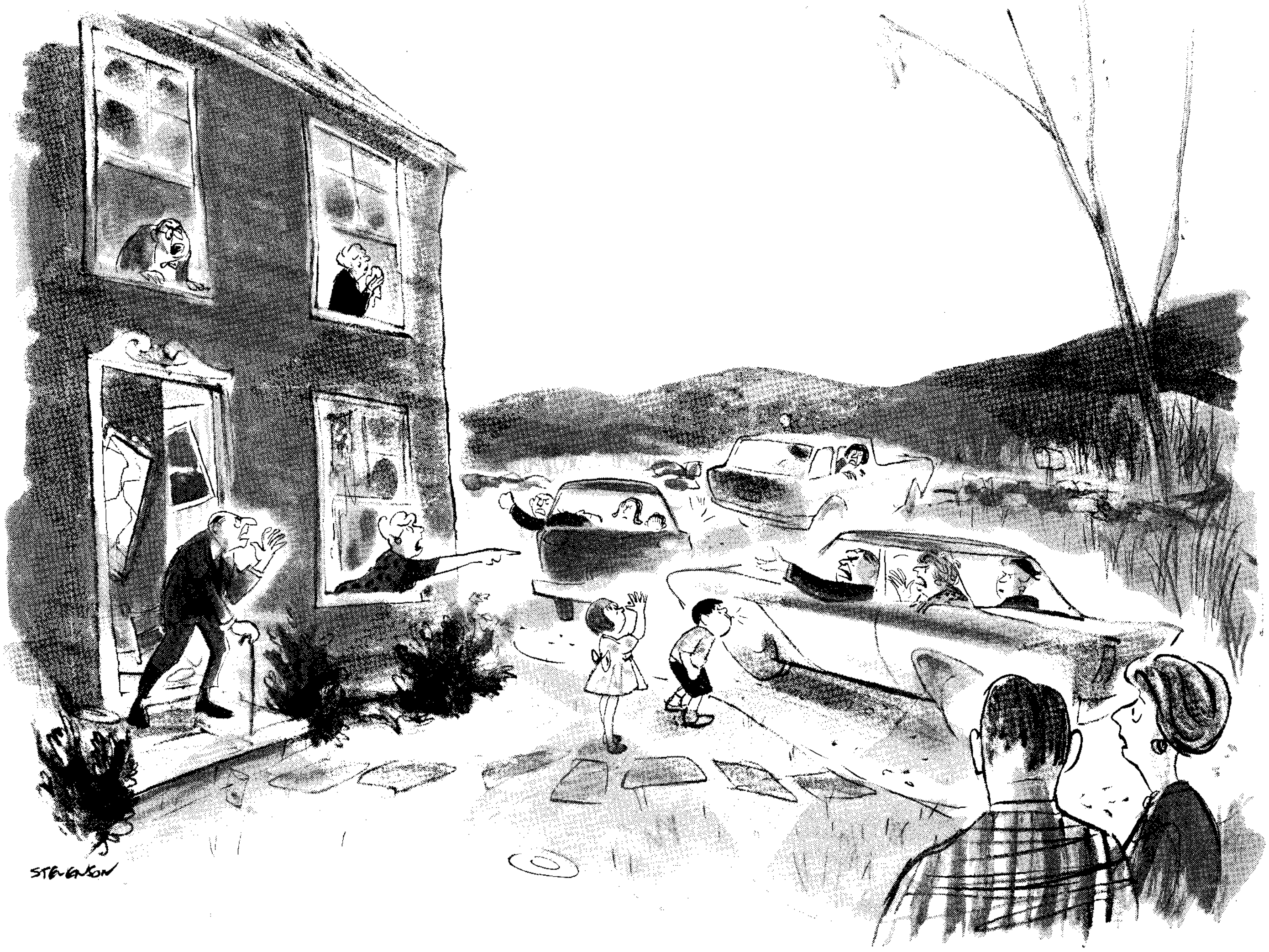
III

Comfortably, behind my lids,
I watch the recurrent boy
leave a house of cheap, flaked brick.
It is Sunday. He does not need
the lemon his mother had him smell
through the nausea of going to school;
yet he carries it past emplacements
of guns laid up in idleness
to a camouflaged hangar
too huge for its Tiger Moth.
Up a rumbling of oil-drums
and a stack of yellow chocks
he climbs, reaches for the truss,
walks along the under-wing,
and, while he recites against the silence,
shrilly, into the shadowless dark
of the roof, cloudbursts of pigeons
pour out and up into the day.

IV

In a long, undreamable
gallery of unfinishing glass
in the sleep I cannot sleep,
I might stop the perfect birds
at will in the rumorless air;
listen to a subtlety of water
tapping upon lemon leaves
unmolested by any weather;
there would be warmth, latently cool
with ripening astringency;
and, in that plain, unechoing hall,
I should cast exactitudes of truth
in words offering homage
due to time, remembering
how a broken, boyish pontiff
lay on his actual pillow,
tired in an unbegun morning
ugly with February's drift.

—TED WALKER



"Some Thanksgivings, I guess, our family is more close-knit than other Thanksgivings."

• •

effort to close the lids when he replaced her hand, or when he took her shoes off and set them on the floor, or when he stepped away from the bed and again the full lamplight struck her face.

The twelve-year-old stared on, over the buttress of the baby she held to her chest.

"Can you ever hush that baby?"

A satisfied voice said, "He going to keep-a-noise till he learn better."

"Well, I'd like a little peace and consideration to be shown!" the doctor said. "Try to remember there's somebody in here with you that's going to be pumping mighty hard to breathe." He raised a finger and pointed it at the old woman in the boiled apron whose pipe had continued to glow with regularity by the door. "You stay. You sit here and watch Ruby," he called. "The rest of you clear out of here."

He closed his bag and straightened up. The woman stuck the lamp hot into his own face.

"Remember Lucille? I'm Lucille. I was washing for your mother when you was born. Let me see you do something," she said with fury. "You ain't even tied her up! You sure ain't your daddy!"

"Why, she's bleeding inside," he retorted. "What do you think *she's* doing?"

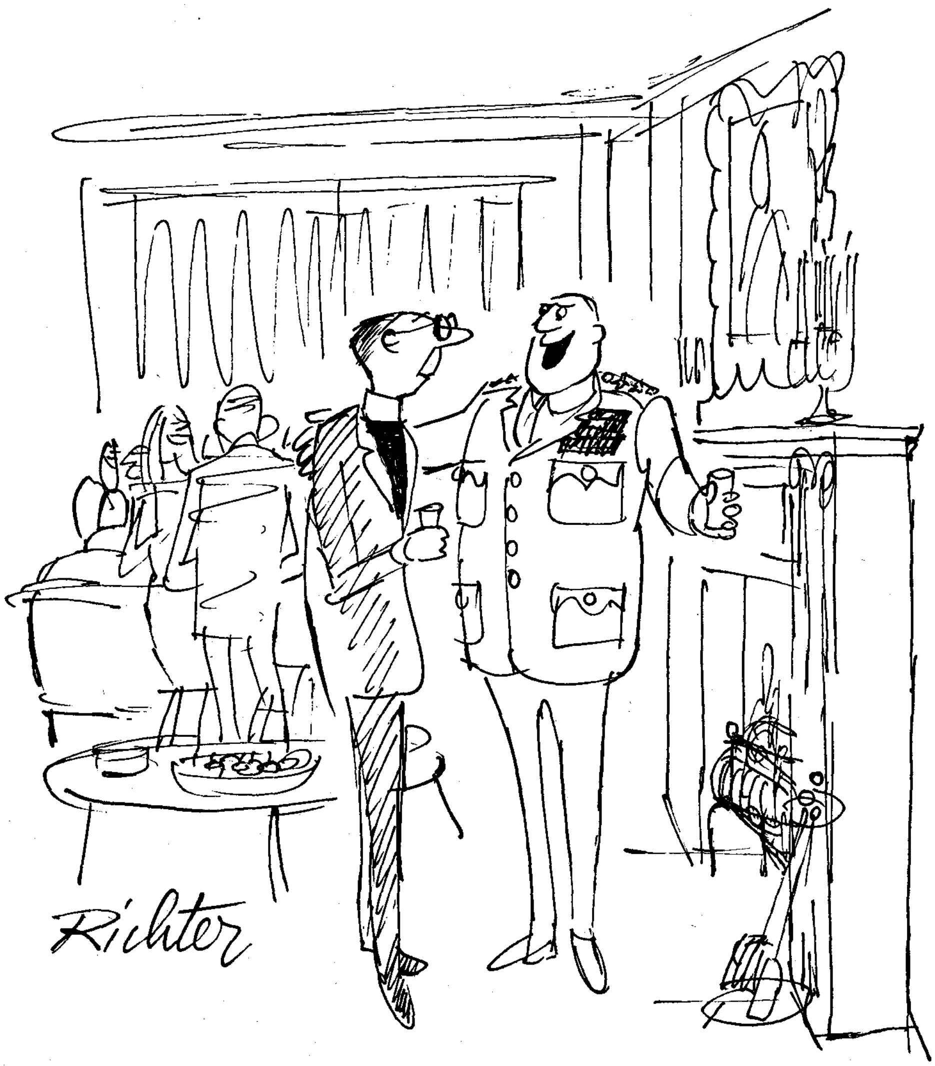
They hushed. For a minute all he heard was the guinea pigs racing. He looked back at the girl; her eyes were fixed with possession. "I gave her a shot. She'll just go to sleep. If she doesn't, call me and I'll come back and give her another one. One of you kindly bring me a drink of water," the doctor continued in the same tone.

With a crash, hushed off like cymbals struck by mistake, something was moved on the kitchen side of the wall. The little boy who had held the celery to catch the guinea pigs came in carrying a teacup. He passed through the room and out onto the porch, where he could be heard splashing fresh water from a pump. He came back inside and at arm's length held the cup out to the doctor.

Dr. Strickland drank with a thirst they all could and did follow. The cup, though it held the whole smell of this house in it, was of thin china, was an old one.

Then he stepped across the gaze of the girl on the bed as he would have had to step over a crack yawning in the floor.

"Fixing to leave?" asked the old woman in the boiled white apron, who still stood up by the door, the pipe gone from her lips. He then remembered her. In the days when he travelled East to medical school, she used to be the sole factotum at the Holden depot when the passenger train came through sometime between two and three in the morning. It was always late. Circling the pewlike benches of the waiting rooms, she carried around coffee which she poured boiling hot into paper cups out of a white-enamelled pot that looked as long as her arm. She wore then, in addition to the apron, a white and flaring head covering—something between a chef's cap and a sunbonnet. As the train at last steamed in, she called the stations. She didn't use a loudspeaker but just the power of her



"Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition, eh, Padre?"

• •

lungs. In all the natural volume of her baritone voice she thundered them out to the scattered and few who had waited under lights too poor to read by—first in the colored waiting room, then in the white waiting room, to echo both times from the vault of the roof: ". . . Meridian. Birmingham. Chattanooga. Bristol. Lynchburg. Washington. Baltimore. Philadelphia. And New York." Seizing all the bags, two by two, in her own hands, walking slowly in front of the passengers, she saw to it that they left.

He said to her, "I'm going, but you're not. You're keeping a watch on Ruby. Don't let her slide down in the bed. Call me if you need me." As a boy, had he never even wondered what her name was—this tyrant? He didn't know it now. He put the cup into her reaching hand. "Aren't you ready to leave?" he asked Oree, the legless woman. She still lived by the tracks where the train had cut off her legs.

"I ain't in no hurry," she replied and as he passed her she called her usual "Take it easy, Doc."

When he stepped outside onto the porch, he saw that there was moonlight everywhere. Uninterrupted by any lights from Holden, it filled the whole country lying out there in the haze of the long rainless fall. He himself stood on the edge of Holden. Just one house and one church farther, the Delta began, and the cotton fields ran into the scattered paleness of a dimmed-out Milky Way.

Nobody called him back, yet he turned his head and got a sideways glimpse all at once of a row of dresses hung up across the front of the house, starched until they could have stood alone (as his mother complained), and in an instant had recognized his mother's gardening dress, his sister Annie's golf dress, his wife's favorite duster that she liked to wear to the breakfast table, and more dresses, less substantial. Elevated across the front of the porch, they were hung again between him and the road. With sleeves spread wide, trying to scratch his forehead with the tails of their skirts, they were flying around this house in the moonlight.

The moment of vertigo passed, as a small black man came up the steps and across the porch wearing heeltaps on his shoes.

"Sister Gaddy entered yet into the gates of joy?"

"No, Preacher, you're in time," said the doctor.

As soon as he left the house, he heard it become as noisy as the yard had been, and the men in the yard went quiet to let him through. From the road, he saw the moon itself. It was above the tree with the chickens in it; it might have been one of the chickens flown loose. He scraped children off the hood of his car, pulled another from position at the wheel, and climbed inside. He turned the car around in the churchyard. There was a flickering light inside the church. Flat-roofed as a warehouse, it had its shades pulled down like a bedroom. This was the church where the sounds of music and dancing came from habitually on many another night besides Sunday, clearly to be heard on top of the hill.

He drove back along the road, across the creek, its banks glittering now with the narrow bottles, the size of harmonicas, in which paregoric was persistently sold under the name of Mother's Helper. The telephone wires along the road were hung with shreds of cotton, the sides of the road were strewn with them too, as if the doctor were out on a paper chase.

He passed the throbbing mill, working on its own generator. No lights ever shone through the windowless and now moonlit sheet iron, but the smell came out freely and spread over the town at large—a cooking smell, like a dish ordered by a man with an endless appetite. Pipes hung with streamers of lint fed into the moonlit gin, and wagons and trucks heaped up round as the gypsy caravans or circus wagons of his father's, or even his grandfather's, stories, stood this way and that, waiting in the yard outside.

Far down the railroad track, beyond the unlighted town, rose the pillow-shaped glow of a grass fire. It was gaseous, unveined, unblotted by smoke, a cloud with the November flush of the sedge grass by day, sparkless and nerveless, not to be confused with a burning church, but like anesthetic made visible.

Then a long beam of electric light came solid as a board from behind him to move forward along the long loading platform, to some bales of cotton standing on it, some of them tumbled one against the others as if pushed by the light; then it ran up the wall of the dark station so you could read the name, "Holden." The hooter sounded. This was a grade crossing with a bad record, and it seemed to the doctor that he had never started over it in his life that something was not bearing down. He stopped the car, and as the train in its heat began to pass in front of him he saw it to be a doubleheader, a loaded freight this time. It was going right on through Holden.

He cut off his motor. One of the sleepers rocked and complained with every set of wheels that rolled over it. Presently the regular, slow creaking reminded the doctor of an old-fashioned porch swing holding lovers in the dark.

He had been carried a cup tonight that might have been his own mother's china or his wife's mother's—the rim not a perfect round, a thin, porcelain cup his lips and his fingers had recognized. In that house of murder, comfort had been brought to him at his request. After drinking from it he had all but reeled into a flock of dresses stretched wide-sleeved across the porch of that house like a child's drawing of angels.

Faintly rocked by the passing train, he sat bent at the wheel of the car, and the feeling of well-being persisted. It increased, until he had come to the point of tears.

The doctor was the son of a doctor, practicing in his father's office; all the older patients, like Miss Marcia Pope—and like Lucille and Oree—spoke of his father, and some confused the young doctor with the old; but not they. The watch he carried was the gold one that had belonged to his father. Richard had grown up in Holden, married "the prettiest girl in the Delta." Except for his years at the university and then at medical school and during his interneship, he had lived here at home and had carried on the practice—the only practice in town. Now his father and his mother both were dead, his sister had married and moved away, a year ago his child had died. Then, back in the summer, he and his wife had separated, by her wish.

Sylvia had been their only child. Until her death from pneumonia last Christmas, at the age of thirteen, she had never sat up or spoken. He had loved her and mourned her all her life; she had been injured at birth. But Irene had done more; she had dedicated her life to Sylvia, sparing herself nothing, tending her, lifting her, feeding her, everything. What do you do after giving all your devotion to something that cannot be helped, and that has been taken away? You give all your devotion to something else that cannot be helped. But you shun all the terrible reminders, and turn not to a human being but to an idea.

Last June, there had come along a student, one of the civil-rights workers, calling at his office with a letter of introduction. For the sake of an old friend, the doctor had taken him home to dinner. (He had been reminded of him once tonight, already, by a photograph in the city paper.) He remembered that the young man had already finished talking about his work. They had just laughed around the table after Irene had quoted the classic question the governor-before-this-one had asked, after a prison break: "If you can't trust a trusty, who can you trust?" Then the doctor had remarked, "Speaking of who can you trust, what's this I read in your own paper, Philip? It said some of your outfit over in the next county were forced at gunpoint to go into the fields at hundred-degree temperature and pick cotton. Well, that didn't happen—there isn't any cotton in June."

"I asked myself the same question you do. But I told myself, 'Well, they won't know the difference where the paper is read,' " said the young man.

"It's lying, though."

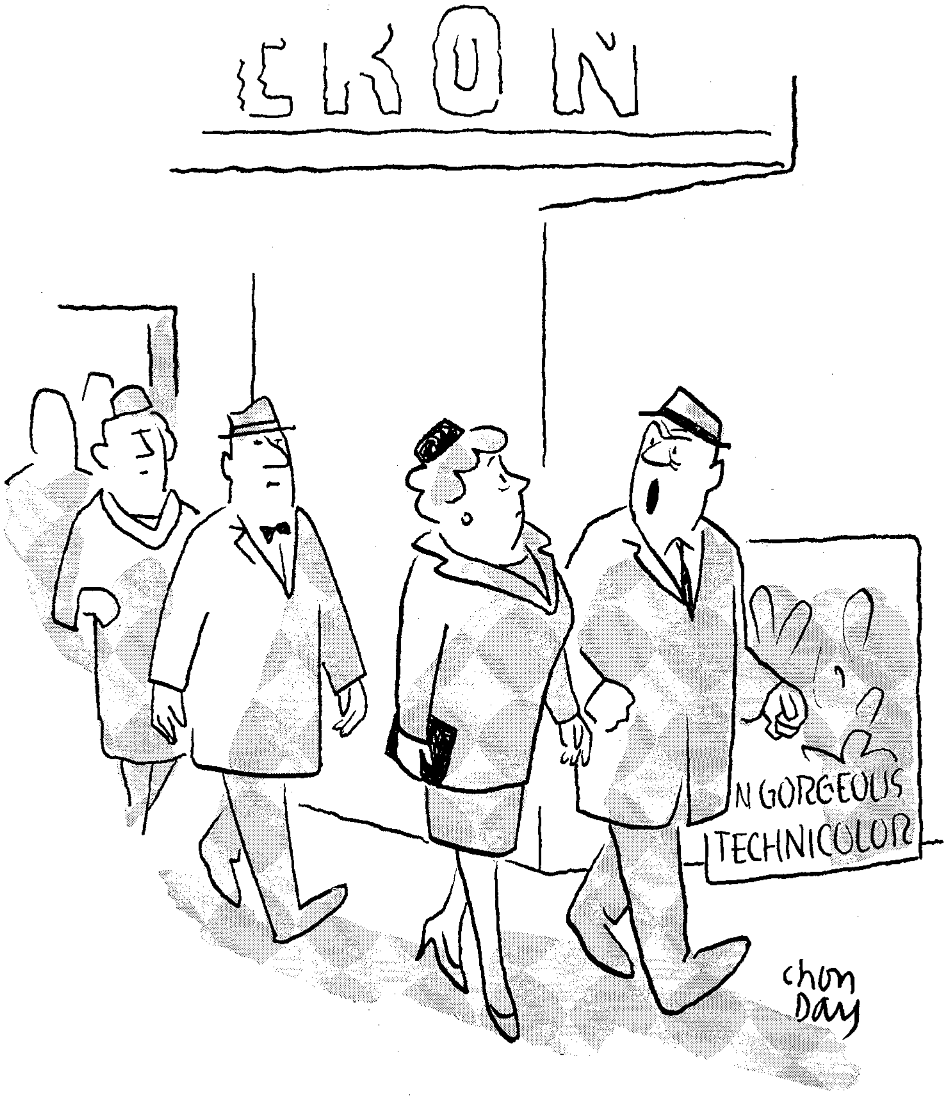
"We are dramatizing your hostility," the young bearded man had corrected him. "It's a way of reaching people. Don't forget—what they *might* have done to us is even worse."

"Still—you're not justified in putting a false front on things, in my opinion," Dr. Strickland had said. "Even for a good cause."

"*You* won't tell Herman Fairbrothers what's the matter with him," said his wife, and she jumped up from the table.

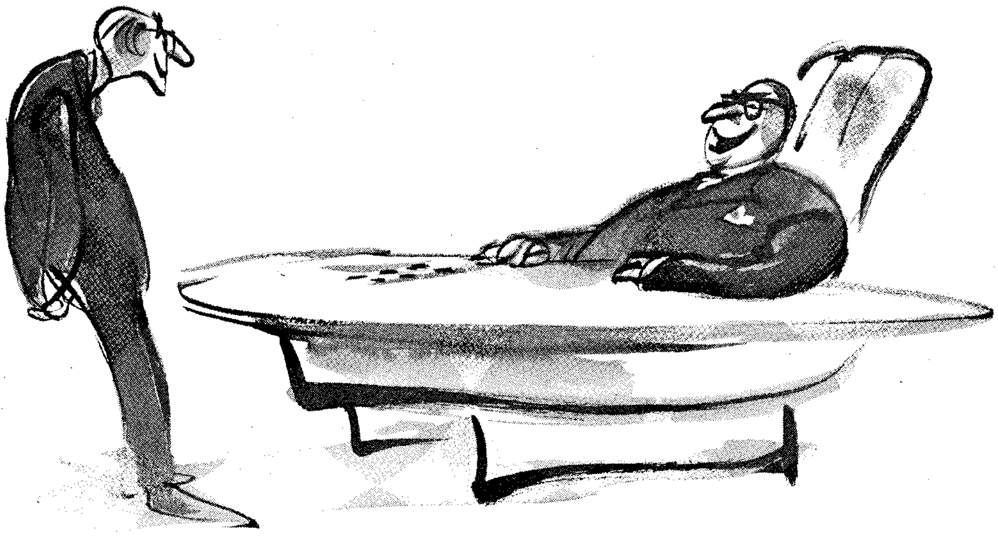
Later, as a result of this entertainment, he supposed, broken glass had been spread the length and breadth of his driveway. He hadn't seen in time what it wouldn't have occurred to him to look for, and Irene, standing in the door, had suddenly broken into laughter. . . .

He had eventually agreed that she have her wish and withdraw herself



"Let me put it this way: If it had been on 'The Late Show,' I would have gone to bed."

for as long as she liked. She was back now where she came from, where, he'd heard, they were all giving parties for her. He had offered to be the one to leave. "Leave Holden without its Dr. Strickland? You wouldn't to save your soul, would you?" she had replied. But as yet it was not divorce.



"As you know, Rogers, when retirement day rolls around here, we don't waste time with a lot of mawkish sentimentality."

He thought he had been patient, but patience had made him tired. He was so increasingly tired, so sick and even bored with the bitterness, intractability that divided everybody and everything.

And suddenly, tonight, things had seemed just the way they used to seem. He had felt as though someone had stopped him on the street and offered to carry his load for a while—had insisted on it—some old, trusted, half-forgotten family friend that he had lost sight of since youth. Was it the sensation, now returning, that there was still allowed to everybody on earth a *self*—savage, death-defying, private? The pounding of his heart was like the assault of hope, throwing itself against him without a stop, merciless.

It seemed a long time that he had sat there, but the cars were still going by. Here came the caboose. He had counted them without knowing it—seventy-two cars. The grass fire at the edge of town came back in sight.

The doctor's feeling gradually ebbed away, like nausea put down. He started up the car and drove across the track and on up the hill.

Candles, some of them in dining-room candelabra, burned clear across the upstairs windows in the Fairbrothers' house. His own house, next door, was of course dark, and while he was wondering where Irene kept candles for emergencies he had driven on past his driveway for the second time that night. But the last place he wanted to go now was back to the club. He'd only tried it anyway to please his sister Annie. Now that he'd got by Miss Marcia Pope's dark window, he smelled her sweet-olive tree, solid as the bank building.

Here stood the bank, with its doorway onto the stairs to Drs. Strickland & Strickland, their names in black and gilt on three windows. He passed it. The haze and the moonlight were one over the square, over the row of storefronts opposite with the line of poles thin as matchsticks rising to prop the one long strip of tin over the sidewalk, the drygoods store with its ornamental top that looked like opened paper fans held up by acrobats. He slowly started around the square. Behind its iron railings, the courthouse-and-jail stood barely emerging from its black cave of trees and only the slicked iron steps of the stile caught the moon. He drove on, past the shut-down movie house with all the light bulbs unscrewed from the sign that spelled out in empty sockets "BROADWAY." In front of the new post office the flagpole looked feathery, like the track of a jet that is already gone from the sky. From in front of the fire station, the fire chief's old Buick had gone home.

What was there, who was there, to keep him from going home? The doctor drove on slowly around. From the center of the deserted pavement, where cars and wagons stood parked helter-skelter by day, rose the water tank, pale as a balloon that might be only tethered here. A clanking came out of it, for the water supply too had been a source of trouble this summer—a hollow, irregular knocking now and then from inside, but the doctor no longer heard it. In turning his car, he saw a man lying prone and colorless in the arena of moonlight.

The lights of the car fastened on him and his clothes turned golden yellow. The man looked as if he had been sleeping all day in a bed of flowers and rolled in their pollen and were sleeping there still, with his face buried. He was covered his length in cottonseed meal.

Dr. Strickland stopped the car short and got out. His footsteps made the only sound in town. The man raised up on his hands and looked at him like a seal. Blood laced his head like a net through which he had broken. His wide tongue hung down out of his mouth. But the doctor knew the face.

"So you're alive, Dove, you're still alive?"

Slowly, hardly moving his tongue, Dove said: "Hide me." Then he hemorrhaged through the mouth.

THROUGH the other half of the night, the doctor's calls came to him over the telephone—all chronic cases. Eva Duckett Fairbrothers telephoned at daylight.

"Feels low in his mind? Of course he feels low in his mind," he had finally shouted at her. "If I had what Herman has, I'd go down in the back yard and shoot myself!"

The *Sentinel*, owned and edited by Horatio Duckett, came out on Tuesdays. The next week's back-page headline read, "TWO DEAD, ONE ICE PICK. FREAK EPISODE AT NEGRO CHURCH." The subhead read, "No Racial Content Espied."

The doctor sat at the table in his dining room, finishing breakfast as he looked it over.

> An employee of the Fairbrothers Cotton Seed Oil Mill and a Holden maid, both Negroes, were stabbed with a sharp instrument judged to be an ice pick in a crowded churchyard here Saturday night. Both later expired. The incident was not believed by Mayor Herman Fairbrothers to carry racial significance.
>
> "It warrants no stir," the Mayor declared.
>
> The mishap boosted Holden's weekend death toll to 3. Billy Lee Warrum Jr. died Sunday before reaching a hospital in Jackson where he was rushed after being thrown from his new motorcycle

while on his way there. He was the oldest son of Mrs. Billy Lee Warrum, Rt. 1. Reputedly en route to see his fiance he was pronounced dead on arrival. Multiple injuries was listed as the cause, the motorcycle having speeded into an interstate truck loaded to capacity with holiday turkeys. (See eye-witness account, page 1.)

As Holden marshal Curtis "Cowboy" Stubblefield reconstructed the earlier mishap, Ruby Gaddy, 21, was stabbed in full view of the departing congregation of the Holy Gospel Tabernacle as she attempted to leave the church when services were concluded at approximately 9:30 P.M. Saturday.

Witnesses said Dave Collins, 25, appeared outside the church as early as 9:15 P.M. having come directly from his shift at the mill where he had been employed since 1959. On being invited to come in and be seated he joked and said he preferred to wait outdoors as he was only wearing work clothes until the Gaddy woman, said to be his common-law wife, came outside the frame structure.

In the ensuing struggle at the conclusion of the services, the woman, who was a member of the choir, is believed to have received fatal ice-pick injuries to a vital organ, then to have wrested the weapon from her assailant and paid him back in kind. The Gaddy woman then walked to her mother's house but later collapsed.

Members of the congregation said they chased Collins 13 or 14 yds. in the direction of Snake Creek on the South side of the church then he fell to the ground and rolled approximately ten feet down the bank, rolling over six or seven times. Those present believed him to have succumbed since it was said the pick while in the woman's hand had been seen to drive in and pierce either his ear or his eye, either of which is in close approximation to the brain. However, Collins later managed to crawl unseen from the creek and to make his way undetected up Railroad Avenue and to the Main St. door of an office occupied by Richard Strickland, M.D., above the Citizens Bank & Trust.

Witnesses were divided on which of the Negroes struck the first blow. Percy McAtee, pastor of the church, would not take sides but declared on being questioned by Marshal Stubblefield he was satisfied no outside agitators were involved and no arrests were made.

Collins was discovered on his own doorstep by Dr. Strickland who had been spending the evening at the Country Club. Collins is reported by Dr. Strickland to have expired shortly following his discovery, alleging his death to chest wounds.

"He offered no statement," Dr. Strickland said in response to a query.

Interviewed at home where he is recuperating from an ailment, Mayor Fairbrothers stated that he had not heard of there being trouble of any description at the Mill. "We are not trying to ruin our good reputation by inviting any, either," he said. "If the weatherman stays on our side we expect to attain capacity production in the latter part of next month," he stated. Saturday had been pay day as usual.

When Collins' body was searched by officers the pockets were empty however.

An ice pick, reportedly the property of the Holy Gospel Tabernacle, was later found by Deacon Gaddy, 8, brother of Ruby Gaddy, covered with blood and carried it to Marshal Stubblefield. Stubblefield said it had been found in the grounds of the new $100,000.00 Negro school. It is believed to have served as the instrument in the twin slayings, the victims thus virtually succeeding in killing each other.

"Well, I'm surprised didn't more of them get hurt," said Rev. Alonzo Duckett, pastor of the Holden First Baptist Church. "And yet they expect to be seated in our churches." County Sheriff Vince Lasseter, reached fishing at Lake Bourne, said: "That's one they can't pin the blame on us for. That's how they treat their own kind. Please take note our conscience is clear."

Members of the Negro congregation said they could not account for Collins having left Snake Creek at the unspecified time. "We stood there a while and flipped some bottle caps down at him and threw his cap down after him right over his face and didn't get a stir out of him," stated an official of the congregation. "The way he acted, we figured he was dead. We would not have gone off and left him if we had known he was able to subsequently crawl up the hill." They stated Collins was not in the habit of worshipping at Holy Gospel Tabernacle.

The Gaddy woman died later this morning, also from chest wounds.

No cause was cited for the fracas.

THE cook had refilled his cup without his noticing. The doctor dropped the paper and carried his coffee out onto the little porch; it was still his morning habit.

The porch was at the back of the house, screened on three sides. Sylvia's daybed used to stand here; it put her in the garden. No other houses were in sight; the gin could not be heard or even the traffic whining on the highway up off the bypass.

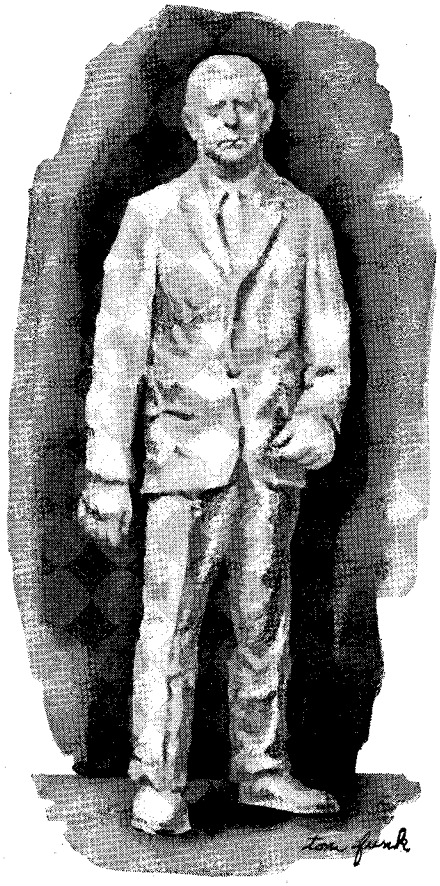
The roses were done for, the perennials too. But the surrounding crape-myrtle tree, the redbud, the dogwood, the Chinese tallow tree, and the pomegranate bush were bright as toys. The ailing pear tree had shed its leaves ahead of the rest. Past a falling wall of Michaelmas daisies that had not been tied up, a pair of flickers were rifling the grass, the cock in one part of the garden, the hen in another, picking at the devastation right through the bright leaves that appeared to have been left lying there just for them, probing and feeding. They stayed year round, he supposed, but it was only in the fall of the year that he ever noticed them. He was pretty sure that Sylvia had known the birds were there. Her eyes would follow birds when they flew across the garden. As he watched, the cock spread one wing, showy as a zebra's hide, and with a turn of his head showed his red seal.

Dr. Strickland swallowed the coffee and picked up his bag. It was all going to be just about as hard as seeing Herman and Eva Fairbrothers through. He thought that in all Holden, as of now, only Miss Marcia Pope was still quite able to take care of herself—or such was her own opinion.

—EUDORA WELTY

PROFILES

MAN WHO IS HAPPENING NOW



Robert Cooper Scull, as he appears in a detail of a plaster sculpture by George Segal

ROBERT COOPER SCULL is the patron of the moment of the art of the moment, and he is something of a hero to people who inhabit what is known in New York as "the new and exploding art world." They call him "the pop of Pop," and lately they have been saying that he is "the Medici of the Minimals" as well. In fact, throughout the new and exploding art world, Scull, who supports these enthusiasms with the profits from a fleet of taxicabs, is generally envied and admired as one of the few people who are really *happening now*. At a time when the collectors of art have succeeded in supplanting the museums, the dealers, the critics, and possibly even the artists as the prime movers, promoters, and arbiters of taste, Scull is the busiest, the most powerful, and very probably the most ambitious collector around. Over the past year, more space in the fashion monthlies, the news weeklies, and the daily gossip columns has been devoted to the social exploits and aesthetic predilections of Robert Scull and his wife, Ethel, than to anybody else on the art scene except Andy Warhol and his rock-'n'-roll band the Velvet Underground, and Mrs. Scull likes to point out that whereas two or three years ago most columnists felt the need to identify them as "Pop Art collectors Robert and Ethel Scull of the taxicab fortune," today "Bob and Ethel Scull," or even simply "the Sculls," will do. Last year, when George Segal, who is one of the earliest and best known of the Pop artists, wrapped the Sculls in plaster-soaked rags for a Scull-family sculpture, he was startled to discover not only that several gossip columnists immediately took him up as an "exciting young talent" but that they were all appreciably more interested in the tribulations of Mrs. Scull and her new Courrèges boots than in Segal's work. Similarly, last year, when James Rosenquist painted an eighty-five-foot-long picture of the Air Force F-111 bomber, which Scull proceeded to buy for twenty-five thousand dollars in cash and twenty thousand more to Rosenquist's dealer in an art trade, "F-111" made the papers as the backdrop for large photographs of a beaming Mr. Scull. Rosenquist, who five years ago sold the first painting of his career to Scull for two hundred dollars and has since sold him eight more at considerably higher prices, remarked at the time that he was happy to see Bob Scull get the credit he deserved for buying such an unwieldy piece of work. Scull, in turn, called the picture "the most important statement made in art in the last fifty years." Then he lent the fifty-one-panel statement—a sleek side view of the bomber, embellished occasionally, in fluorescent paint, with such other icons of Pop Americana as a Firestone tire, a giant light bulb, an abundance of spaghetti, and an angel-food cake—to the Jewish Museum, where it was folded into two long rooms and where it remained until it was packed off on a two-year tour of fourteen capitals of the world. Meanwhile, half a dozen other museums began competing for the privilege of giving the bomber a permanent home. In fact, letters begging gifts and loans from Scull's collection have been arriving at his taxi garage, in the Bronx, almost every day lately, and although Scull, who saves them all in a file, likes to talk about how much art he has refused to lend, because of "deep philosophical objections" to a particular museum or show, he has given away paintings over the past five years to the Museum of Modern Art, the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, and the Whitney Museum of American Art, and has lent close to a hundred and forty paintings, sculptures, and drawings from his stockpile to almost as many museums, shows, and galleries around the world. One of his Roy Lichtenstein comic-strip paintings was entered at this year's Biennale Internazionale d'Arte in Venice, and a Larry Poons from his collection hung at the other big international Biennale, in São Paulo, Brazil. His large Mark di Suvero sculpture "Hankchampion" is on loan to the sculpture garden of the Modern, and three of his paintings—a Jasper Johns, a Rosenquist, and a Poons—are in Tokyo with the Modern's travelling show "Two Decades of American Painting." His collection, which consists of some two hundred and sixty paintings, a hundred and thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred drawings, is actually quite small, compared to some of the staggering accumulations of art around, but it represents such a violent affection for—and stake in—the Pop aesthetic that it has made Scull the first new collector-celebrity in years. "When the whole incredible Pop scene exploded," an admirer of his announced fervently at a Batman party not long ago, "Scull was—well, Scull was there!"

ONE evening late last June, I met Bob Scull standing in the doorway of an old loft building on Mulberry Street, waiting for an artist, who lived on the fifth floor, to come down in a freight elevator and let him in. Scull, at forty-nine a bulky, prepossessing man with slick black hair and budding jowls, had just come back from a week at the Venice Biennale, and he glowed with a ruddy Lido tan. He had on his favorite summer suit—pale gray and hand stitched—and a brand-new, flowered Carnaby Street tie, and he wore an expression of heady benevolence that he is rarely able to suppress on encounters with his artist friends. He was happily humming snatches of the suicide aria from "La Gioconda" when the artist, whose name was Robert Whitman, pulled open the elevator door.

In a few minutes, Scull was installed in a slightly sagging beige club chair in one corner of the loft, between a tankful of leaping tropical fish and several gently swaying pots of asparagus fern that were suspended from a network of old industrial steampipes on the ceiling. Whitman, a young man who makes what most people have come to call "happenings" but what he and his friends prefer to call "theatre pieces" or "works," sat facing Scull on an overstuffed green leather couch. His wife, Simone, a graceful, pretty girl with short, tousled brown hair, stood at a kitchen counter, some thirty feet away, opening cans of Pepperidge Farm soup. Scull settled back in the club chair and peered appreciatively into Whitman's studio, which occupied the back two-thirds of the loft and was cluttered with a mysterious collection of objects, among them a gigantic plastic bag filled with feathers and hung on homemade pulleys from the rafters; a heap of billowing white fabric that shimmered in the dark; scattered scraps of silver vinyl; eight pairs of freshly home-painted shoes; several outsized flashlights; an electric fan; a fire extinguisher; a movie projector; two movie screens; and Mrs. Whitman's bicycle. Then Scull asked about Whitman's two latest works, which were playing Off Broadway at the Circle in the Square.

"Well, the pieces are supporting themselves—and with only three performances a week," Whitman replied, and then grinned. "We're the 'Fiddler on the Roof' of Off Broadway."

"'Fiddler on the Roof.' That's beautiful. I like it," Scull said.

"And now a lot of people seem to be interested in backing my *next* piece," Whitman went on.

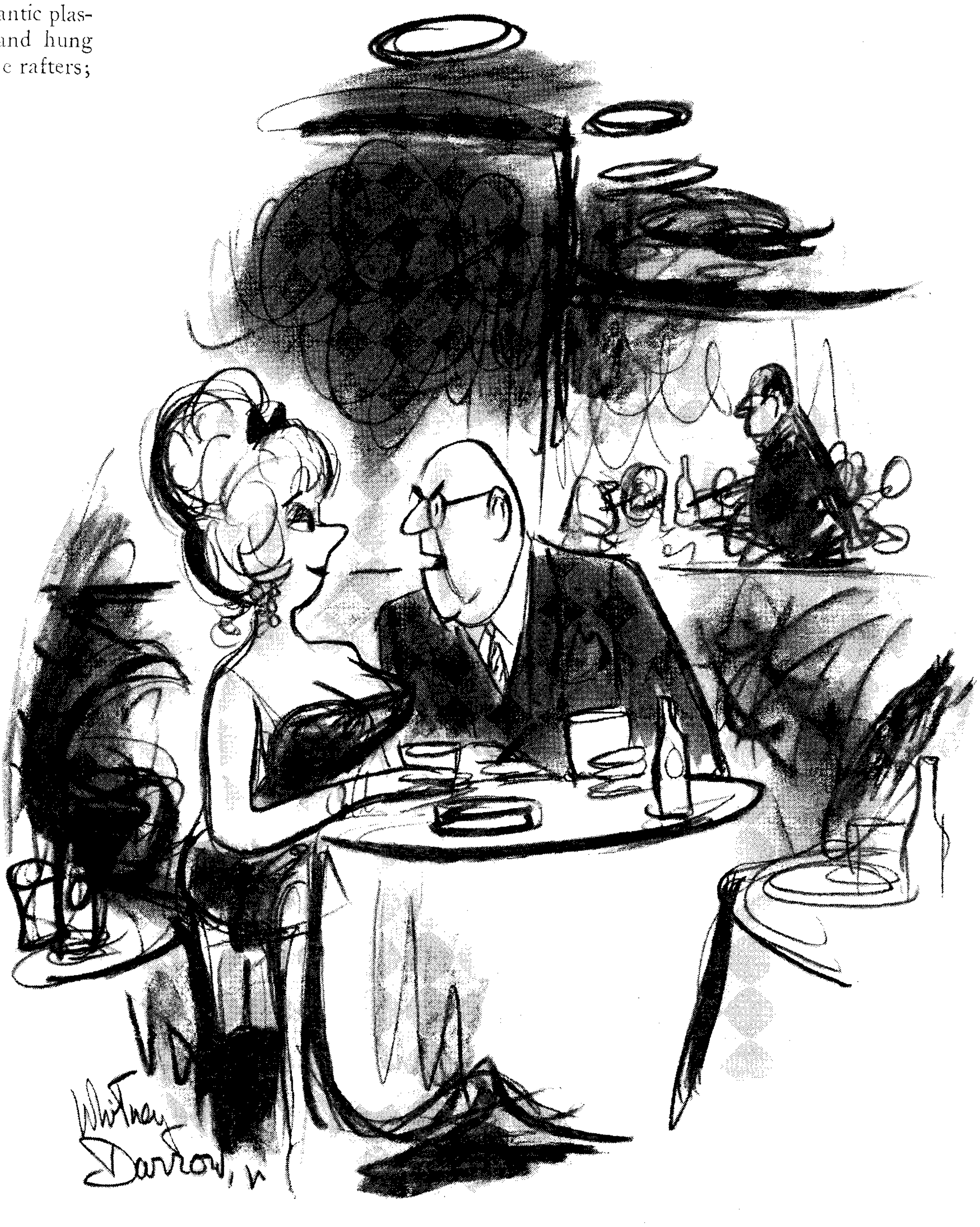
Scull leaned forward, with a look of earnest concern. "Confidentially, Bob, you don't want a *lot* of people," he said. "That would give you a board of directors. You'd have no autonomy—no freedom. Whereas with just *one* other person involved, you'd still be your own boss." He paused thoughtfully. "We should talk about that—about *my* getting involved in your next piece. Of course, I'm not interested in any profit. I would renounce it, in fact. My kicks, with your piece, would simply come from seeing something done that couldn't have been done without me." Scull sighed, looking especially benevolent. "I'd feel—well, the way the guy who commissioned Mozart's violin concertos must have felt."

Whitman got up and mixed himself a gin-and-orange-juice. Scull, whose wife badgered him into giving up both drinking and smoking eight years ago, asked for a glass of No-Cal. He said that he liked No-Cal Cola best but that No-Cal Black Cherry had been making inroads.

"We'd need really good publicity on a new piece," Whitman said, sitting down again. "The people who handled us this time didn't even send out press tickets. They said, 'Why ask the press? The press will only put you down.'"

"That's the press's problem, if they're so square," Scull replied. "Besides, any publicity's a good thing. Why, if only I had been involved this time, Leonard Lyons would have been down at that theatre opening night. And Eugenia Sheppard. Eugenia would have loved it."

"Actually, we were thinking more in terms of articles by—well, you know, respected intellectuals, like Alan Solomon and Susan Sontag," Whitman said quickly. "And maybe something in



"How do I know you're not bugged?"

Art News—though *Art News* has its own axe to grind."

"And the *Times* is still involved with Abstract Expressionism," Mrs. Whitman called from the counter.

"Why, *that* died five to seven years ago," Scull said, shaking his head. Then he looked at Whitman. "I want you to know, Bob, that I've talked about you to several men who write. I sort of *meet* writers, you know. And *they're* your real problem. Basically, it's hard for writers to latch on to something new."

Whitman chuckled agreeably. So did Mrs. Whitman, who had just finished setting a kitchen table with big, bright pottery soup bowls, dinner plates, platters of prosciutto, melon, cold roast beef, and warm *croissants*, and a bottle of Beaujolais.

"Beautiful!" Scull pronounced, walking to the table and sitting down. "It has a *je ne sais quoi*—a beautiful *provincial* air."

"We should have had butter plates, but there was no room," Mrs. Whitman said as she passed the *croissants*.

"This is better. At *home* we have butter plates," Scull said. "And tonight what I really felt like was a *provincial* meal. It makes me feel back in my *real* milieu. Especially after Venice. Venice was a madhouse. The parties were wild—full of countesses. Real countesses. Countesses kept giving parties in palazzos all week long. Well, I say: Why not? Countesses are *fun*." Scull shrugged. "It was wild, but, as you know, I like wild things."

"Bob should meet Joseph," Mrs. Whitman told her husband.

"Who's Joseph? An artist?" Scull asked eagerly, helping himself to a second plateful of prosciutto and melon.

"No, a man I once worked for in the suburbs," Whitman said.

"Oh," Scull said.

"But Joseph is a true-blue character," Whitman went on. "He was all involved in research on American art—the kind that no one else is interested in. He had a private income, and a big house that he'd turned into a kind of illustrator's and set designer's morgue, and when I worked for him, clipping and filing, he'd hired a big staff to help him out with his research. All very sane. Right?"

"Beautiful!" Scull said.

"Except for this one thing," Whitman said. "Joseph never wore any clothes. He didn't believe in them. Everybody else in the house wore clothes, but you were always welcome not to."

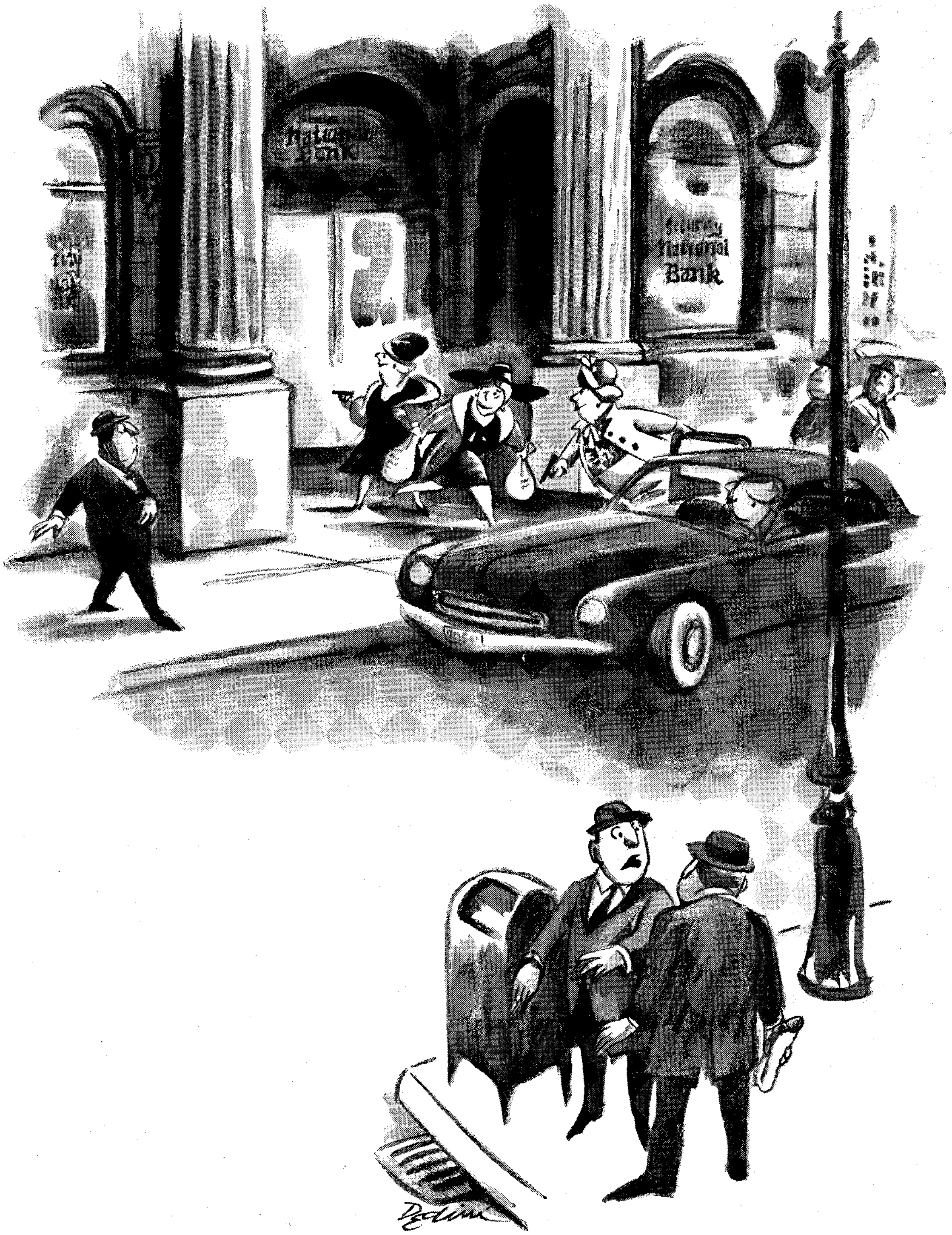
"You know, it has a screwy kind of logic," Scull said.

"We went back to visit Joseph this year," Mrs. Whitman said. "He invited us for tea, and when we got there—all dressed up—there was Joseph, stark naked, very demurely pouring tea from a silver service. The *important* thing was that Joseph was not only naked but very polite, very genteel."

"How did he *look*, naked?" Scull asked.

Mrs. Whitman passed the roast beef. "Like everybody else," she said.

"Once when I was



"See what I mean? With the kids all grown up and so much time on their hands, they don't know what the hell to do with it."

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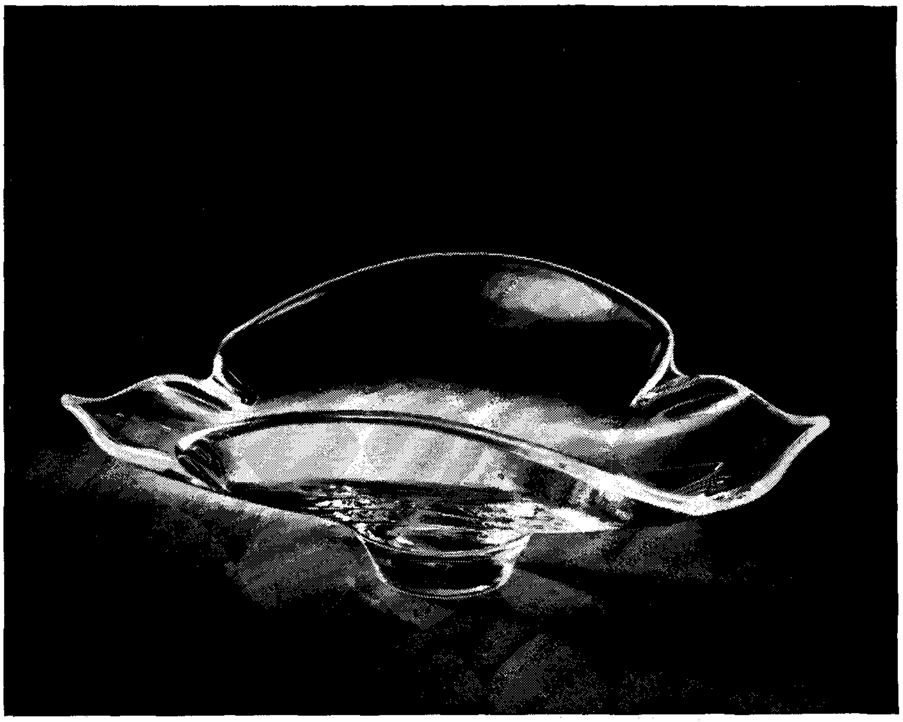

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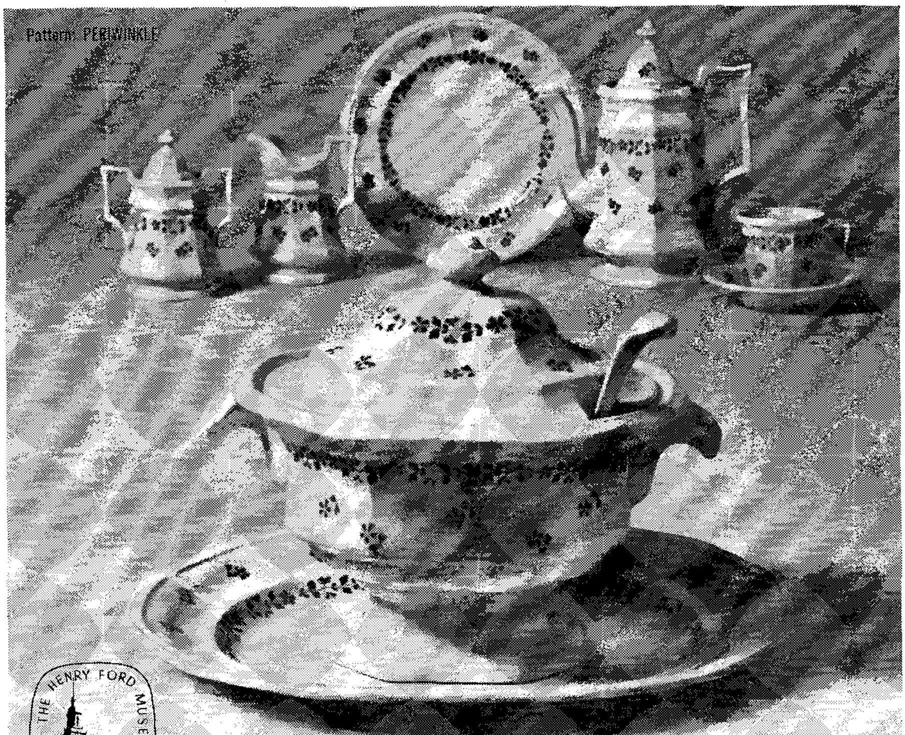

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there, some Jehovah's Witnesses came to the door with their copy of *Awake*," Whitman said. "Joseph answered the door and said, very politely, 'Can I help you, gentlemen?' They took one look at him and ran screaming down the street."

"Joseph is an original," Mrs. Whitman said.

"Joseph is a *unique*," Whitman said.

Scull tackled the last *croissant* in thoughtful silence, and then said, "As I see it, the sad thing about your friend Joseph is that he isn't an artist. He is obviously a *genius*, and a great erotic, but no artist, and I, for one, would like to see some really beautiful erotic art produced. With all the talk about how erotic artists are, very little seems to brush off onto anybody's work. Oh, a few people here and there touch on the erotic, but not really brilliantly." He paused, evidently mulling over the problem for a moment. "Though *your* last piece, Bob—that was very erotic."

Whitman looked embarrassed. "Well, you don't start *out* to do something erotic," he said.

"You're right, of course," Scull replied. "If you start out to do something erotic, you end up with a dirty French movie."

"Nothing wrong with *those*," Whitman said.

"We know a guy who smuggled 'The 120 Days of Sodom' into the country as a travel book," Mrs. Whitman announced brightly, clearing away the dinner plates and replacing them with big bowls full of blueberries and vanilla ice cream.

Scull took a spoonful of dessert and said that it was beautiful. He told Mrs. Whitman that she would have to come and try the berries in East Hampton, where the Sculls have a house.

"Ethel's out there now, playing tennis, but I really dig East Hampton in the winter," Scull said. "I go there every other weekend all winter. It's great. The public library on a dreary afternoon. All those old books. Great. I like it. I like the insularity of the place."

"I had my car washed in East Hampton once," Whitman said. "It was the most expensive car wash I ever had. But I did it because I was a guest out there, and I wasn't going to drive up in a filthy car."

"Good God! You mean you're *that* middle-class, underneath it all?" Scull said.

"Absolutely—as middle-class as can be," Whitman replied. "I figure my

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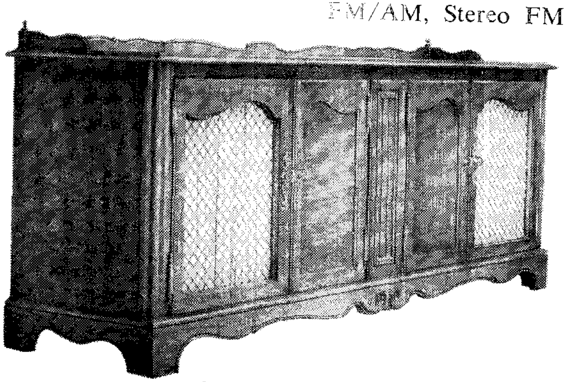

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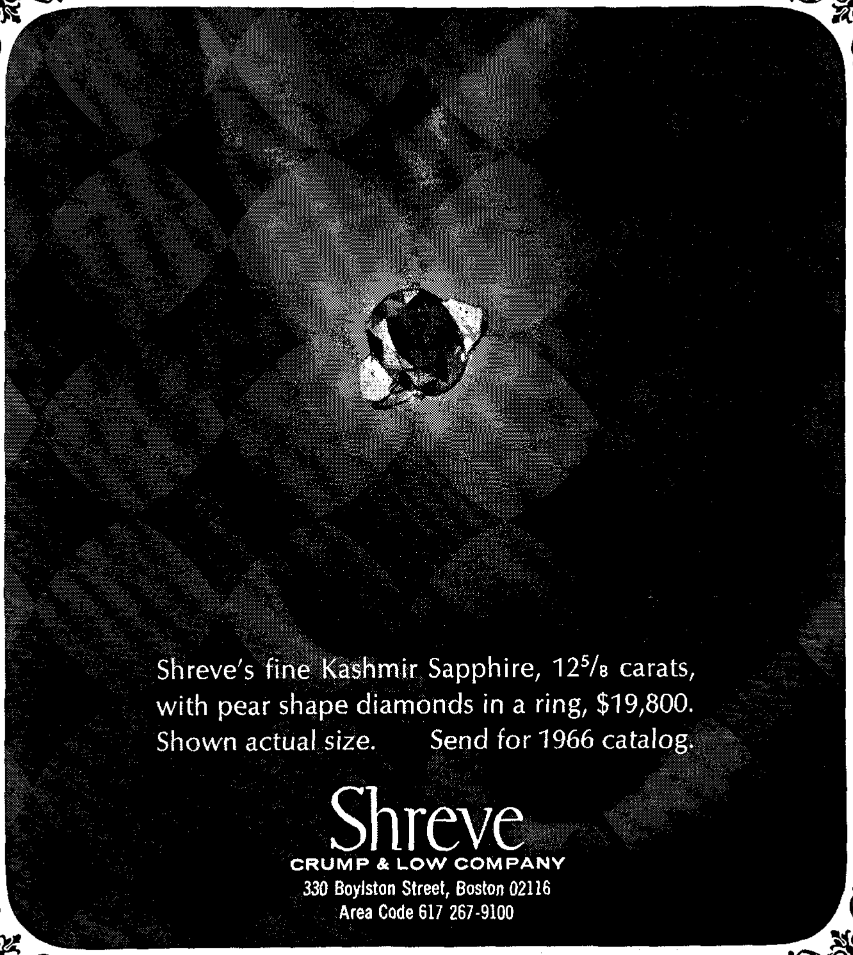

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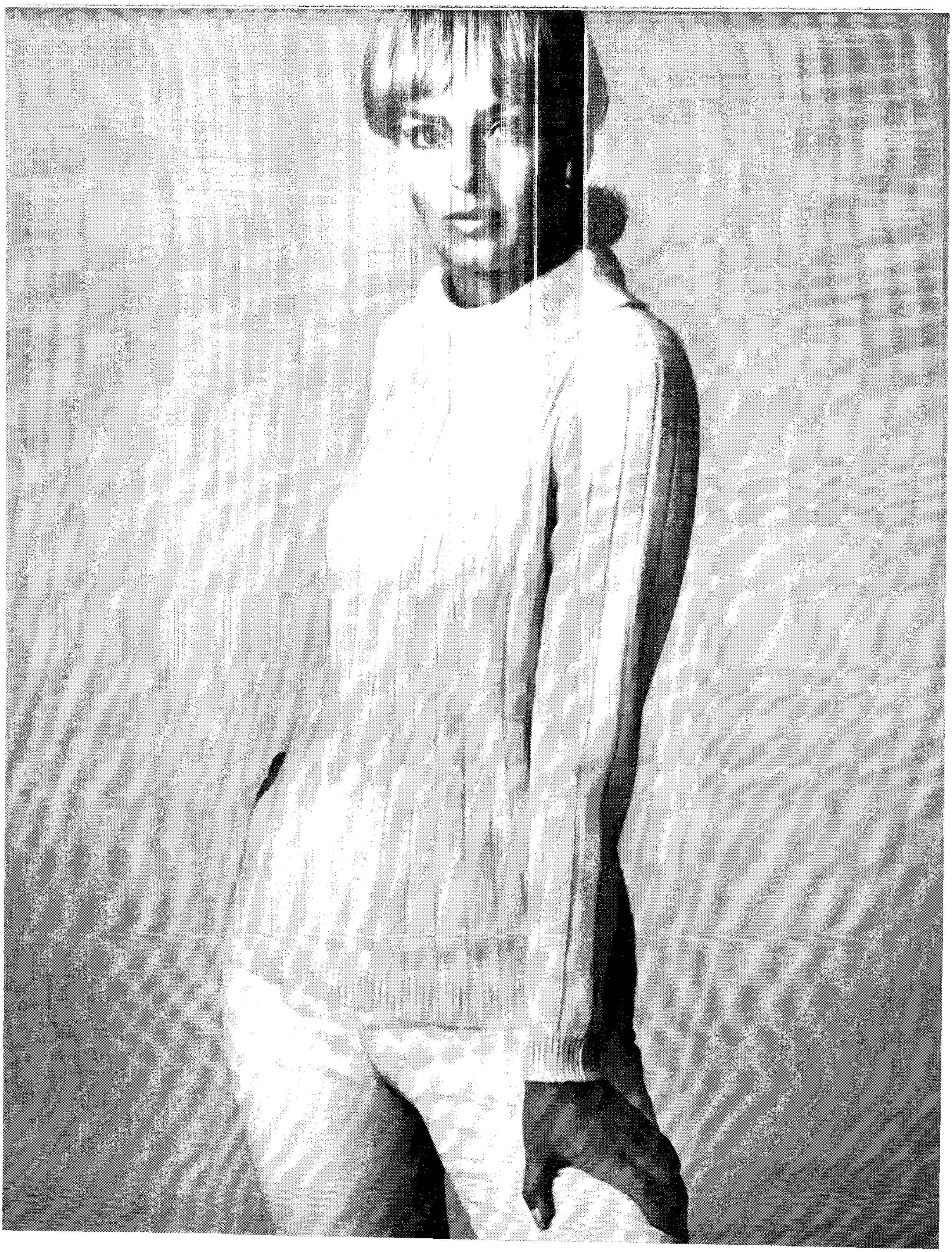
car's like a suit of clothes. It's got to be presentable."

"I feel that way, too, but then I'm not an artist," Scull said.

SCULL lives in a big apartment on upper Fifth Avenue, where he spends a good deal of time moving the art around from room to room. His front hall, at present, is a small gallery for several hulking pieces. George Segal's white plaster sculpture of Mrs. Scull, in a Courrèges dress, Courrèges boots, and sunglasses, sitting on a green plush Victorian settee, and Mr. Scull, in a business suit, standing to one side staring vacantly, is in the hall. So is Claes Oldenburg's massive papier-mâché shirt, called "Big Standing Shirt," and the old porcelain stove, called "Stove," that he has draped with papier-mâché sausages, asparagus spears, and other delicacies. Scull's living room, where four monumentally scaled Abstract Expressionist canvases were hanging last year, is now a bright hodgepodge of pieces by Andy Warhol, John Chamberlain, James Rosenquist, Frank Stella, Walter De Maria, Lucas Samaras, and Jasper Johns. The Warhol—"Ethel Scull 35 Times"—is a collection of thirty-five silk-screened snapshot blow-ups for which Mrs. Scull posed in a Times Square automatic-picture booth; the Chamberlain, called "Zaar," is made out of crushed automobiles; and the Samaras, called "Pin Box," is put together out of several thousand straight pins, one dead bird, a ball of string, an old stocking, a bunch of pencils, and a flatiron. The room itself is long, white, and sparsely furnished; there are two white sofas, a couple of Mies van de Rohe's leather-and-steel chairs, a thick oak coffee table, and a Steinway grand, at which Scull works out on Sunday afternoons. In the dining room, there is a long, gleaming Louis XVI table, ten accompanying chairs, and a big walnut credenza, all of which dwindle considerably in the presence of a huge Rosenquist still-life of a pair of blue jeans, a hot dog, a Life Saver, a female face, and a set of typewriter keys. Mrs. Scull likes to keep a prized Lowestoft bowl in the middle of the table, but Scull prefers a platter of Claes Oldenburg's papier-mâché food. When he bought the platter, a few years ago in Paris, he was under the impression that the objects on it were eight slices of jelly roll à la mode, but he has since learned, to his great delight, that they are eight portions of cold salmon with thick homemade mayonnaise all over them.

Some of Scull's favorite art is cur-



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rently in his den—a comfortable, white room where he likes to sit in a black leather Eames chair and swivel around and around admiring it. Two Jasper Johns paintings, a brightly lipsticked Tom Wesselmann nude, and an enormous, extravagantly baffling lead-and-aluminum construction by Robert Morris are on the walls there. A bronze flag by Johns hangs over the door (Scull has managed to accumulate more paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Jasper Johns than anybody else has), and a platter of chrome-plated fish by Robert Watts sits on a low glass coffee table next to an ornate lock from the time of Napoleon III. On Mrs. Scull's French Provincial desk there are several small pieces—among them a seventeenth-century German angel, a Giacometti, and a Reg Butler bronze—which Scull usually refers to as "my wife's sentimental stuff," and there is a thirteenth-century architect's model of a church pillar in a niche in a bookcase along the far wall. This bookcase is otherwise filled with art books of every description, which Scull pores over at night after his wife has gone to bed, and with books about Mozart, a genius he particularly admires. There were three hundred and fifteen Mozart records in Scull's record collection, across the room, the last time he counted—including, he likes to point out, nine "Don Giovanni"s.

One evening when I walked into the den, Scull was sitting in his swivel chair, admiring Morris's construction and listening to the Mozart Quintet for Clarinet and Strings. He said hello, and then he pointed to the Morris, which not only covered an entire wall of the room but also incorporated its own appreciation instructions, printed on lead sheets and hung on a hook in its lower right-hand corner. "Now, *this* piece is turning into one of the most important works in my collection," he said. "And, you know, my great kick from it is that it wouldn't have been made if it weren't for me. That's my particular kick—to be *involved*. I used to be on the International Council over at the Museum of Modern Art, and on the National Advisory Board of the Gallery of Modern Art in Washington, but not anymore. It was—well, too impersonal. What *I* really needed was to be *used*. Like the guy who sponsored Giotto's frescoes—used in the best possible way. *My* artists use me, and I've learned how to support them and not get anything in return but that great feeling of being involved. Oh, sure, I get some *side* kicks—like money and status and satisfaction. And I know some people say

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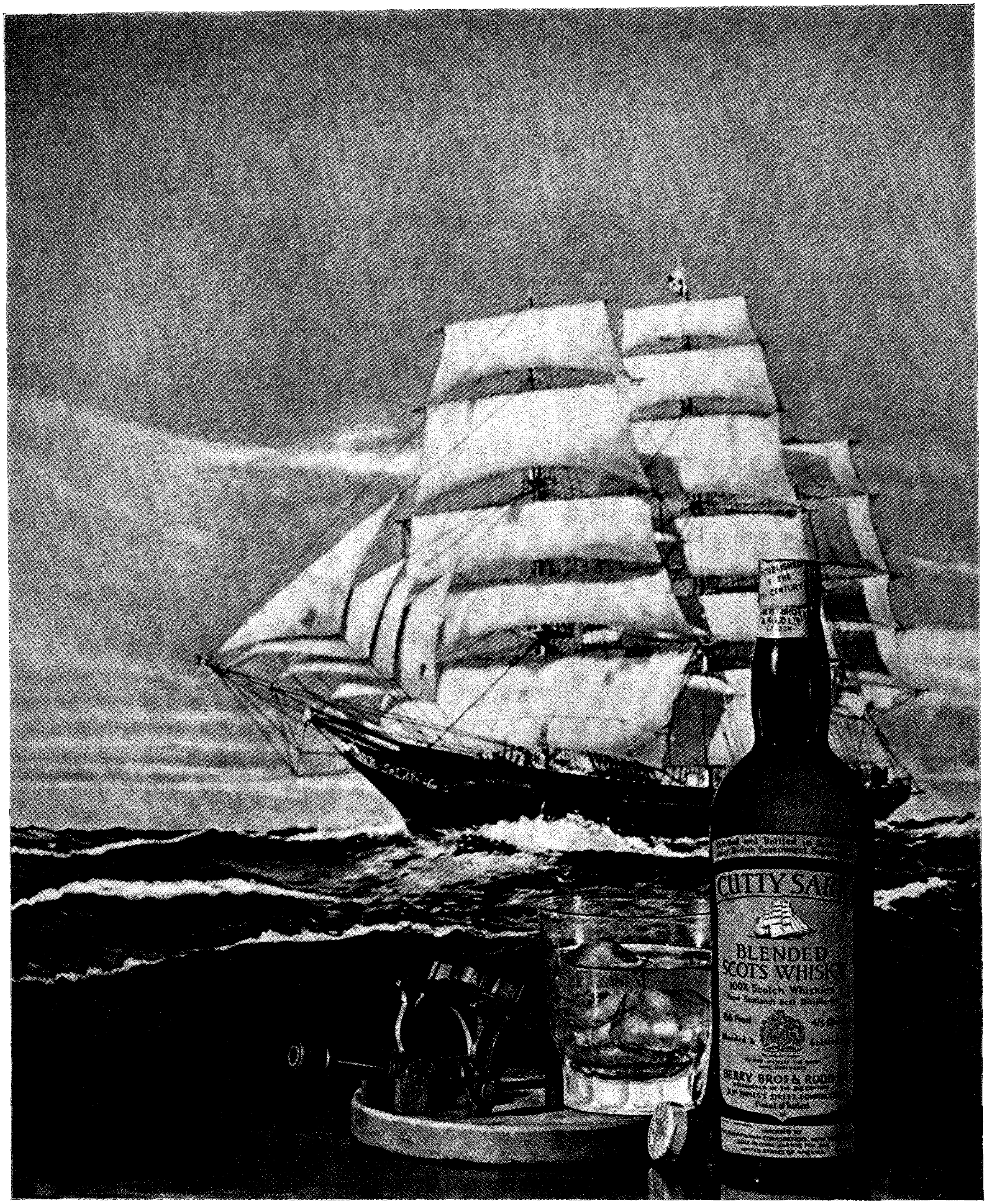
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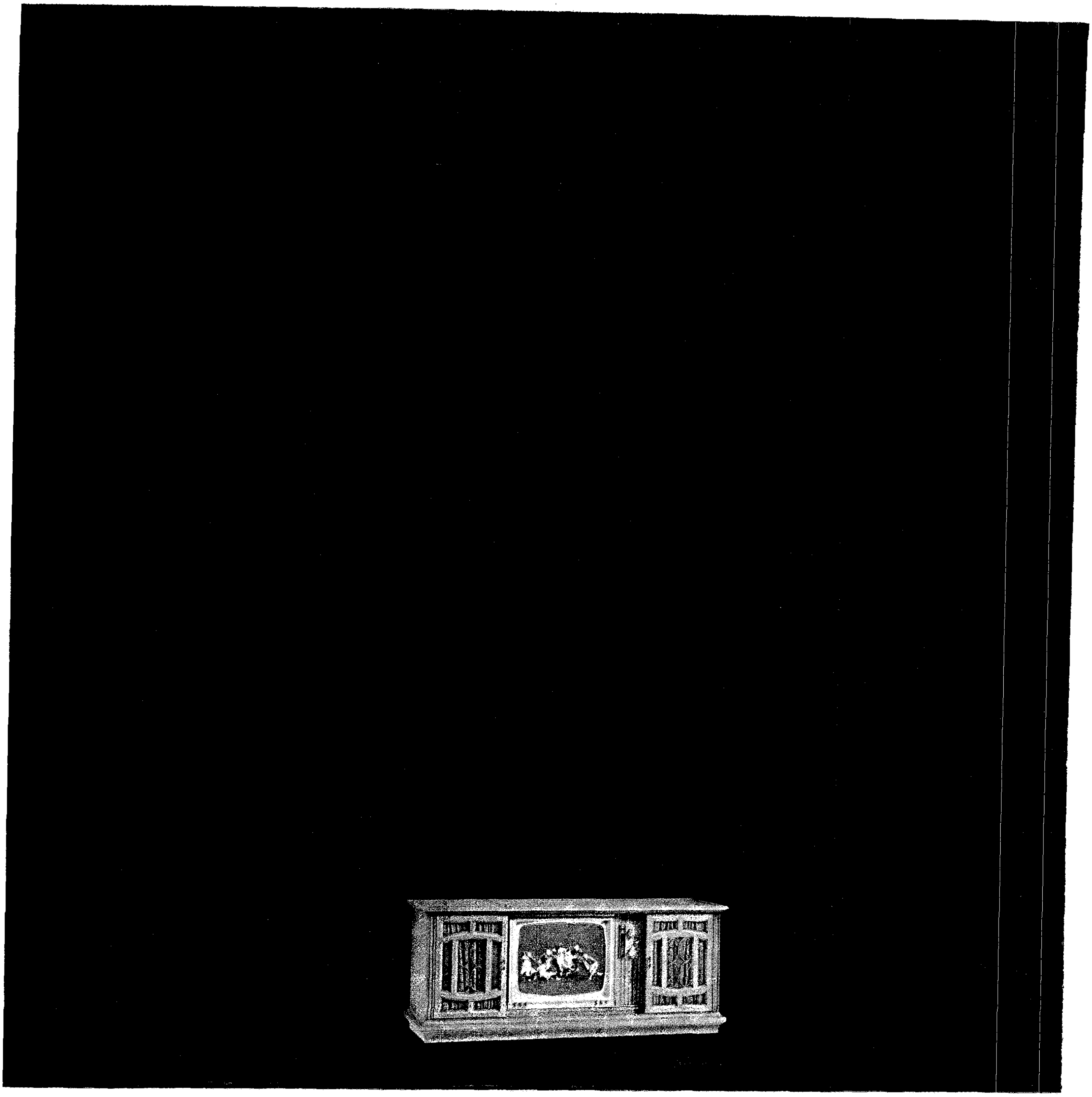

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that these give me a kind of vested interest in the work I buy." Scull looked incredulous. "But they're not my *real* kicks." He hesitated for a moment, grinned benignly, and then got up and headed for the next room. When he came back, he was carrying a highly polished stainless-steel rectangular bar about a foot long. "This is by Walter De Maria, a young boy I'm helping now," he said, settling back into his chair. "Now, at first you might think that this is just another bar, but actually this *particular* bar is as involved in the great human themes as the Acropolis or the Sistine ceiling. This is an *energy* bar." Scull rubbed the bar lovingly, perhaps for energy, and went on. "When I first met Walter, he was making things like this in wood, because he couldn't afford the materials he should have had. I looked at one of them—it was lying on the floor of his loft—and I said, 'You know, Walter, this thing should be steel.' He was astonished at my insight. He said, 'My God, Mr. Scull, how did *you* know?' Then he said that he had a whole fileful of ideas that were just waiting for the right materials. So I gave him the money for steel and aluminum, and eventually even sterling silver, and his work really took off. Now I have six De Marias—six beautiful pieces that could never have been made without me. And of course I have the involvement with a really great, exciting mind. Why, I don't think a day has gone by in the past year and a half that I haven't thought up a reason to talk to Walter on the phone." Scull paused, reflecting. "Don't think it's been easy," he said. "Walter's a very private person. Why, the first time I went downtown to the loft where he and Suzanne live—that's his wife—he let me in, and then the three of us just sat there, not saying a word, for a good half hour. I thought to myself: Maybe this boy doesn't like me. But you know what it really was? He was *thinking*. He's like that. Finally, he said something. He said, 'Would you like a glass of water?' And *I* said something. 'Yes,' I think it was. Well, he got me the water, and some for himself and Suzanne, and then he sat down and thought for *another* half hour or so. It was crazy, but you know something? I kind of liked it. I knew that this was a very special, *thoughtful* guy. We've been friends since then. A few weeks ago, he came over and said, 'Bob, can you get ahold of five thousand acres for me?' Just like that. I looked at him like he was nuts. I said, 'Walter, what the hell do you want five thousand

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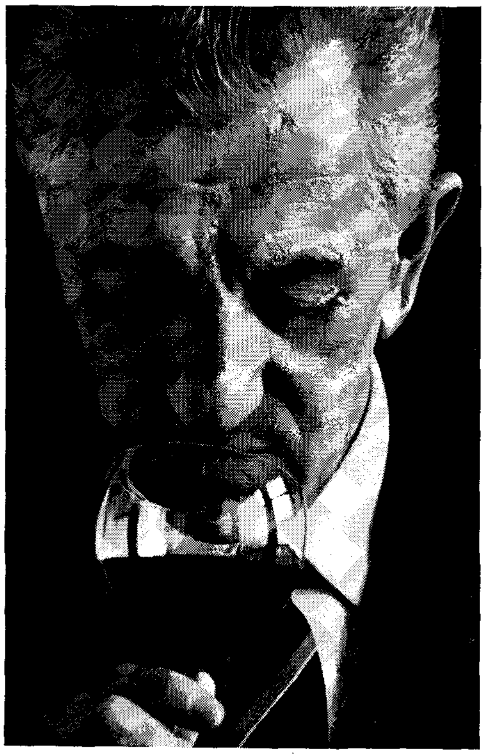

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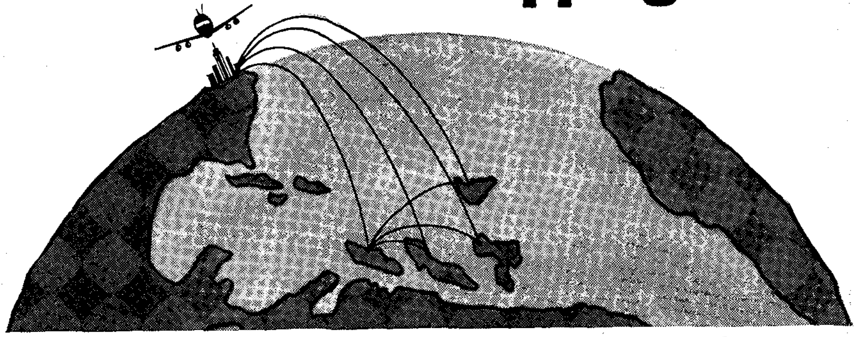

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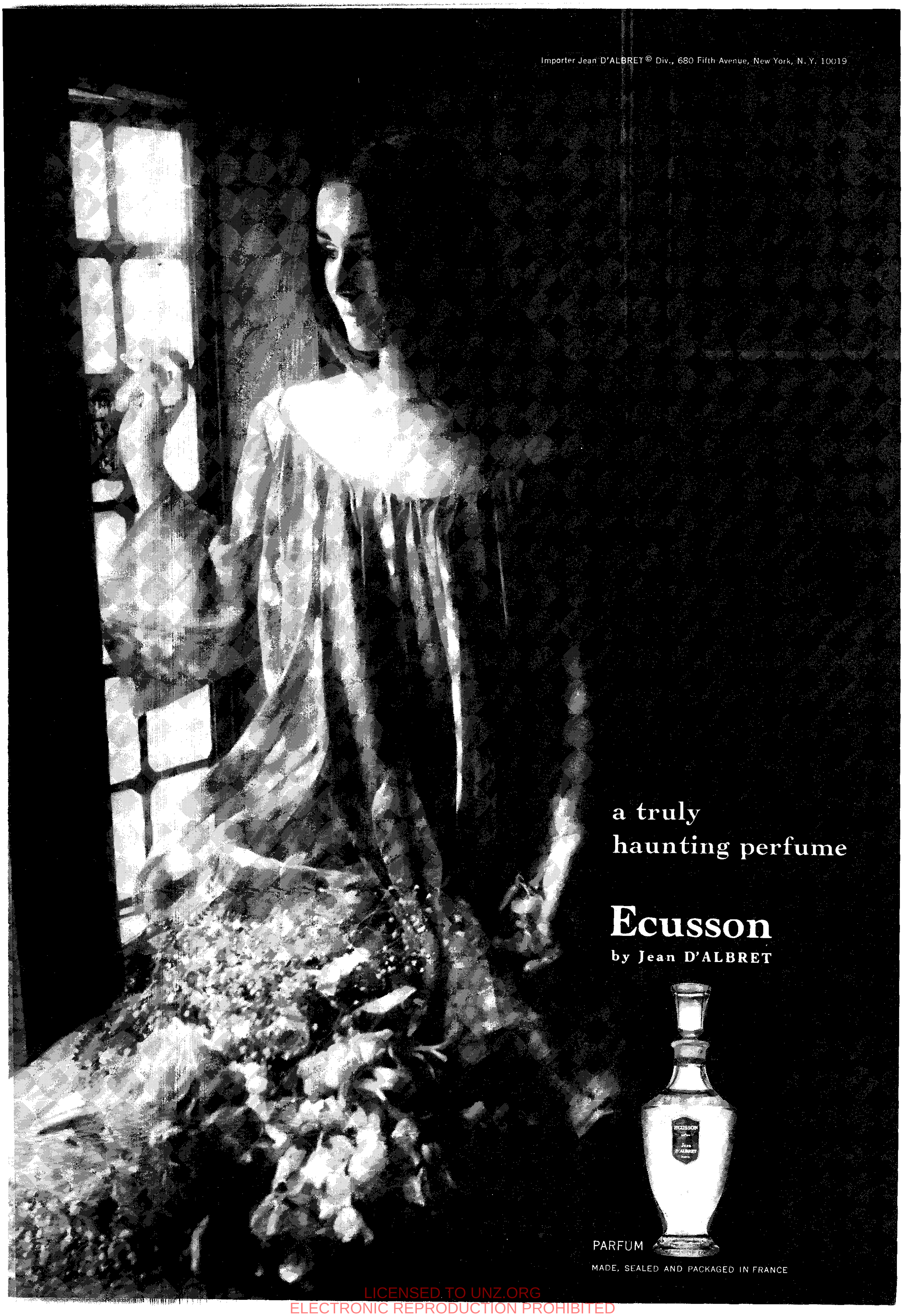
acres for?' You know what he said? He said he wants to build a wall—two walls, actually, running parallel for exactly one mile, with maybe three feet between them—and he wants it in the middle of five thousand acres of desert out in Nevada or Utah. I said, 'Walter, what happens with these walls?' And then Walter looked at me like *I* was nuts and said, 'Why, you walk between them.' Well, the kookiness of it all intrigued me at first, but then it really began to get through to me—the fact that no one who walked that mile between the walls would come out unchanged. Suddenly, I knew I had to build those walls. I went to a psychiatrist and I said, 'Doctor, help me. I'm going to build two big walls in the middle of nowhere.' The doctor told me, 'I can't help *you*. You're *crazy!*' So I got in touch with a few contractors, asking about how much it would cost to build the walls. They wanted to know what the walls were for. I said, 'Nothing. They're a work of art.' Well, I'm still held up by those contractors. They all act very nervous, and *some* of them even ask me what's going to go on between those walls and is it subversive?" Scull gave a couple of helpless shrugs, and just then Mrs. Scull, a tall, slim, good-looking woman with bright-brown almond eyes and a mane of tawny hair, walked into the den. She was wearing gold bedroom slippers with curled-up toes, and a white silk hostess costume that looked like a karate practice suit, and she said that she had just finished making scrambled eggs for Jonathan, Stephen, and Laurence, the Sculls' three teen-age sons.

"The boys are complaining because I burned the English muffins," Mrs. Scull said, flopping down onto a nubbly couch next to her husband's chair.

"We're talking about Walter," Mr. Scull said.

"Walter plays the most *divine* game of tennis," Mrs. Scull said. "I dragged him over to the courts in East Hampton last summer, and—would you believe it?—he was sensational. We played for two days. It *made* the weekend." Mrs. Scull kicked off her bedroom slippers. Then she asked her husband for his fountain pen. She said she wanted to make up the guest list for a party they were giving for Marshall McLuhan, who was coming to the Y.M.H.A. Poetry Center to lecture in a few weeks.

"But, Spike"—Scull has called his wife Spike, after a truck driver, for twenty-three years—"I thought you



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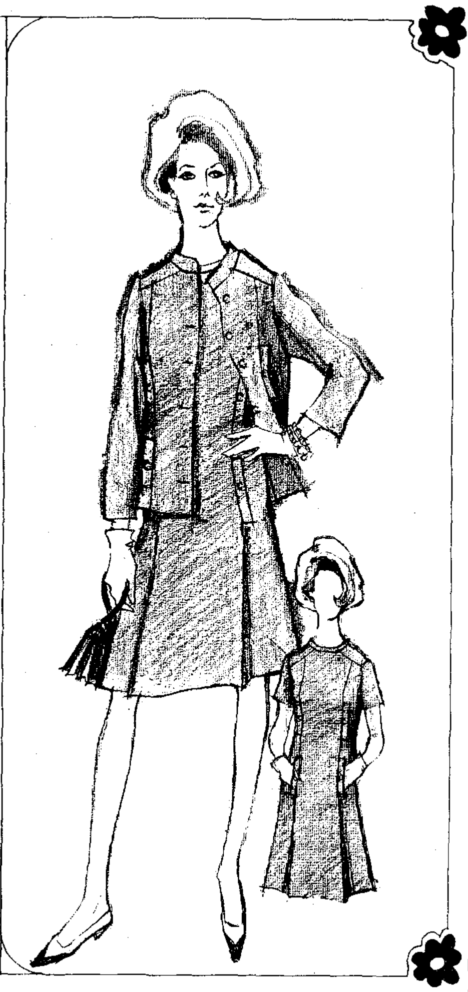

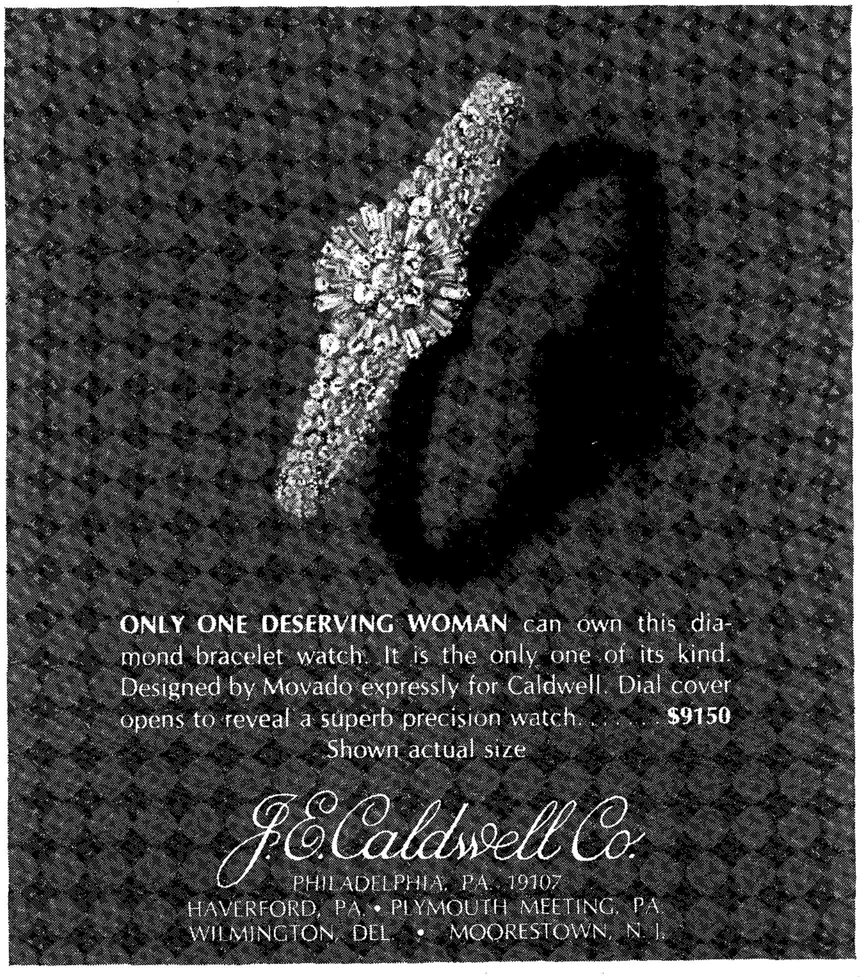

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wanted to go out to dinner at the Grenouille tonight."

"Well, *c'est dommage*," Mrs. Scull, who had been taking French lessons twice a week for eight months, said philosophically. "I don't know when we'll get another minute in the next three weeks." She reached over to her desk and opened a big black appointment book that was lying next to the Giacometti bronze. "Listen to this, lovey," she said. "There's the Cheetah opening *this* week."

"The what?" Scull said.

"The *Cheetah*—you know, that enormous new discothèque," Mrs. Scull replied enthusiastically.

"I thought that was for kids," Scull said.

"Well, *everybody* will be there," Mrs. Scull said. "I understand that Prince Michael is absolutely dying to go."

"It just goes to show you," Scull said, shaking his head. "When I was a kid, I used to *put down* royalty, but now that I've gotten to know some, I really dig them. Why, when I met Prince Michael of Greece at a party, do you know what he told me to call him? *Michael.*"

"And he calls Bob *Bob*," Mrs. Scull said, turning the page. "We've got that formal dinner party Monday, and that dreary art tour I'm on the board of Tuesday, and the Gary Kuehn opening at the Bianchini Gallery is sometime that week."

"This is ridiculous," Scull said, smiling happily.

"How does one survive?" Mrs. Scull said, turning the next page. "Then we've got that party for the Moroccan Ambassador. I hear he's absolutely bored to death with those stuffy old diplomatic things he has to go to all the time."

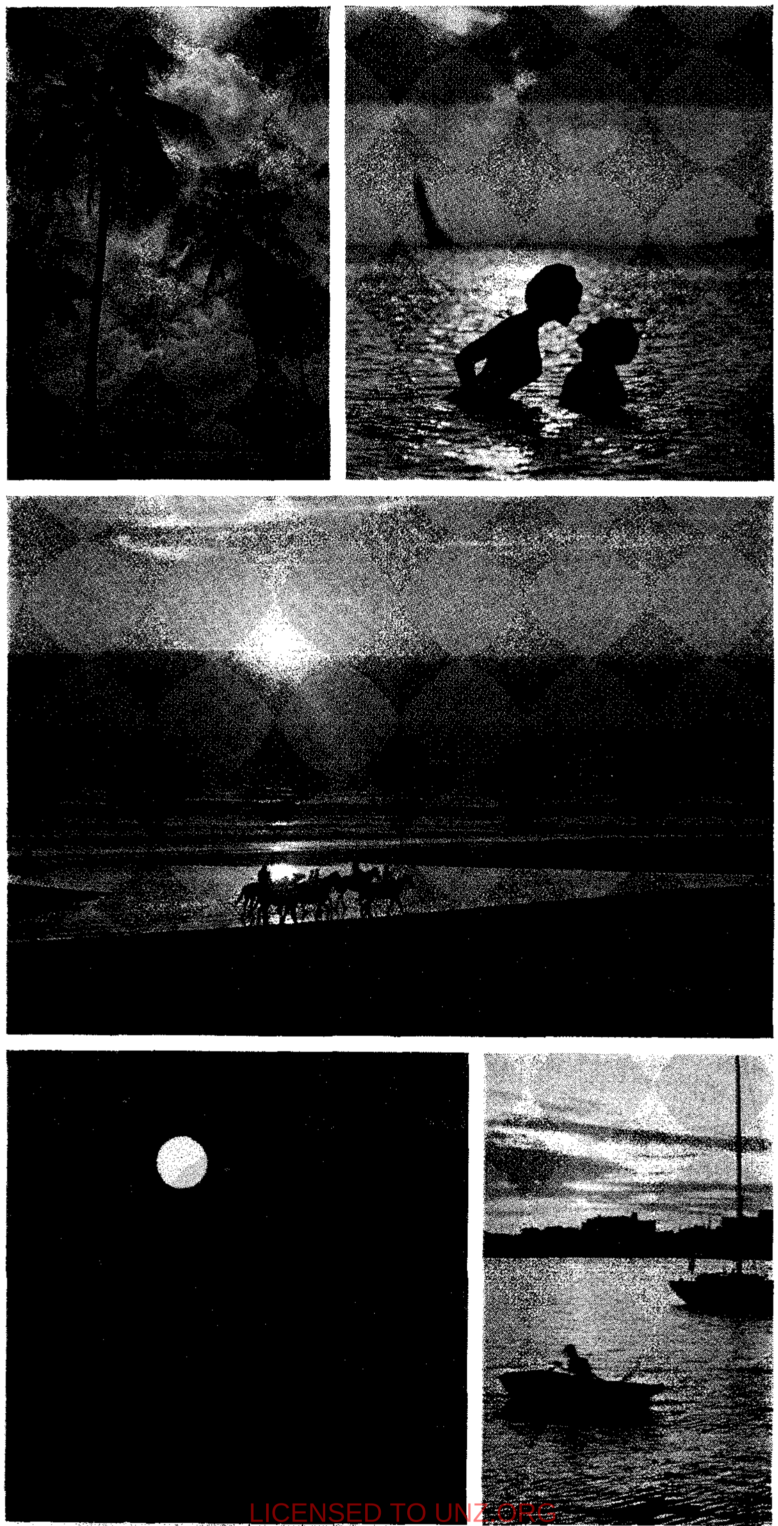
"Poor guy," Scull said.

"Well, *this* party will be great," Mrs. Scull said. "Just a select few, and we're all coming as Moroccans." She smiled grandly at her husband. Then she consulted her book again and looked up, horrified. "Barney Newman's opening at the Guggenheim is the same night as the trustees' dance at the Whitney *and* the Bolshoi Ballet."

"We'll split them," Scull said. "You can have the ballet."

Mrs. Scull, continuing with her schedule, checked off a poetry reading at Larry Rivers' studio, a cocktail party at the Dakota, a couple of art auctions at the Parke-Bernet, and two balls—one of them in Washington. Then she snapped her appointment

Sunsets. Eastern style.



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book shut and turned to Mr. Scull. "That does it, except for something called the Lightworks. I have no idea what *they* are, but a young man named Bob Goldstein called me up yesterday and said, 'The Lightworks would simply not be the Lightworks without Ethel Scull.' He sounded like such a dear boy that I said we'd go."

"*You* go," Scull said. "I've got to start getting down to some studios again. The last time I looked, there were twenty-one new names on my list of artists-to-see."

"Well, you have Sundays for that, lovey," Mrs. Scull said, picking up a scratch pad from the desk and starting in on her guest list. "I made all my chums buy 'Understanding Media,' " she said. "I said to them, 'How can you come to a party for Marshall McLuhan if you haven't read his book?' At Kenneth's last Friday, everybody was discussing it. I had been having the most awful time with Chapter Four, but I must say *no* one there understood a word of Chapter Four—except Kenneth, and, of course, he's so bright."

"We've got to have a lot of artists," Scull said, looking over at his wife. "McLuhan would really go for that."

"Well, Jasper's on the lecture committee, so of course he'll be coming," Mrs. Scull said.

"I mean artists who *look* like artists," Scull said.

"George is coming," Mrs. Scull said.

"George Segal looks no more like an artist than I do," Scull said, peering over his wife's shoulder at the pad. "Of course, there's always Warhol."

"Lovey, you know that Andy won't go anywhere without his entourage, and that would make an extra ten or twelve people, at *least*," Mrs. Scull replied firmly. "Now, for movie people I've got Walter Wanger from downstairs."

"What about movie *stars*? We need a couple of them," Scull said.

Mrs. Scull consulted her notes. "Well, you-know-who is certainly a movie star," she said. "Though I must say she didn't look like one when I ran into her in Bloomingdale's yesterday. She had *no* makeup on. I thought to myself, How can that beautiful girl go out of the house without her makeup on?"

"That girl doesn't need makeup," Scull said.

"*Everybody* needs makeup," Mrs. Scull said, picking up the pen. "Isn't one movie star enough?"

"What do you mean one?" Scull said. "We're *underground* movie stars. You've been in a Warhol, and I was in

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that Gregory Markopoulos thing." He stood up and stretched contentedly. "And no art dealers," he said. "Right, Spike?"

"*Bien sûr!*" Mrs. Scull said.

SCULL started to buy art ten years ago. The Sculls lived then in a small house in the middle of Great Neck—a suburban idyll that Mrs. Scull says she "absolutely trembles to remember"—and Scull had wandered into an auction in New York one afternoon and bid two hundred and forty-five dollars on what he thought was a Utrillo oil. (He later sold the painting, at the same auction gallery, for a profit of fifty-five dollars.) Scull likes to tell people that as soon as he got the painting his neighbors began to gossip about "that guy Scull who's loaded with Post-Impressionists." He says he enjoyed being known on the block as a big collector so much that he immediately decided to become one. Mrs. Scull's father, Ben Redner, who owned a fleet of New York City taxicabs, had retired a few years earlier to Miami Beach, leaving the husbands of his various daughters—he had three—to take over the business. After a short partnership with one of his brothers-in-law, Scull, who had been involved in industrial designing before taxis, took his share of the cabs and cabbies, and set up shop alone. Within a few years, he had built up a fleet of a hundred and thirty cabs and he had four hundred drivers working for him. He also managed to start a booming taxi-insurance business and to acquire an apartment house, some garages, and a couple of warehouses and factories in the Bronx; a major interest in several Broadway plays; and considerable stock in a jiffy-movie-making outfit called Electronovision Productions. (Electronovision made the movie of Richard Burton's "Hamlet," which Scull likes to talk about, and the first "Harlow," which he does not.) Businessmen who have watched Scull operate say that he has an almost infallible instinct for making money and keeping it. His drivers, many of whom appeared at his office during last spring's taxi strike to see what they could do to help, claim that he is a fine boss in an otherwise rotten business. Most of them were delighted when Scull began to buy "crazy art" and get his name in the papers all the time, though there is some difference of opinion around the "shapeup" room as to the quality of the boss's taste. Abstract Expressionism was the big speculative stock on the art market when Scull decided to collect in

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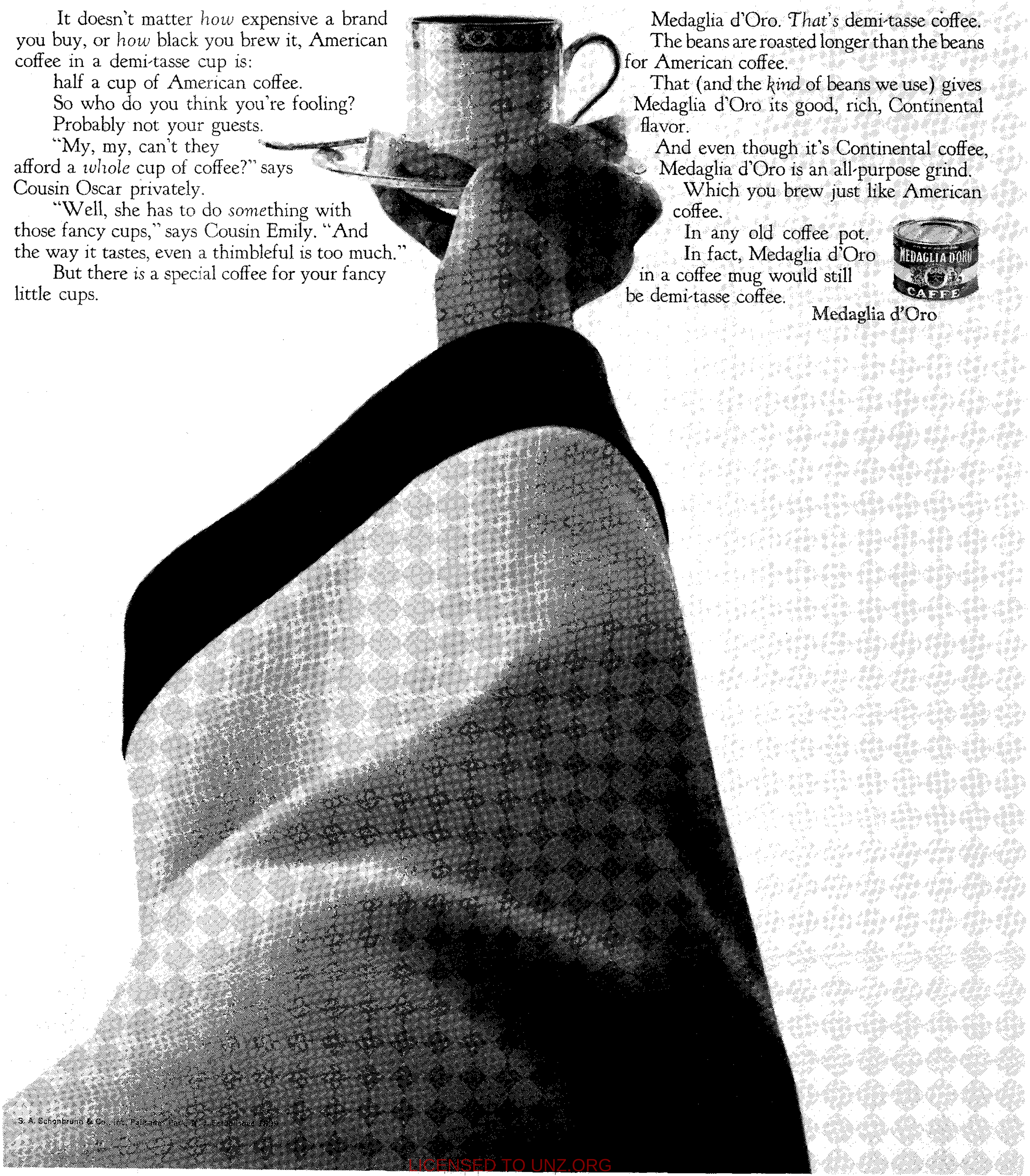

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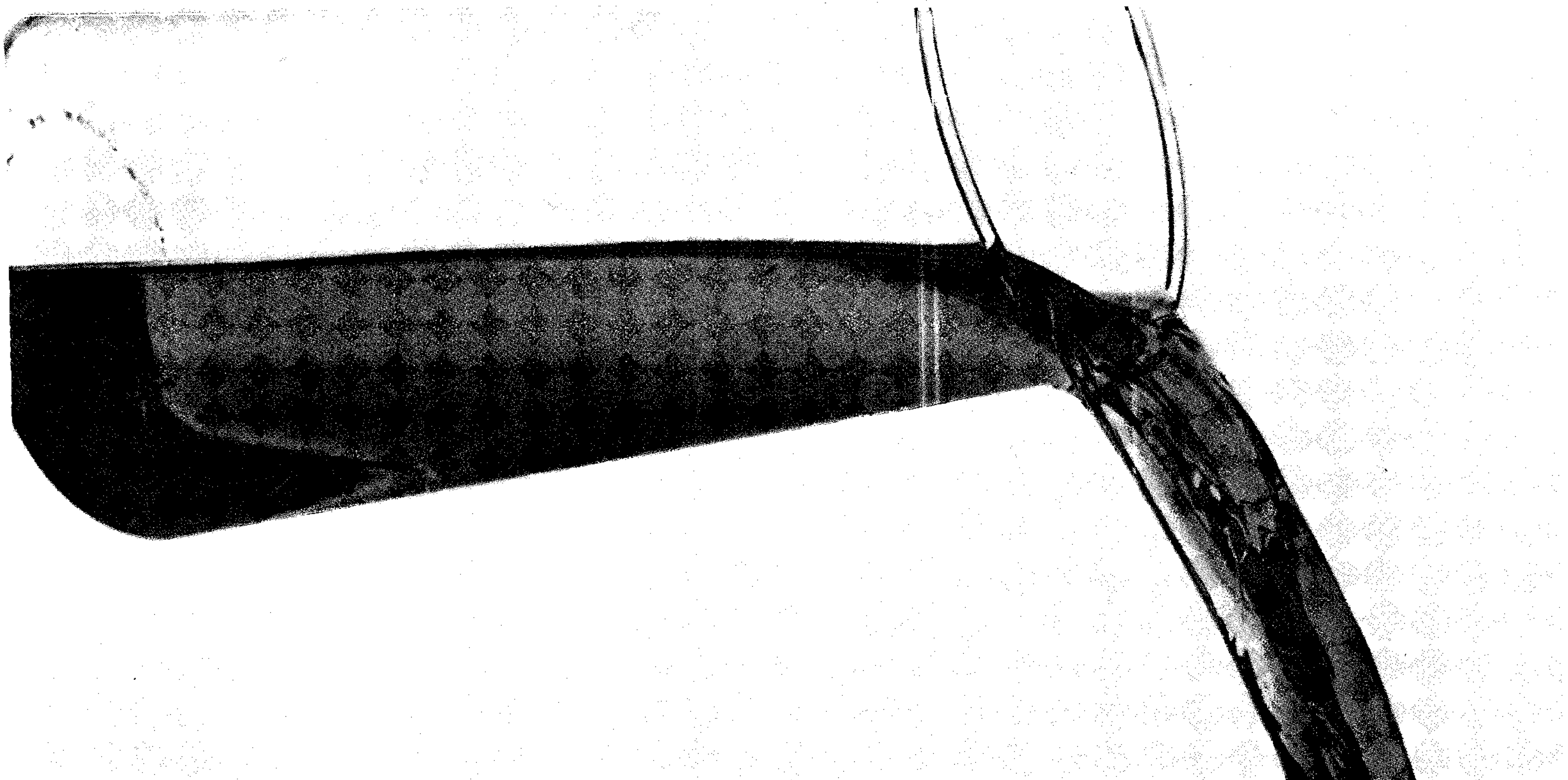
earnest. Several hundred dollars paid for a respectably large de Kooning in those days (Scull sold one at auction last fall for thirty-seven thousand dollars), and Scull concentrated on artists like de Kooning for a good five years, by which time he had assembled one of the few definitive Abstract Expressionist collections in the country. He still owns about thirty major paintings by de Kooning, Kline, Rothko, Stamos, and Newman, as well as a good many works by lesser-known American Abstract Expressionists, and, in fact, these paintings account for at least two-thirds of his collection. He rents a few large rooms in Hahn Brothers Warehouse, on 107th Street, and stores them there, along with the overflow from his Pop and Minimal stockpile and a good many paintings by artists he says he “felt sorry for in ’60 and ’61.”

Scull did, and still does, all the buying—although last spring he let Mrs. Scull bid, at a Parke-Bernet auction, on an early (1959) Rauschenberg she “just had to have.” He accuses his wife of an alarming partiality for such square types as Ben Shahn, Leonard Baskin, and Andrew Wyeth in their early collecting days, and friends say that Mrs. Scull was, in fact, somewhat less than enthusiastic when Scull’s first Pop painting arrived at their front door. By the time Scull bought that painting—it was Rosenquist’s “Four 1949 Guys”—he had settled his family into a big new house in Great Neck, overlooking Manhasset Bay, where they lived for four years before moving to New York. The Sculls used it to entertain the artists, dealers, and museum people Scull had been meeting in New York. The young artists, especially, liked to come there. Most of them seemed to regard Scull’s ability to make a great deal of money as one of the higher mysteries, and Scull, as a personality, fascinated them. He would sit at the head of his long dinner table and regale the artists with stories about “operating” in the taxi business—a business they apparently found romantic, sinister, and even inspirational. Many of the artists began visiting Scull at Super Operating, which is what he calls his garage. “They used to hang around all day, and some of them still do,” one of his cabdrivers told me. “They like it here. It’s a man’s world, and the talk is man’s talk, and I guess they don’t get much of *that* where they usually hang around.”

“It was crazy—I wanted to talk about beauty, and all they ever wanted to talk about was gangsters and dough,” Scull likes to complain. He is, in fact, addicted to talking about beauty. He quotes at length from his favorite art and Mozart books, and he is fiercely proud of a long argument-by-mail he once had with Robert Morris as to whether Ghiberti took twenty-one or twenty-two years on his bronze doors. A while ago, Scull decided to roam around alone for three weeks every year on a sort of study tour that he has come to refer to solemnly as “my sabbatical.” Having already spent a few of these sabbaticals in Italy, he is teaching himself Italian, and until recently he was taking French lessons from the same tutor who now gives them to Mrs. Scull. He will talk to anybody in his two new languages. His accent is unusual, but his enthusiasm makes up for it.

Ethel Scull moved onto the art scene with equal style. (One of the artists who occasionally used to lunch with Mrs. Scull on Fridays, when she would drive into town to see her hairdresser, says that he will always cherish the memory of being called “my dear boy” at the Colony Restaurant by a woman in a thousand-dollar suit.) She keeps a cavernous closet full of the gowns and dresses she picks up on her excursions to the Paris couture collections, and if there are photographers around at an art show or an opening, they usually take her picture before anybody else’s. Other collectors’ wives rarely get their names in the paper, but Mrs. Scull in a transparent St. Laurent or a pair of opaque party pajamas always does. (Mrs. Scull pastes these items into a bulging red leather scrapbook with “The Sculls and the Press” printed in gold leaf on the inside cover.) Many people, in fact, say that it is the felicitous combination of Mrs. Scull’s clothes and her husband’s paintings that has made the couple famous. “If Ethel makes the Ten Best Dressed list,” a Manhattan woman’s-page reporter declared not long ago, “what a great day *that* will be for art!”

In 1961, at the gala opening of a junk-sculpture show, Scull met a young man called Richard Bellamy, and it was Bellamy who introduced him to the pleasures of Pop Art. Bellamy had been drifting in and out of the New York art world for a number of years, taking odd jobs at galleries that were short of help. He was a man of intense—his admirers say visionary—



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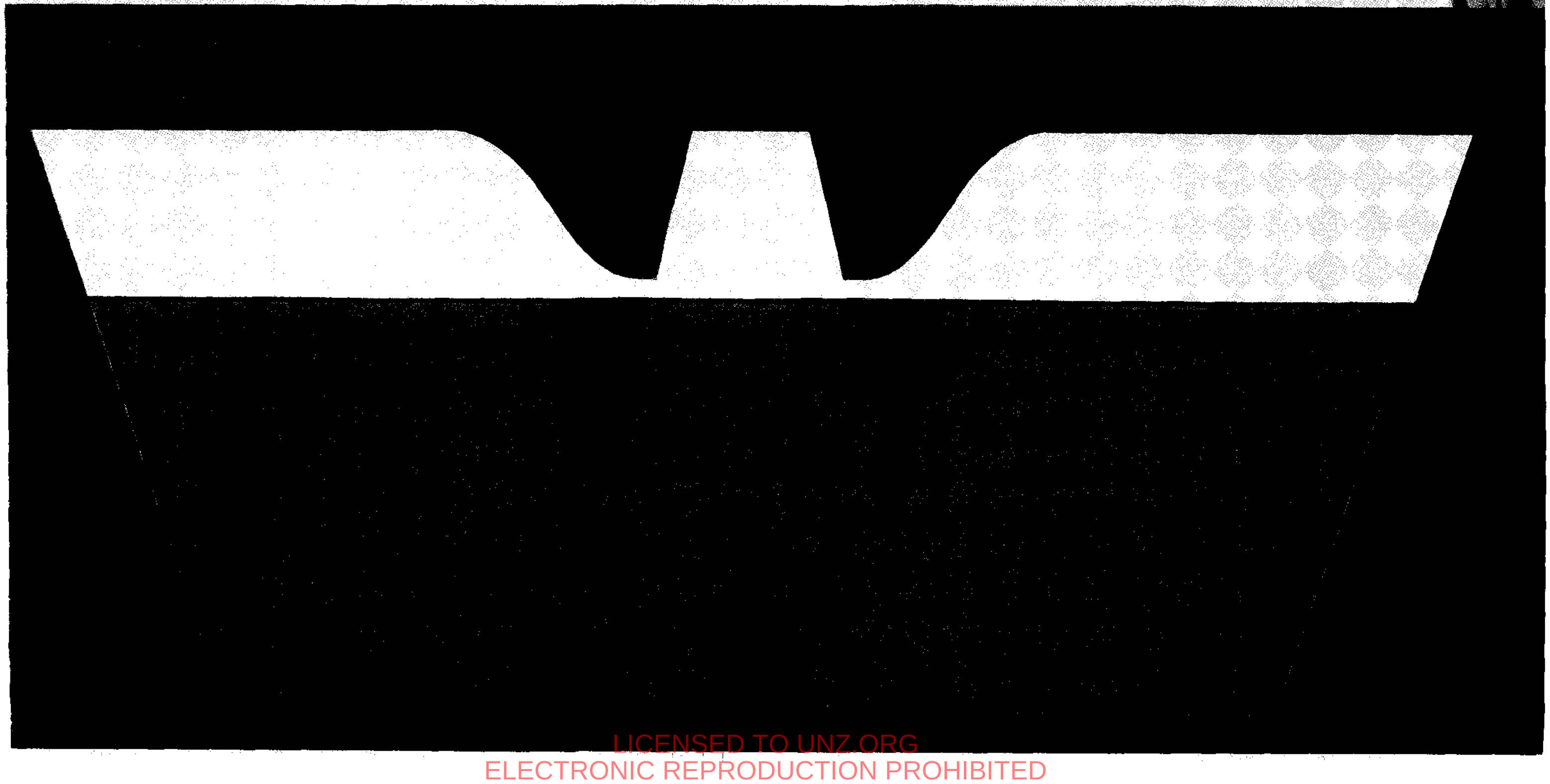

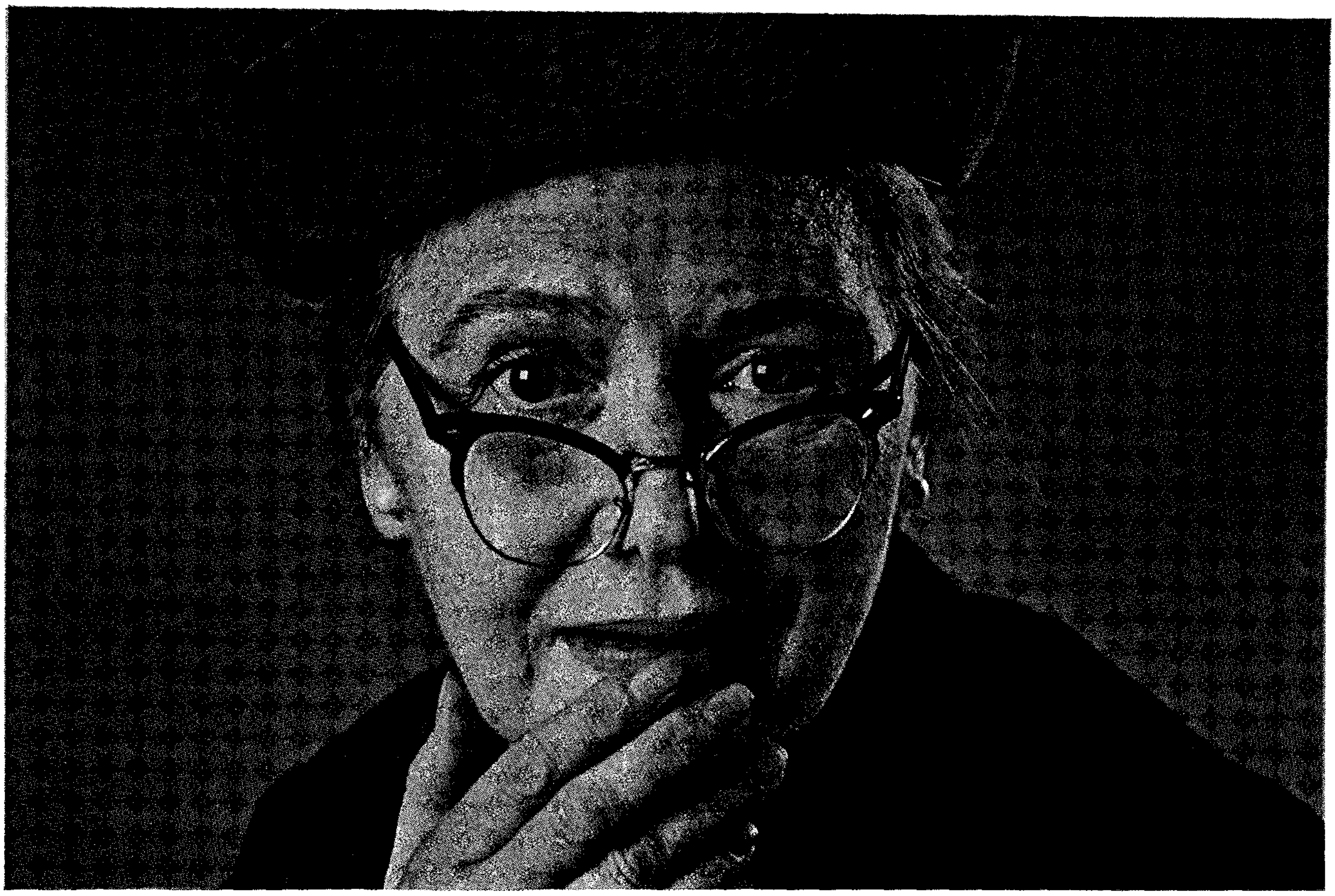

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tastes; whose only apparent ambition was to see the artists he approved of recognized and fed. Scull, according to people who knew them both, was horrified, then baffled, and eventually won over completely by Bellamy's indifference to his own financial straits—a quality that Scull often refers to wistfully as "aristocratic." At Scull's request, Bellamy began to take him along on visits to odd parts of town where many of the young, unknown artists in Bellamy's set had lofts. He introduced Scull to Rosenquist, Morris, Chamberlain, di Suvero, and Poons, among others, and Scull became the first collector to buy their work. The one thing that Bellamy did want, it turned out, was a gallery in which these new artists could be shown. He approached Scull and two other backers, and when the other backers abandoned the project, Scull financed the gallery alone—technically with what he called "long-term loans against future purchases." Bellamy set up shop, under the name Green Gallery, on West Fifty-seventh Street, and proceeded, almost singlehanded, to introduce Pop Art to New York. The Leo Castelli Gallery and the Sidney Janis Gallery, which are now the bastions of New York Pop, were in those days, according to one Castelli artist, "the places you went to make money after Bellamy discovered you." By his own admission, Bellamy was far more interested in discovering his artists than in promoting them, and over the next few years they began to abandon the Green for galleries that promised them fame, fortune, and publicity. The Green lasted five years. One morning about a year and a half ago, Bellamy decided to close, and did close that afternoon. Scull had drawn, all told, twenty paintings, twenty-eight sculptures, and twenty-four drawings from the gallery. The Green not only had established him as a prime mover on the New York art scene but had given him a taste of the pleasures of patronage, and after the closing Scull, for all practical purposes, stopped buying work from artists who, as he puts it, "didn't need me." When an artist did need Scull, Scull would pay his rent, supply his materials, and—if the artist *really* needed him—do his marketing and buy his suits. In turn, Scull would get first crack at whatever the artist then produced. "We never actually discussed it," Scull says now, "but things usually just seemed to turn out that way." The artists he approached say that they were skeptical, but most of them took Scull on as their patron anyway. His money freed a number of

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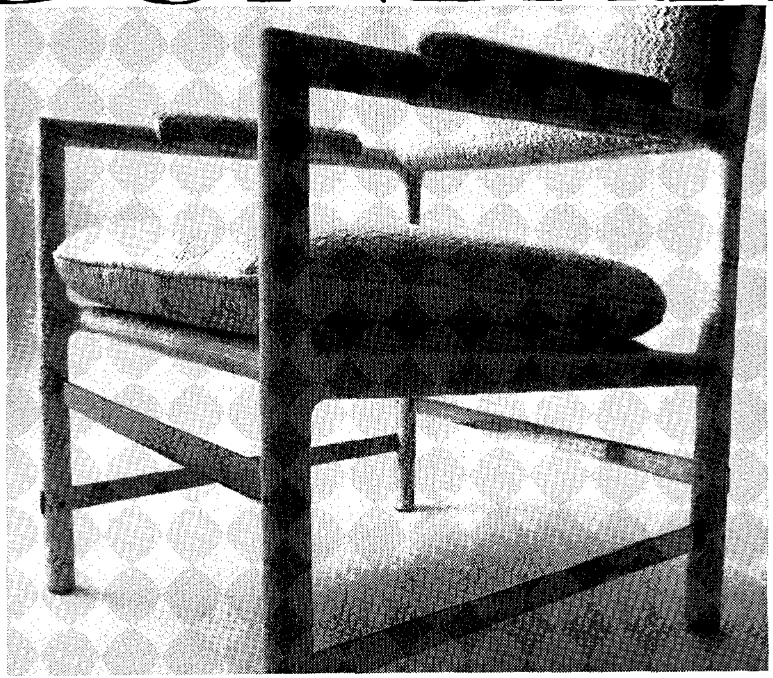

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artists from a bizarre assortment of part-time jobs. John Chamberlain, the crushed-automobile junk sculptor, was a New Jersey hairdresser when Scull put him on allowance; Larry Poons, who paints luminous, intricately dotted canvases, was a short-order cook; Rosenquist was painting billboards of movie stars (he has since said that his passion for the enormous dates from the day he painted Joanne Woodward sixty feet tall).

By the fall of 1965, Scull was so thoroughly committed to his patronage that he auctioned off twelve of his most important Abstract Expressionist paintings, along with a few pieces of modern European sculpture, in a spectacular sale at the Parke-Bernet. The paintings alone—four de Koonings, three Klines, an Albers, a Rivers, a Newman, a Rothko, and a Still—brought in a hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars, almost all of it profit, and Scull announced that it would all be used to finance young and unknown artists, through a family foundation he had set up a few days earlier. Since the auction, Scull has doggedly hunted the unknowns down. There have been occasional lapses—Mrs. Scull's early Rauschenberg, for one, and a Tom Wesselmann plastic nude, which Scull himself saw and fancied at a show in June—but for the most part he has kept to his word. Three barely known young sculptors are currently at work on commissions from Scull, making large pieces for the sculpture garden at his East Hampton house, and Scull says that he is supporting five totally-unknowns, too. Other collectors say that Scull is waiting to see if they pay off professionally before he goes as far as to name them, but Scull insists that he just doesn't want to embarrass them.

THE first artist on Bob Scull's list of twenty-one new artists-to-see was a sculptor by the name of William Bollinger, and one afternoon Scull arrived downtown at Bollinger's Crosby Street loft, wearing the same suit and much the same benevolent expression that he had worn to dinner at the Whitmans' the week before. Bollinger, a young man of twenty-five with a friendly, boyish face and a shock of straw-colored hair across his forehead, was waiting at his dining-room table—a gigantic prison searchlight that had been abandoned by a neighborhood surplus store—when Scull walked in, extended a tan, manicured hand, and said, "Scull's the name."

Bollinger, who had on a blue button-down shirt, a clean pair of khakis, and

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white sneakers, bolted out of his chair. "Hello, sir," he said.

Scull looked delighted. He surveyed the loft with obvious approval. It was an enormous white expanse, with spotlights on the ceiling, metal-cutting and welding machinery on the floor, and several pieces of Bollinger's sculpture, which is made out of long aluminum extrusions, mounted on the walls.

"Great place you've got," Scull said.

"Thank you, sir," Bollinger replied.

"And this aluminum," Scull said, pointing to a wall that was densely covered with extrusions. "I like your involvement in that. It's part of our time—aluminum is—and you understand the spaghetti of it."

"The spaghetti, sir?" Bollinger said.

"You know, that beautiful, stretched-out, horizontal something aluminum has," Scull said. He walked over to the wall and peered up at a group of sculptures in which the extrusions were welded together in the shape of thunderbolts. Some of the extrusions were anodized in a variety of colors; others were brushed to varying soft sheens. "Yes, I like the direction your work is going in," Scull said. He pointed to a particular thunderbolt configuration, and went on, "I like what's happening *here*. The blue paint and the metal. It has vitality!" Then he walked back across the room to Bollinger. "Do you know how I found you?" he asked.

Bollinger shook his head.

"I saw one of your pieces over at Noah Goldowsky's gallery. It was lying on the floor, upside down, over against a wall, but—you know something?—it caught my eye."

"Well, it was a pretty long piece, sir," Bollinger said.

Scull pulled a chair up to the searchlight and sat down. "Now, I own a piece by Bob Morris, an incredible piece," Scull said. "It's a box—a gray metal box with three hooks inside. Now, this doesn't have anything to do with *your* work, but then again it does. It's a question of *mystery*." Scull pointed to the nearest series of extrusions. "For example, just why is *that* particular shape on the wall, and not some other shape? Why is *that* shape 'art'? Well, it's art because you *say* it's art. For me, that's enough."

"Well, it's a damn good reason," Bollinger said quickly.

"Exactly," Scull replied. "Mystery! I like the idea of it—the idea that even ugly industrial materials, in the right man's hands, can become art. Why, some plastics have actually revolted me until the right guy got ahold of them." He paused, shaking his head, and then

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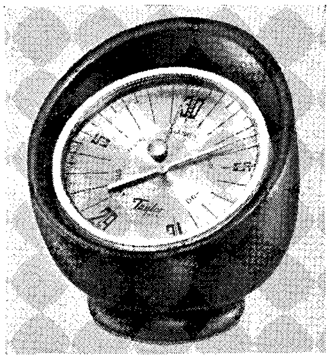

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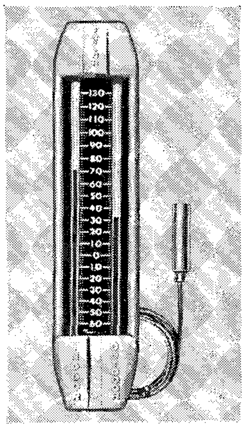

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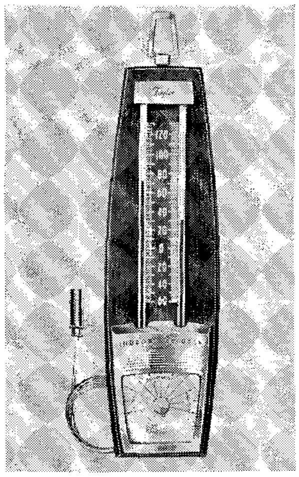

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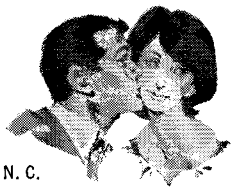

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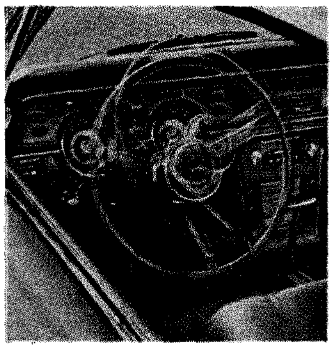

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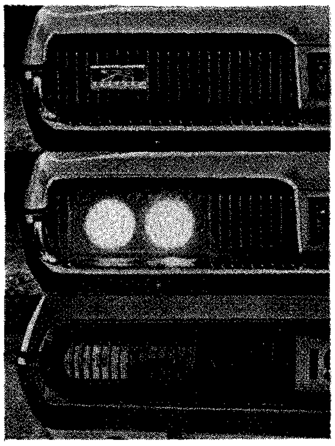

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said, "Really, it's tough, this kind of thing. You have to go along with the artist when he tells you that something's art, and even the artists themselves are arguing about these new materials. Some of them say there's not enough artifact involved in them."

"Gee," Bollinger said. "To me they're very lyrical. Like the lines that come in the aluminum. They're part of the process—and they're a little different every time. It's odd, but to me it's lyrical."

"Well, you keep the zip in those lines," Scull said. "I like that. Most people would rub them out." He stood up and walked over to one of Bollinger's machines, which he handled fondly. "Boy, I'd love it if you could take over and run my taxi business, so I could come down here and work these machines."

"Is that your business?" Bollinger asked.

Scull looked astonished. "It's certainly refreshing to meet someone who asks. *Most* people seem to know," he said. Then he resumed his walk around the loft, asking Bollinger if any of the pieces had been sold. Bollinger said that he had sold one piece.

"How do you keep alive?" Scull asked. "Do you work?"

"Well, sir, I haven't had to for the past six months," Bollinger replied.

"Oh," Scull said. Then he sighed. "You know, coming up here for the first time, I can't help but reminisce about my first visit to Mark di Suvero. Of course, *you're* very polite, whereas Mark cursed me out when *he* met me. But Mark's on my mind today, because today one of his really great pieces, which I happen to own, went into the sculpture garden of the Museum of Modern Art. Think of it. Di Suvero—right there with Matisse and Maillol and Rodin. When I met him, only six years ago, he was having a really rough time—living practically hand to mouth—and now he's in the garden of the Modern. I marked his place in the garden in '61. Of course, it's not there now. It's on the upper level and you have to walk around to see it, but we'll straighten *that* out. We'll get him down."

"Gee, talking about museums, sir, reminds me that Lawrence Alloway is coming over here at four," Bollinger said, looking at his watch.

"How did Alloway find out about you?" Scull said.

"Alloway's responsible for the fall show at the Guggenheim," Bollinger replied.

"Well, you don't need to worry

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about the Guggenheim," Scull said, leaning forward confidentially. "I want to tell you, you're important. You'll be in plenty of shows."

"Thank you for the assurance, sir," Bollinger said.

A few minutes later, Alloway, a breezy-looking fellow in chinos and a striped blazer, bounded into the loft. He stopped short when he saw Scull sitting at the searchlight, and for a few minutes the two gentlemen eyed each other across the room.

"Well, well, well," Alloway said eventually. "So you're here first. Curious."

"Maybe history will reverse the order," Scull said. He smiled magnanimously.

"I MUST say, it is a wonder one survives this whole mad scene," Mrs. Scull, who was languishing on her bed, announced, with a sigh, one night about a week before Marshall McLuhan's lecture. Mrs. Scull had just cancelled her party. That morning, she said, she had had an "unfortunate difference of opinion" about her guest list with the sponsors of the lecture, several of whom seemed to object to the fact that they were not on it. Now she had turned down the thick, white satin spread on her big bed, and had propped herself up against the headboard with some embroidered pillows and poured out a bracer from a bottle of No-Cal Cola on the night table next to her. Mr. Scull was downtown at a taxi-owners meeting, she said. Jonathan Scull, who is eighteen, had a date; Larry Scull, who is fourteen, was asleep in his room, across the hall; and Stephen Scull, who is fifteen and the sometime leader of a rock-'n'-roll combo called the Scoundrels, was wandering around the apartment practicing on a new orange guitar. Mrs. Scull wriggled her feet out from under the folds of a ruffled caftan, which, she said, she had just been sent by the hottest young caftan designer in town. Then she leaned back wearily and looked around. Walter De Maria's energy bar was lying comfortably close on an inlaid boulle desk, and Robert Morris's "Bronze Box," a padlocked bronze box with the inscription "Leave Key on Hook Inside Cabinet," was sitting on the windowsill, between a shelf of small Italian Renaissance bronzes (Scull has bought forty of them in the past three years) and a sizable Warhol painting of a Campbell Soup can with its label coming off. There were two tabernacles in the room—a sixteenth-century Italian alabaster tabernacle

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near the desk and an aluminum tabernacle by De Maria near the bed; two large paintings, a Rauschenberg and a Johns; a Wesselmann charcoal of a nude with a bikini tan; and a group of Lucas Samaras' anatomical drawings, outlined in pins, which Mrs. Scull calls her "pornographic pin pictures." "It is so peaceful in here—I couldn't wait to slip into my caftan and flop down," Mrs. Scull said finally, setting down her glass on top of a Matt Helm mystery paperback. "I was an artist myself, you know. I went to Parsons to study advertising art. Of course, Parsons was so different then from what it is now. Actually, it was more of a finishing school then. Peter of Yugoslavia's wife was in my class, and so was Walter Pidgeon's daughter. I was still in Parsons when I met Bob. One of Bob's cousins knew a girl friend of mine from P.S. 9, and this girl said, 'Here is a boy for you, Ethel. So sophisticated! And *twenty-six!* You must go out with him.' Well, he was the handsomest boy you ever saw. Just like a movie star! Two months later, he proposed—he says I proposed—and we were married at Sherry's three months after that. We took an apartment at the Parc Vendome, right near the Museum of Modern Art. It was one and a half rooms. I set up my easel in the living room, and Bob—he is a superb photographer—set up a darkroom in the dressing room, although I must say I cried when he threw out my vanity table to make room for it. We were bohemians! I went to the Art Students League almost every day. I painted with a palette knife—but realistically."

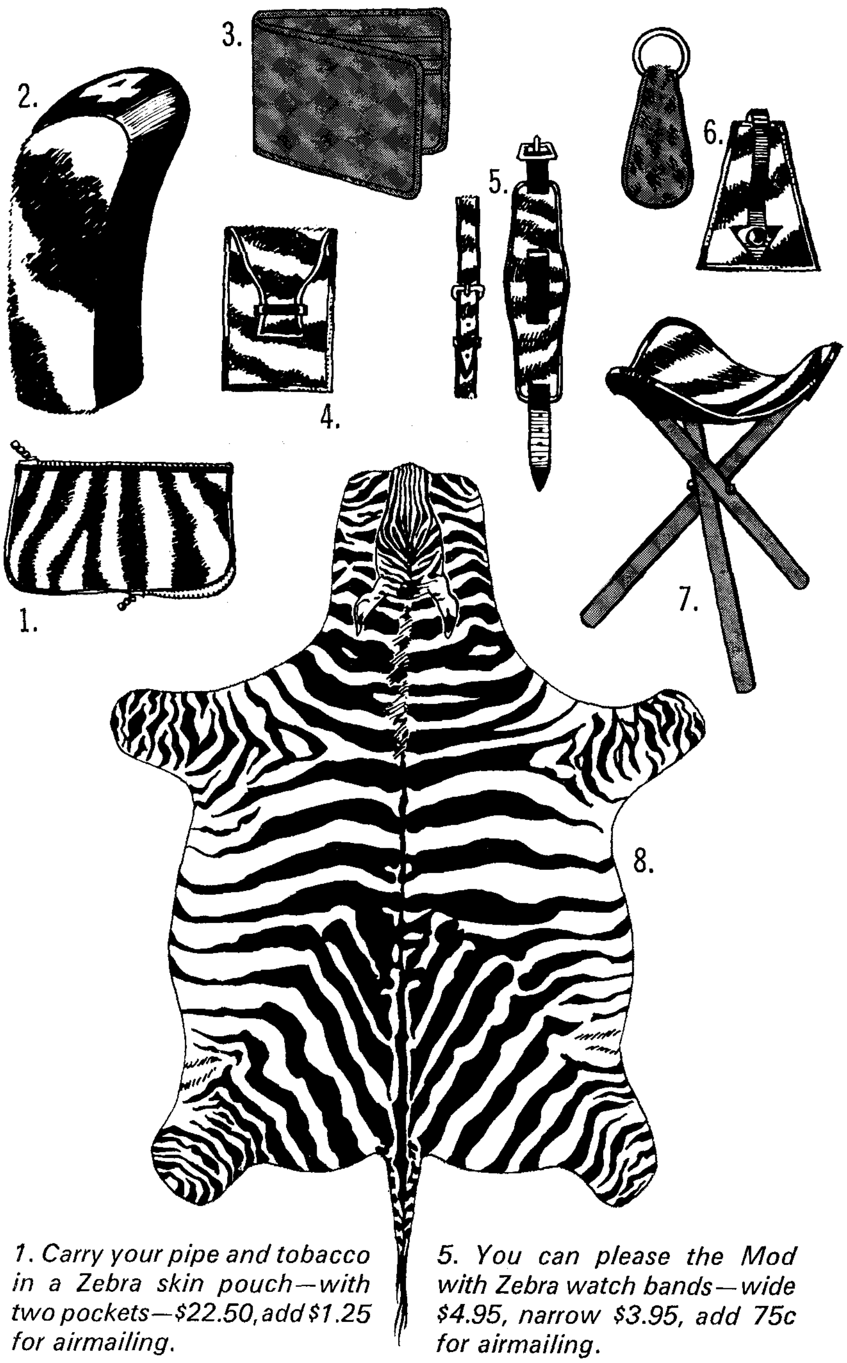
"You were damn good, too!" Mr. Scull called out, walking into the bedroom with his briefcase.

Mrs. Scull jumped up and hugged her husband, who tossed the briefcase onto a Georgian armchair and loosened his tie. Then he perched on the edge of the bed while Mrs. Scull hurried to the kitchen to open a fresh No-Cal for him.

"She ordered champagne the first time we went out," Scull said, looking proud. "I didn't even have a dime left over for a tip. I wanted to find out what was going on with a girl like that. Most of the girls I knew wore flashy dresses and those really high heels all the time, but Spike came on in low heels and a neat little suit. Spike had class."

Mrs. Scull, her caftan billowing behind her, walked back into the bedroom with a bottle of Black Cherry. "If those taxi people only knew how much I needed you *here* tonight, what with all this terrible mess about the party, they

From Kenya to Cavanagh's



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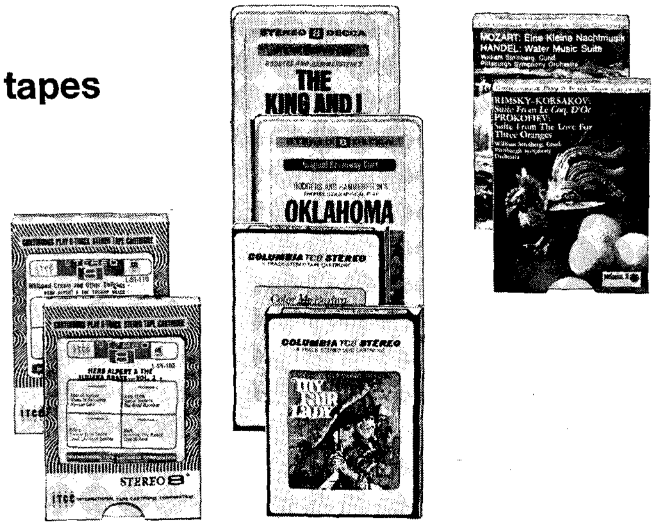
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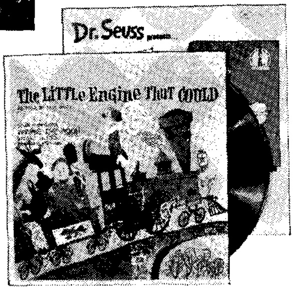

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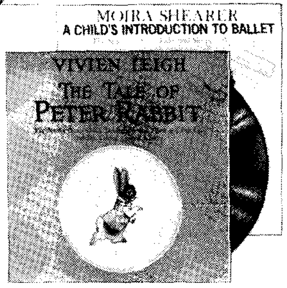

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Mr. Scull poured himself a drink. "Boy, I love this Black Cherry!" he said.

"Well, I say we go to the lecture anyway," Mrs. Scull said. "*They* all think we won't go, and I have simply got to see their faces when we walk in."

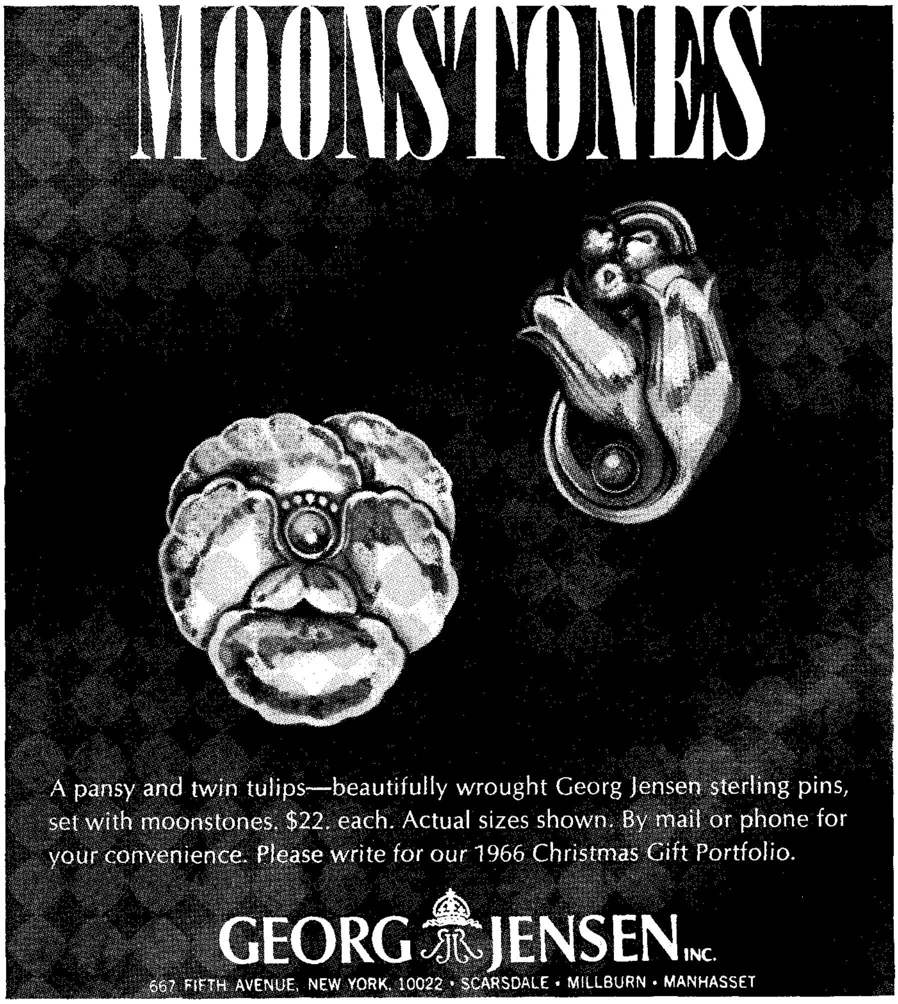
SUPER OPERATING is a tidy complex of parking lots, repair shops, and office cubicles, all roughly adjacent to a big garage that is known among cabdrivers as the "dispatch room." It is in the Bronx—Mr. Scull's secretaries prefer to say New York 51—on a long street almost entirely given over to similar establishments and consequently bustling with cabbies paying social calls. Scull spent the next morning at his desk there, and then, a little before noon, he stopped in at the dispatch room on his way to lunch. His chief dispatcher, in a natty plaid suit and tortoiseshell glasses, stood in a corner of the room, near the door, surrounded by drivers. He was holding up a small picture from that morning's *Daily News*. "See this? It's a painting," the chief dispatcher instructed the men. "Lindsay's six-year-old kid did it, and Lindsay says he's gonna hang it up in City Hall." He poked one of the drivers in the stomach. "Now, *you* tell me, what do you see in this here picture?" he asked.

The driver shook his head and said, "I don't see nothing."

"Well, I see a town and a lake and maybe some boats," the chief dispatcher said. "You don't see nothing. I see boats. *That's* art. Ask Bob."

Scull chuckled, and walked out onto the street. "I love these guys," he said. "Driving cabs, it's a rough deal. It takes a special breed—people who want to feel free, and so they drive a cab. Very sensitive people. There's one guy here—we fight all the time. We have these tremendous fights about how Callas handles the second act of 'Tosca.' *He* says that she should never go and open the door when she does—that she should take the paper from the dead guy's hand *first*, not afterward. His cab's waiting, meanwhile, all ready to go out, and he's in here screaming about what a jerk I am about Callas. It's beautiful!"

Scull glanced up and down the sidewalk, where several of his drivers were sitting against the building sunning themselves and eating sandwiches. "You know," he said, "we were sitting around out here one day when all of a sudden a bird flies down and starts



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singing, and these drivers—big, tough guys—they stop talking and stare at the bird. Like they're suddenly very worried that the bird might be lost. Then one of them—a *really* big, tough guy—tiptoes over to the bird and says, 'Jesus, birdie, I hope you find your way home O.K.' " Scull shook his head slowly. "It's fantastic," he said.

Scull crossed the street and walked into the neighborhood hash house, where Mrs. Marie Dixon, a Negro woman in her early forties who has managed Scull's office since he went into the cab business, was waiting at a table to have lunch with him.

"That guy we talked about has got to go," Mrs. Dixon, who is an amused, sassy, and protectively skeptical colleague to Scull, started in. "He claims he doesn't owe us a cent. Well, he's a damn liar."

"I guess I'll have to fire him," Scull said, looking pained.

"What do you mean, *you'll* fire him?" Mrs. Dixon said. "You never fired anybody in your life. *I* fire them for you." Then she shrugged and muttered "*Drivers!*" into her coffee cup.

"Marie's down on the men," Scull said, biting into a pastrami sandwich. "I can't make her understand that joining a hack union's not exactly the same thing as joining the Nazi Party."

"I wouldn't have put it *that* way," Mrs. Dixon said. She added, "By the way, Dick Bellamy called you back. I haven't seen *him* in months."

"Well, he's fine," Scull told Mrs. Dixon, who used to help out occasionally with the bookkeeping at the Green. "Better dressed."

"He ought to be, with all those suits we bought him," Mrs. Dixon said. "I like Dick, but, hell—all that money you put into the Green, I *knew* you'd never get it back. You know, I like George's work, and Jim Rosenquist's. And Mark di Suvero—he's great! But *some* of the stuff you had in that gallery." Mrs. Dixon threw up her hands. "I walked in the first time, and like Wow! I didn't have the faintest idea what was going on. Remember that long gray thing? I must have spent weeks trying to figure that one out."

Scull laughed.

"Have you heard from Chamberlain lately?" Mrs. Dixon asked Scull after she had finished her sandwich and ordered a second cup of coffee for them both. "I was just thinking about the day you got that telegram from him, from Taos, New Mexico—the one that said 'DESPERATE, SEND MONEY'—and about how you got worried and called up Western

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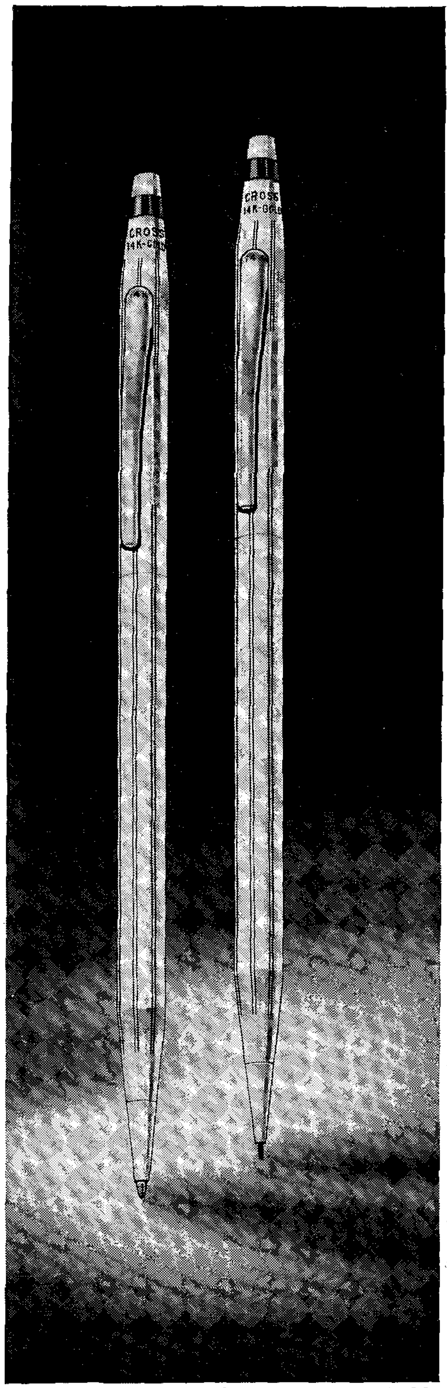

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Union to see if he was in the hospital or something and the operator told you he had sent out *twenty* telegrams like that, on a bet, just to see how much money he could take in that way. Honestly, Bob, sometimes I sit and think about all these stories and I end up *convinced* that this art business is strictly for the birds."

Scull looked up happily and said, "How about the time I took that artist for a ride in my new Jag and he wants to go fast, really fast, up the West Side Highway, and all of a sudden we hear police sirens, and then he tells me—*then*—that he's a little nervous because he's got a paper bag full of marijuana with him?"

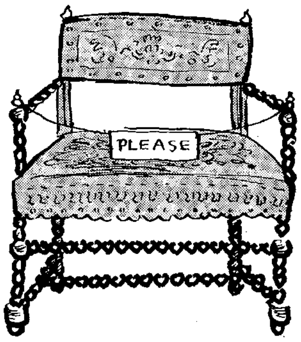
"And those guys who wanted to manufacture *artistic* chairs and came to you for the dough, and all of a sudden they're big business and you get exactly twenty-five dollars back out of the whole deal," Mrs. Dixon said.

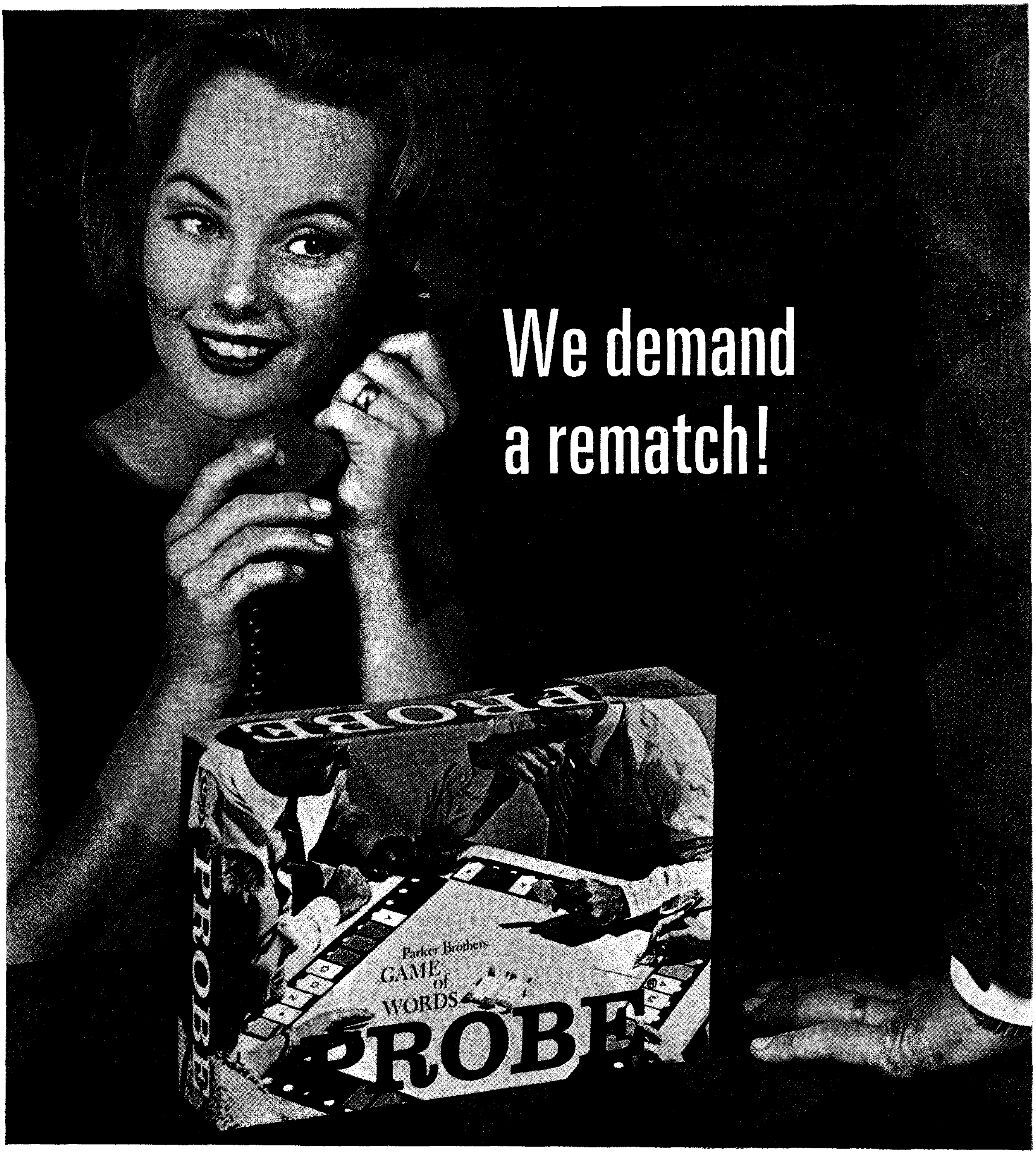
"Hell, I didn't care. They were kids. I wasn't going to make them sign in blood," Scull said.

"I still say we could've got our money back," Mrs. Dixon said. Then she consulted her wristwatch and stood up to go. "O.K. I'll fire the guy this afternoon," she said.

Scull looked relieved but sad. "Be a sport, Dixon. Give him a few more days," he said.

EARLY the next morning, Scull slid behind the wheel of his white Jaguar XKE and tenderly revved the motor for the hundred-mile drive to East Hampton. It was a blistering day. The top of the XKE was down, and Scull, in a pale-orange sports shirt and a pair of tan cotton slacks, had covered his nose with a thick coat of oil, which was just beginning to melt under the hot sun. "There's something about excess that I'm really beginning to appreciate—in a wild way," he said, running an admiring hand over the polished-walnut dashboard. "I *love* this baby, but twenty years ago I would have put a Jaguar down. I would have said 'Decadent.' Now I say 'Let's have a ball.' I love it now when Spike gives those splashy formal dinners for twelve or fourteen people. I think there's something *worthy* about them. There's nothing great about being poor, you know. My father came here from southern Russia and ended up sewing on Seventh Avenue, and I guess that even as a kid I was fighting a battle to get away from *his* kind of life. I knew I was going to work for myself, no matter what. By the time I was fifteen, I was a pro—my whole life was geared to making money. I hustled poolrooms. I could make fifteen bucks at pool on a good night. And I had more crazy businesses going. Store signs. Used furniture." Scull chuckled to himself. "I even used to manufacture soap. I'd mix the stuff in a tub and mold it in the shape of Octagon bars. Then I'd sell it four cakes for a dime. I teamed up with a boy from school on most of these businesses. He was my first real friend. The kid was Bible-crazy—he used to pray for my soul while I was out shooting pool—but he had purpose, and I liked that. He wrote bad Clifford Odets plays, and he got me started writing them, too. I still have a few—they're all about hemophiliacs, and guys who kill themselves in the last act because they're twenty-six and life's all over for them. Well, this kid—Herman was his name—got me starved for self-improvement. I began reading Whitman at night, and a lot of Milton. My grandfather—my father's father—encouraged me. He was kind of a bum, and a real phony, but he had a beautiful soul. He thought that work was bad for you. *He* never worked, that I remember, and he was always sad when I'd go out and hustle some job. He used to take me to the opera with the money I'd made at pool, and we'd spend days in the museums. The times I wouldn't want to go because I had my eye on some broad in the neighborhood, he'd make me go anyway. I'd bring home Zurbarán and Picasso reproductions and pin them up all over the apartment. The rest of my family thought I was a screwball, but I was hooked. After high school, I went to art schools at night. Any class I could get into free was for me—Pratt, the Art Students League, even the Textile High School. During the day, I'd work—I sold shoes and repaired gas stoves, and I even modelled uniforms for a mail-order catalogue. Somewhere along the line, I met a guy named Jacques Martial, who began talking to me about industrial design. I could see there was a real future in it, and so I went into business with him. Martial & Scull—we had no clients for a long time, but we





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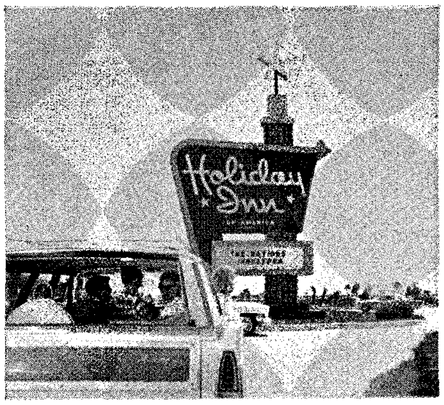

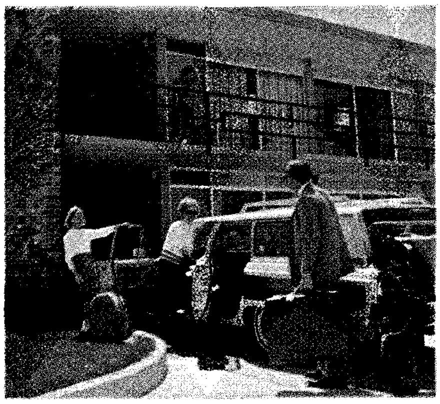

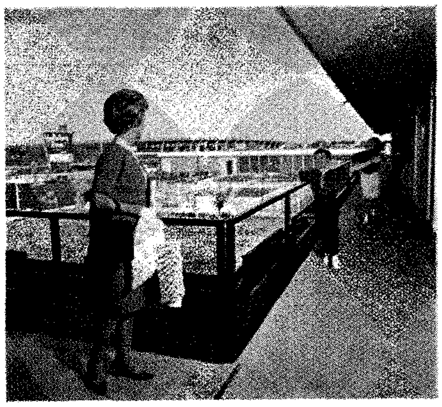

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had stationery of the highest quality." Scull chuckled again. He had crossed the Triborough Bridge, and now he swung onto the Grand Central Parkway heading east. He drove along in silence, and with relish, for a good half hour, and then he said, "You know what my mother used to call this? 'Your little white car.' I adored my mother. She was beautiful and vain, and I spoiled her completely. She was still living, in a sort of senior citizens' hotel in Long Beach, when I got the Jag, and she hated it. She always wanted me to visit in the big car, with the chauffeur, so she could show off to her friends. And you know that big Franz Kline we used to have in the living room? She thought *that* was so ridiculous that little Larry must have finger-painted it. She'd poke her cane at it and say, 'When is Larry going to finish that?' " Scull slowed down, and mopped at the oil on his nose with a handkerchief. "Did you ever play that game about who you'd save if you could only save one person out of all the people who ever lived?" he asked. "Well, when I was a kid, I thought I'd save my mother." Scull paused thoughtfully. "Now, of course, I feel that I would have to save Mozart—and Mantegna, if I could sneak two in," he said.

East Hampton, Long Island, is a dunes-and-eelgrass town that in the past ten years has managed to acquire a reputation as the official summer residence of the powers-that-be in the new and exploding art world. Scull began renting a summer place in East Hampton six years ago. A year later, he bought an acre and a half of choice land on Georgica Road there, and two years ago he built a house on it, within easy partygoing distance of several dozen art-world luminaries. The house, which Scull says he intended as a bungalow, turned out to be a dramatic glass-walled villa, built out in wings to form a sculpture atrium and landscaped with enough sensitive trees and flowers to keep a gardener from the neighboring village of Springs fully employed.

Scull turned onto Georgica Road and drove along slowly, stopping occasionally to point out some of the big Dutch elms and beeches he especially liked. Then he swung left into a pebbled driveway, flanked by two buxom neoclassical caryatids, and stopped the car in front of the house. Through the glass walls of the long, central living-room wing, he spotted Mrs. Scull and Stephen in the swimming pool. Mrs. Scull, who had on a white bathing suit over a pair of white lace tights, was

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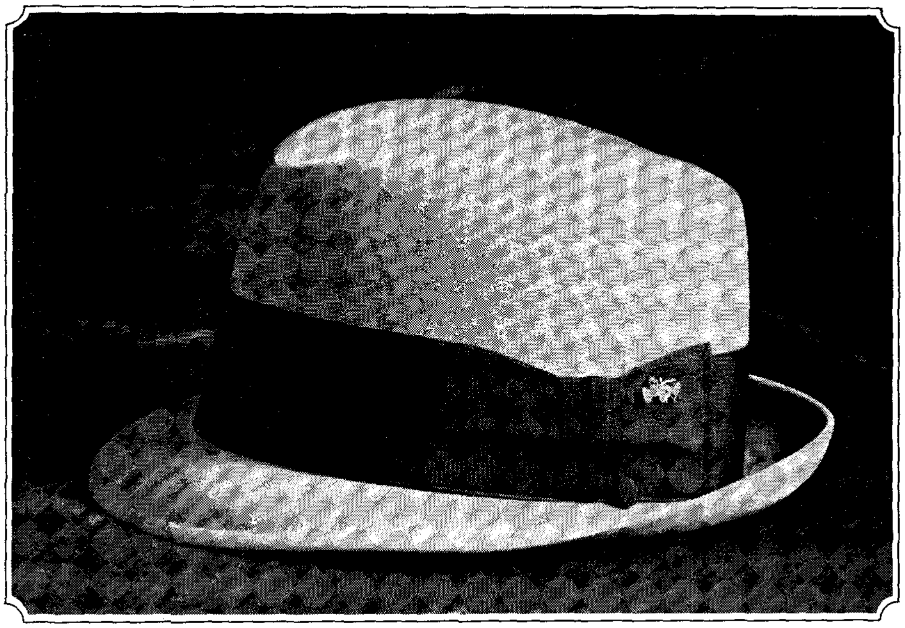

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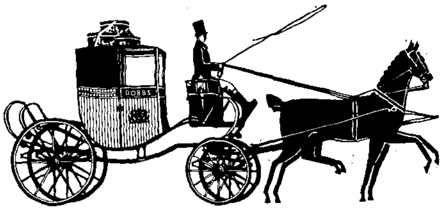

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stretched out on top of a big rubber ball in what appeared to be an attempt to keep her hair dry. Stephen Scull was walking through the shallow water on his hands. Scull waved to them both. He said that his two other sons had already gone away for the summer—Larry to camp in Maine, and Jonathan, who was about to start at Kent State University in the fall, on a trip through Europe with a friend—and that Stephen himself was leaving the next morning to join a summer stock company on the Jersey shore. Then Scull headed for the atrium, where he proceeded to sniff critically at the yellow lantana blossoms that were potted around the base of a first-century hermaphroditic statue of Bacchus and to inspect the progress of a young weeping beech. After commenting on the spectacular growth of the beech tree during his five days in the city, he walked around the house to the edge of the swimming pool.

"You will just die when you hear where *I* was last night!" Mrs. Scull shouted from the pool as her husband eased himself into a yellow deck chair.

"Mom was in a *helicopter!*" Stephen said, momentarily surfacing.

"A *helicopter*, lovey," Mrs. Scull repeated, climbing out of the pool and arranging herself on a chaise longue. "It started when these people I had never heard of called up from A.B.C. and said that they were going to make a documentary on the jet set and that I just *had* to be in it."

"That's all the kids need—a mother in the jet set," Scull said admiringly.

"Well, it was wild," Mrs. Scull said. "It was not to be believed. They filmed it on the Barge—you know, that floating discothèque in Quogue—and when I got there in the station wagon they had this *helicopter* waiting. They said to me, '*That's* not the way the jet set comes to parties—in a *car*. The jet set comes in helicopters.' " Mrs. Scull laughed. "And so they put me on this helicopter with Andy Warhol and some boy from Brentano's who they thought looked very jet set, and the helicopter flew around for a while, so that they could film us arriving the right way."

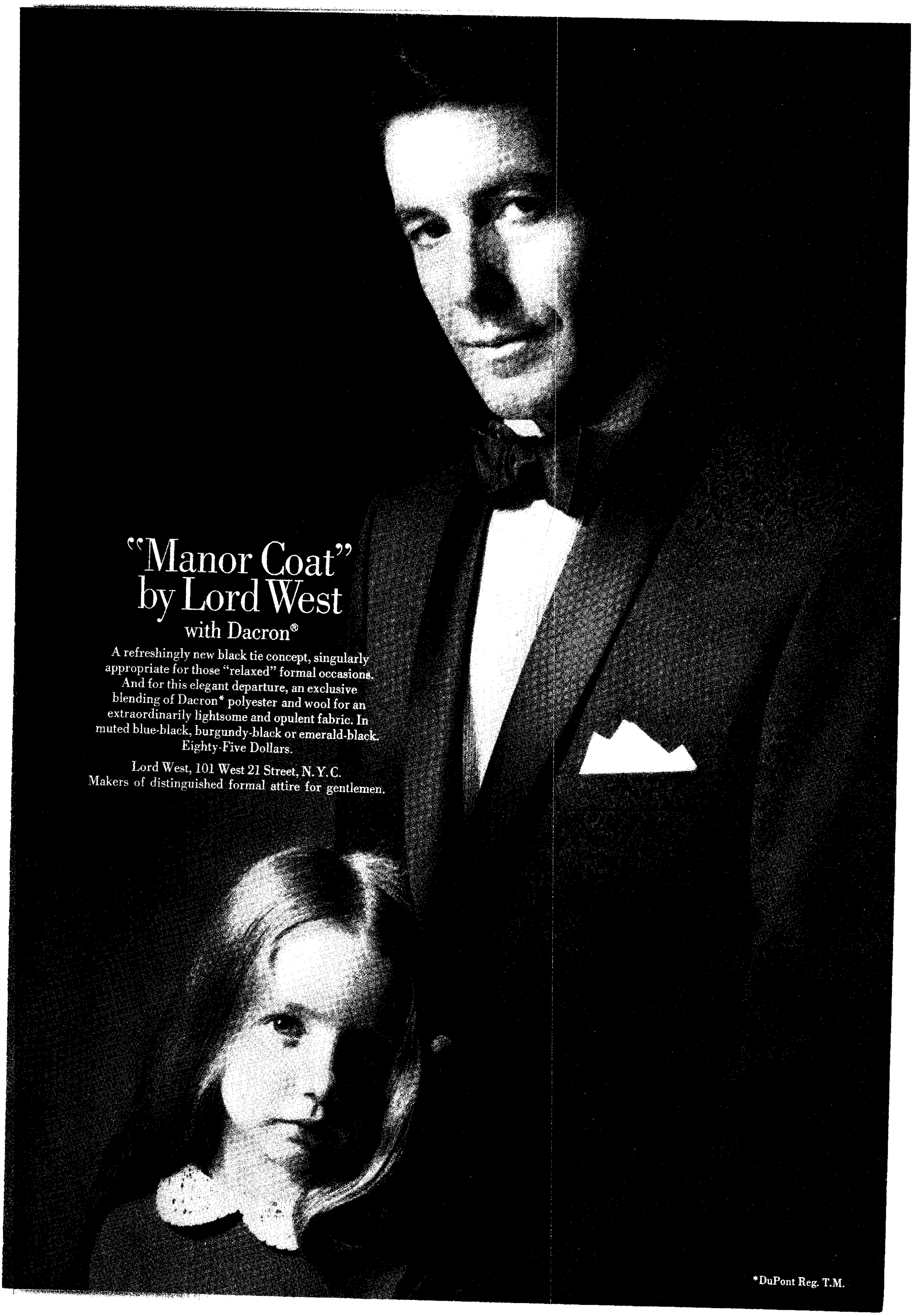
"Wild!" Scull said.

"Andy, I want you to know, drove out from the city in a black limousine with his *second-string* entourage, and they wouldn't let *any* of them on the helicopter with us," Mrs. Scull said.

"Where was his first-string entourage?" Scull asked.

"On tour in Chicago," Mrs. Scull said.

"Mom came home way after mid-



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night!" Stephen yelled from the far end of the pool.

"Well, why not?" Mrs. Scull said, tossing back her hair. "The dancing was great, and they had the most wonderful pizza—which was supposed to be just for the crew, but they said, 'Of course, Mrs. Scull, we'll give *you* a piece.'" She leaned back, looking triumphant, and Scull asked how she had managed the on-camera interview.

"Well, you never know," she replied. "But I must say I think I sounded very intellectual. I said, 'As Marshall McLuhan so brilliantly put it, jet planes and Pop Art and discothèques are all an extension of our central nervous system.'" Mrs. Scull thought for a moment, and added, "I wanted to wear my new Carnaby Street bell-bottoms, but they shrank in the washing machine."

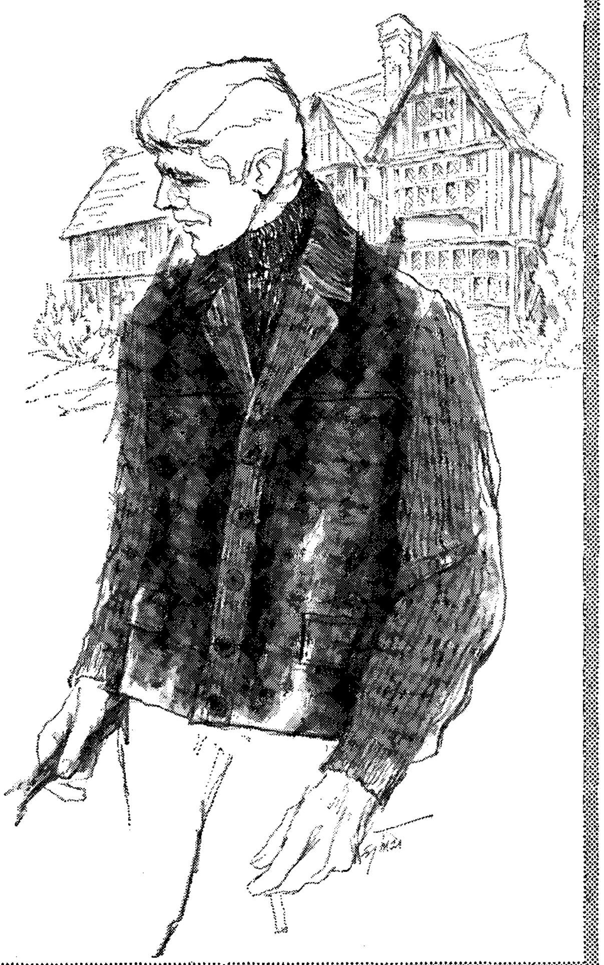
"That was good—I mean getting McLuhan in," Scull said.

"Well, anyway, lovey, it was great publicity," Mrs. Scull said.

"What the hell do *we* need more publicity for?" Scull asked.

"I mean publicity for the Barge," Mrs. Scull said, and then she stood up and padded into the house to get her husband something to eat. Scull followed her in, and when he came back outside he was wearing a little pair of blue-and-white knit bathing trunks that he said he had bought in Paris on his way to the Biennale. He stood by the pool for a while, humming along to a tape of "Tosca" that was amplified into the garden through a loudspeaker on the roof of the house. Then he dived into the pool, swam several laps in an accomplished crawl, and climbed out quickly when Mrs. Scull appeared with a tray of Mallomar cookies and a Martini pitcher full of Black Cherry No-Cal. She set the tray down on the grass under an elm tree, near a large object she identified as Robert Morris's square doughnut, and an imposing iron-and-scrap-wood sculpture, called "Che Farò Senza Euridice," by Mark di Suvero. Scull dragged a couple of deck chairs over to the tree, and they both sat down.

"Boy, I'd love to be a villain like Scarpia!" Scull said, tilting his chair back against the elm and savoring the second-act cantabile. Mrs. Scull smiled tolerantly. She said she had been looking all week for her Frank Sinatra tapes, and when Scull told her that he had erased them to use for his Italian-pronunciation exercises, she groaned, picked up a copy of *Women's Wear Daily* that was lying on the grass, and began reading out loud about a "Ben-



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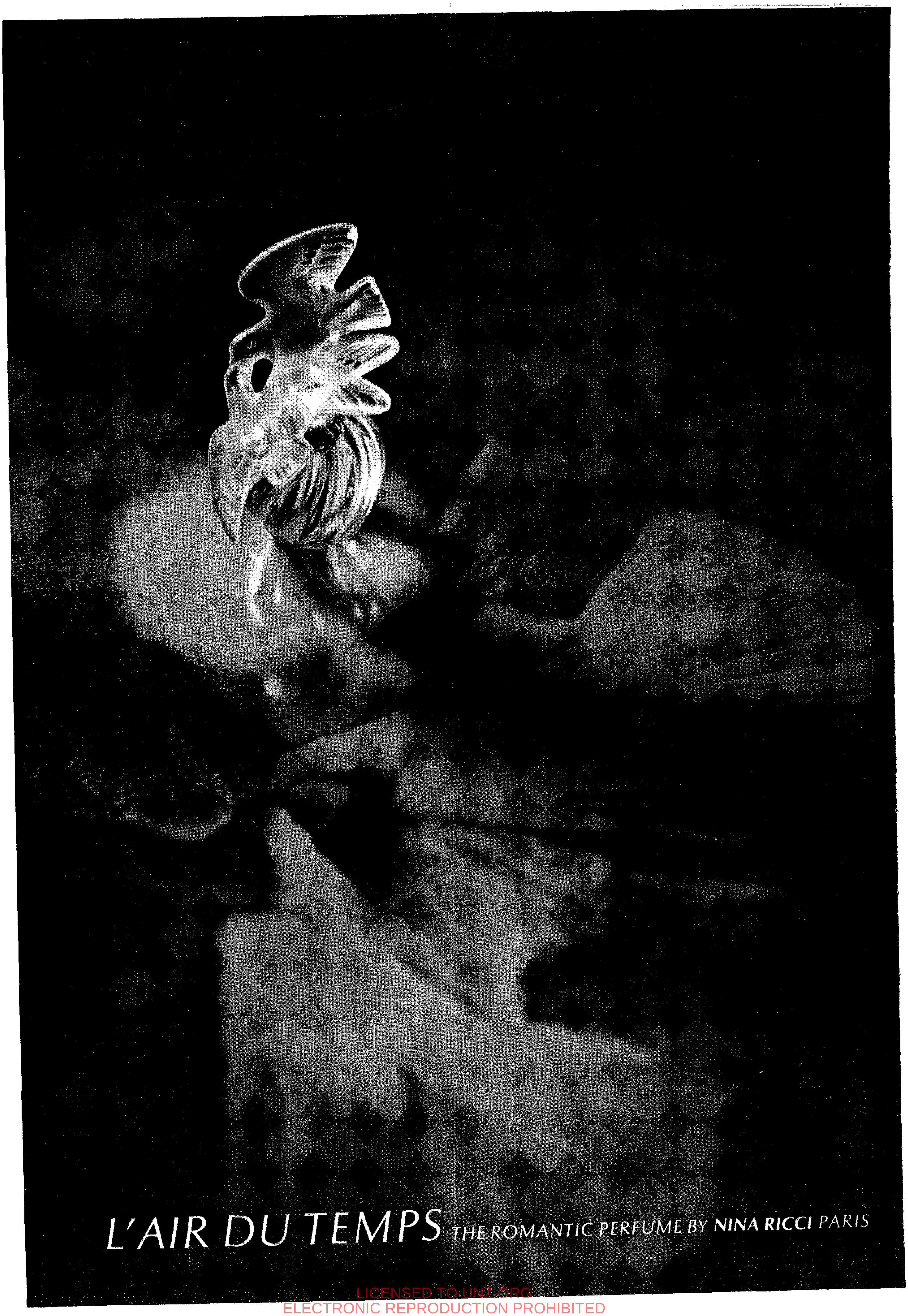

L'AIR DU TEMPS THE ROMANTIC PERFUME BY NINA RICCI PARIS

gal Lancers party" scheduled for Southampton that afternoon. Scull wandered off to the edge of the garden, where he stood studying the effect of the bright-coral geraniums that he had placed in pots on top of the twelfth-century columns bordering the pool.

"Say, Spike, these geraniums are great!" Scull called over to his wife.

"I think so too, lovey," Mrs. Scull replied, looking up from her newspaper and blinking in the sun. "So much better than the pansies we had last week."

"The pansies were sweet, but they had no punch," Scull said. Then he walked back to the elm tree, scooped up his chair, and carried it across the garden to his newest piece of sculpture, a tall, gleaming stainless-steel cage, called "Cage," that Walter De Maria had just made for him. For several minutes, Scull sat staring at the cage. Suddenly he jumped up and ran into the house. When he reappeared, in a matter of seconds, he was carrying a pair of heavy pruning shears, and he proceeded to hack enormous chunks of branch off the cedar and cherry trees that overhung the cage. Mrs. Scull looked aghast, but Scull looked quite pleased with himself. "It's perfect now," he said, sitting down again. Then he called to his wife to brief him on their weekend plans.

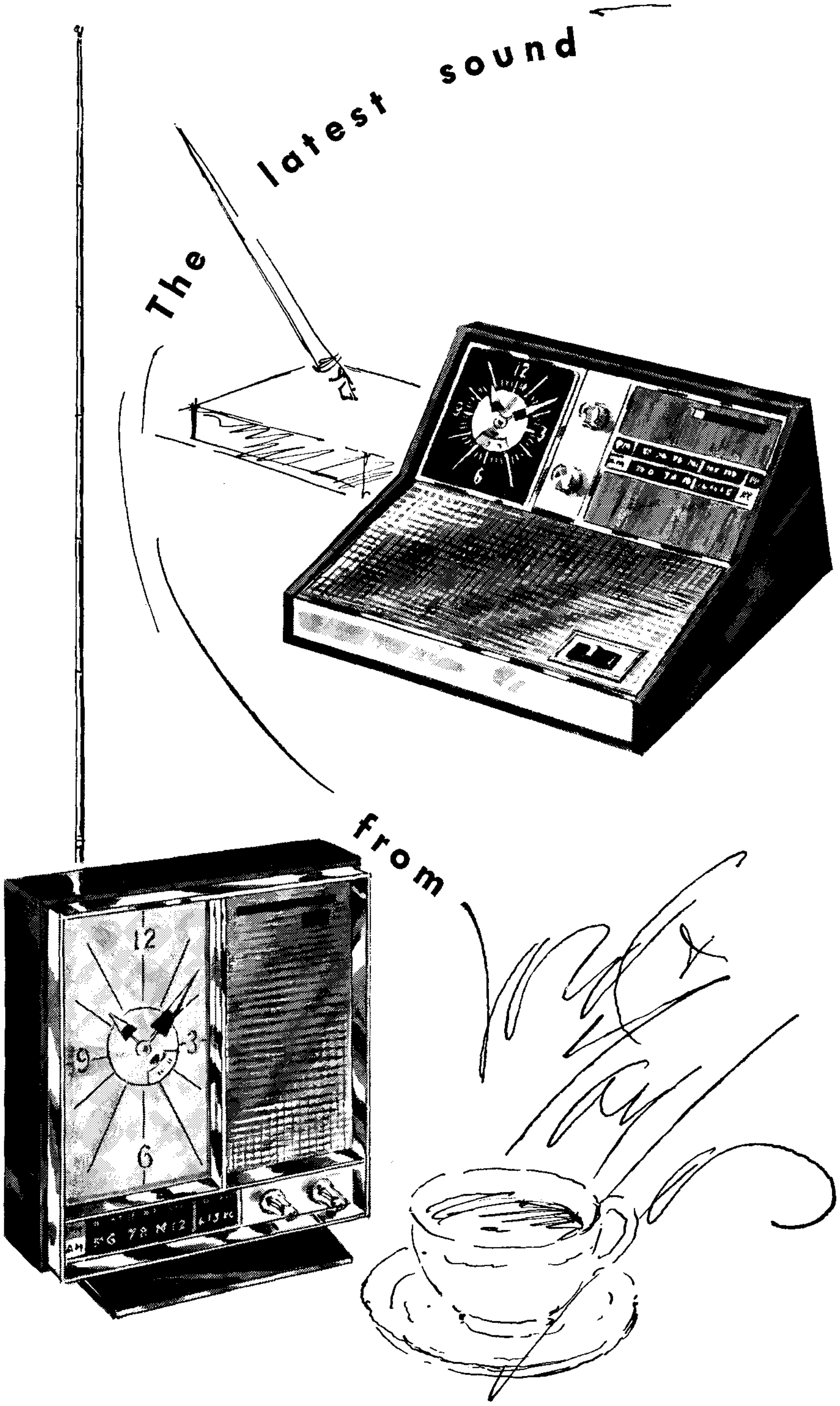
Mrs. Scull told him that they had a beach-party picnic that night and a meeting with a WCBS television producer named Gordon Hyatt the following afternoon.

"I hope *you* got more information out of him than I did," Scull said. "All *I* got was that C.B.S. is giving Allan Kaprow the chance to put on a happening out here, and that Gordon's going to make a documentary on East Hampton that will include Allan putting on the happening, and that somebody else is going to make a documentary about Gordon making a documentary of Allan's happening"—he took a long, deep breath—"and then Allan will use the film *they* take for their documentaries as part of what he's going to do. And I think there's *more*." He looked confused.

"Well, all *I* know, lovey, is that they're all coming here tomorrow—and that we're in it," Mrs. Scull said, picking up a Mallomar.

"All of them?" Scull said. He thought for a moment. "It's wild. I've decided I like it," he said.

THE Sculls finished a late Sunday breakfast about half an hour before the assorted documentarians ar-



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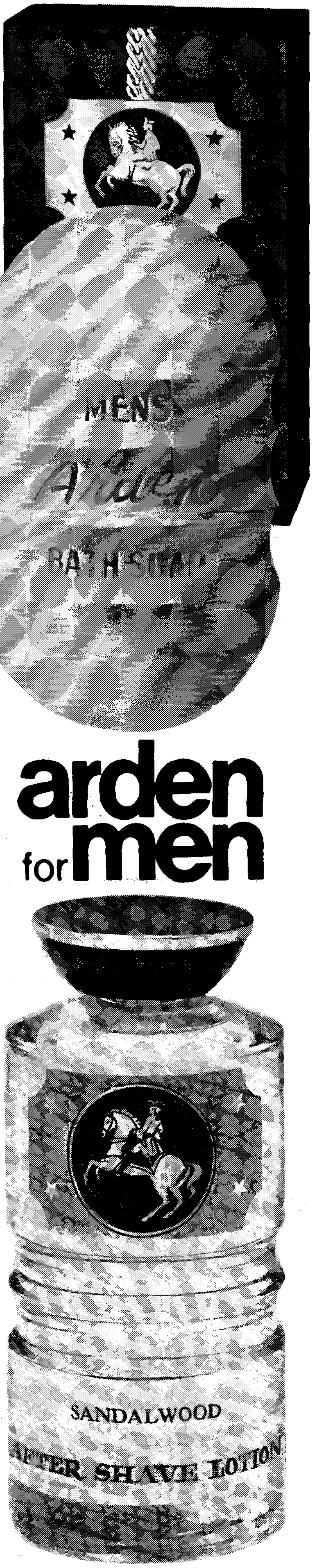

rived. Scull, who was lingering over a mug of coffee at an oiled-walnut table at one end of the living room, was reading out loud from an article he resented on the art page of the *Times* while Mrs. Scull, next to him, leafed through a copy of *Harper's Bazaar*. Frances, the Sculls' new cook, was clearing the pancake plates, shuddering pointedly every time she passed their country Wesselmann—a wall assemblage incorporating, among other worthwhile household objects, a clock, a plastic radio, a ventilator-fan plate, and the push-button panel off an electric stove.

"Frances hates our paintings," Mrs. Scull said, giggling, after Frances had retreated into the kitchen with the last plate. "She took one look at the place and said 'You call *this* art?' I said, 'Frances, you had better not let my husband hear you say that.' Then *she* said that at least we weren't as bad as some really crazy couple she'd heard of who went and had themselves wrapped in plaster." Mrs. Scull giggled again. "Wait till she sees New York."

"What did she say about the plastic nude in the bedroom?" Scull whispered to his wife.

"She refuses to go *into* the bedroom," Mrs. Scull said.

A few minutes later, Kaprow and Hyatt appeared at the front door. Hyatt, a friendly and enthusiastic young producer, had filmed the Sculls' New York apartment two years ago, and now he cast an approving professional glance around their house, which he had never seen before. He said he admired the way the seventeenth-century wooden angel at one end of the room balanced the Wesselmann at the other, and complimented Mrs. Scull on the clean, spare lines of her walnut and Formica furniture—all of which, she told him proudly, had been bought "in one mad day at Knoll."

In the meantime, Kaprow—a soft-spoken young man with a neat dark beard—was wandering around the room with Scull, examining small pieces of sculpture as they were pointed out to him. He told Scull that he liked Dan Flavin's sculpture of an electric-light bulb planted in a plastic flowerpot, as well as a bronze press that produced tinfoil anatomical impressions of an artist's girl friend. Scull looked pleased. Then he shook hands with the rest of the documentarians, who had been straggling into the house one by one, toting various tape-recording devices and hand-held cameras. They were Carole Schwartz, Hyatt's production consultant; Mordi Gerstein, who was

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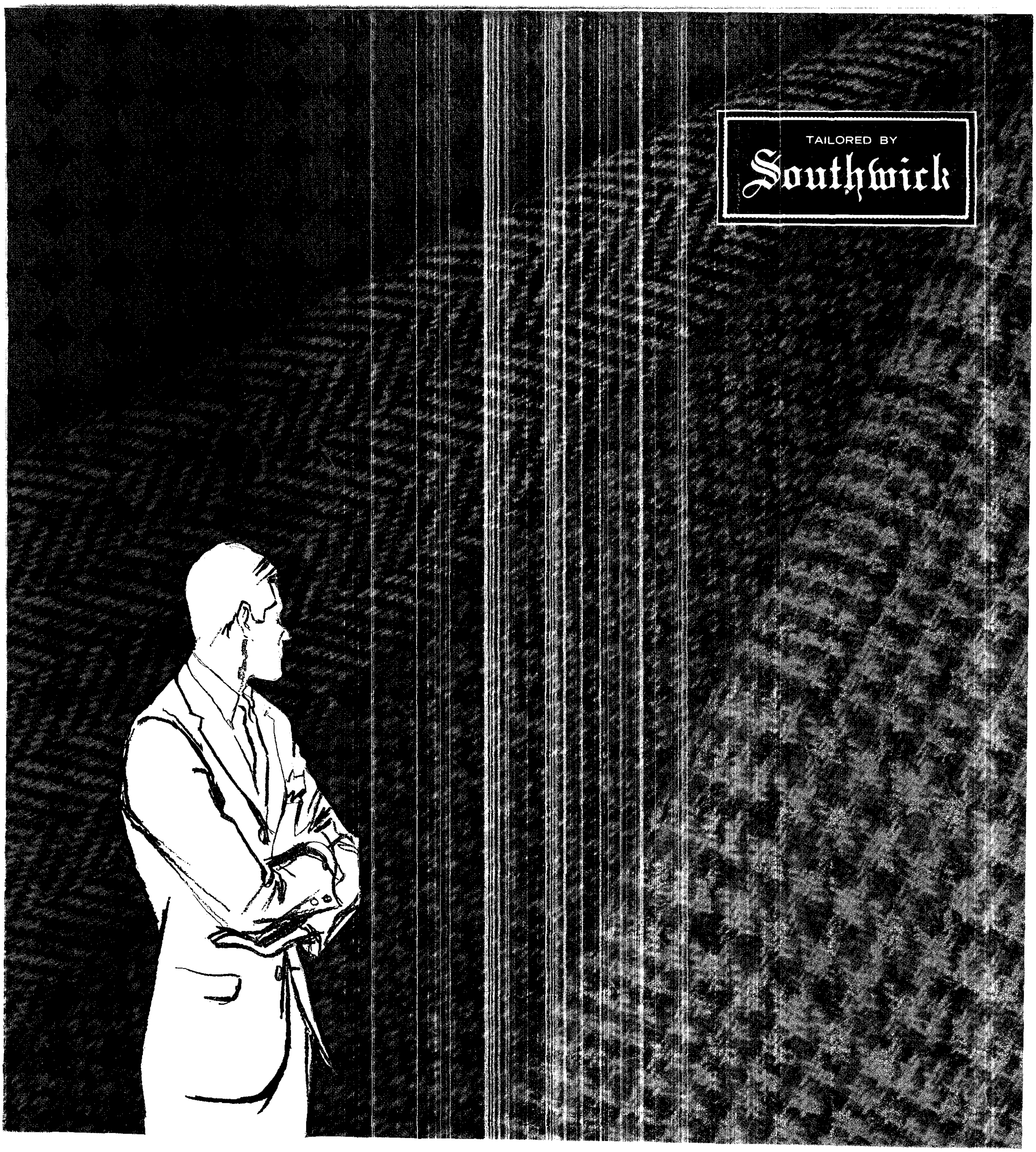

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going to make the documentary of Hyatt making a documentary; Bengt Sommerschield, their film editor; Charles Frazier, a sculptor who said that he was going to contribute "dynamic forms" to the collective effort; and Frazier's wife, Nina, a fluffy blond girl in a puff-sleeved dimity maternity dress. Scull invited them all into the garden, where they spread out under the pruned trees near De Maria's cage. Mrs. Scull joined them, dragging a yellow chaise longue behind her, and Scull followed with glasses and a big pitcher full of ice and Pouilly-Fuissé. He sat down, on the edge of the chaise, and Hyatt asked him if there had been any television people at the Biennale.

"*Everybody* was there—from all over the world," Scull said.

"I mean any Americans," Hyatt said.

"Well, there was that pretty girl Jane something, from N.B.C.—the one with the Lilly shift like mine," Mrs. Scull said.

"The European television guys are awful," Scull said. "They never ask your permission. They just appear, out of nowhere, pointing their cameras at you."

"It was *frightening*," Mrs. Scull said. Then she smiled indulgently at Kaprow and asked him what exactly he was up to.

"Well—how can I put it?" Kaprow began. "This is roughly about the world we become in East Hampton in the summertime."

"It's curious," Scull said. "Everybody's picking up East Hampton as a fun town, and it's not."

"It's caught between society and Stageville, actually," Mrs. Frazier announced gaily.

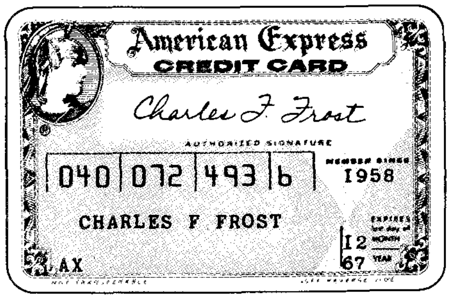
"Well, the parties here *are* a little frantic," Scull said. "We get dressed and go, and then usually end up running home after twenty minutes."

"Last night, we were at a cookout on the beach at Springs and we left *that* even before the food was served," Mrs. Scull said. "The gnats were not to be believed." She took a sip of her Pouilly-Fuissé. "I'm sure that everyone thought we were dreadfully rude to leave like that, but I thought to myself, *Tant pis!* There is not room on this beach for the gnats *and* Ethel Scull."

The company laughed, and Mrs. Scull told Kaprow to go on.

"First of all, we thought about filming a panel on the arts," Kaprow said. "We thought of you, Bob, for the panel—and Harold Rosenberg."

"That's funny, I saw Harold at the picnic last night and he said he didn't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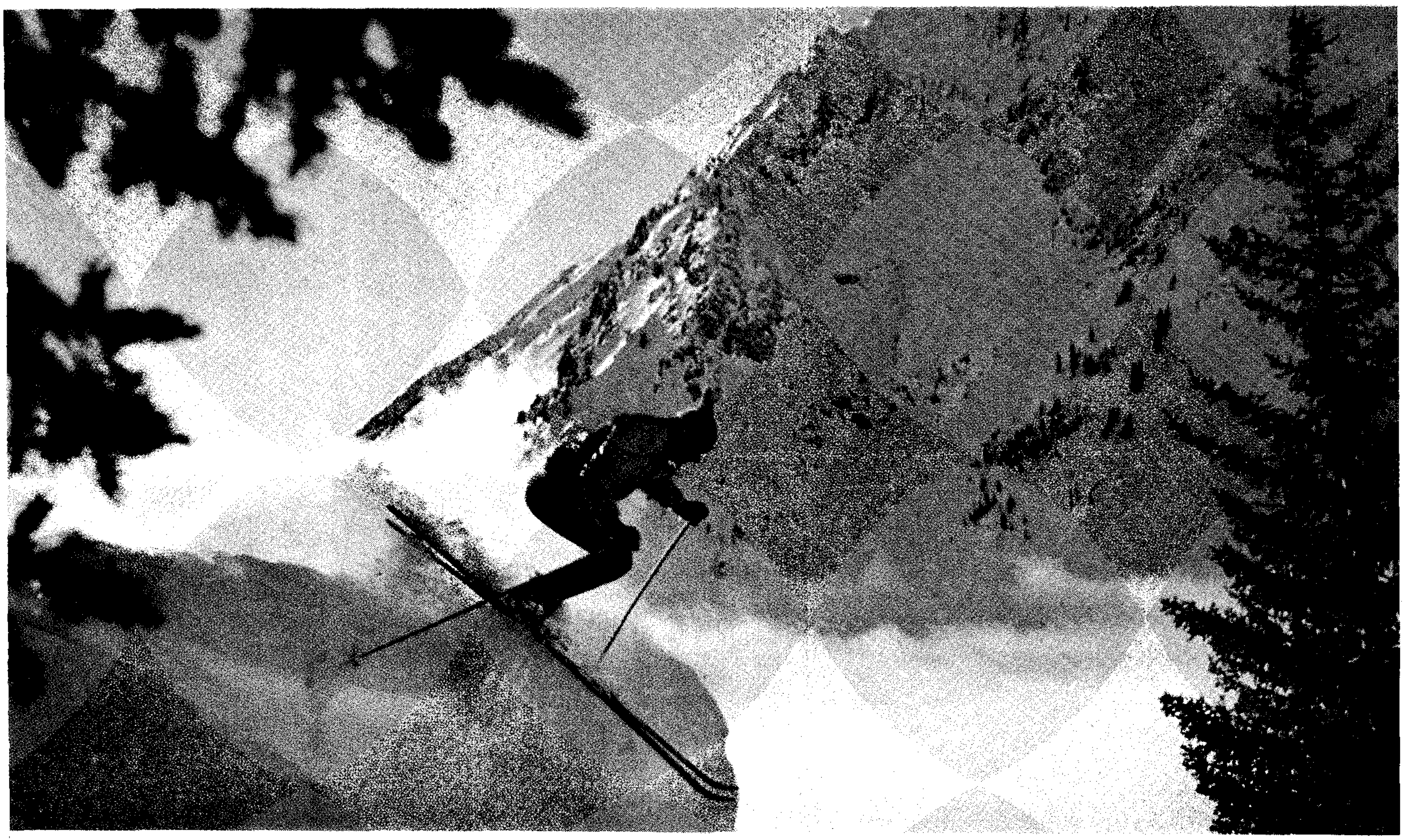

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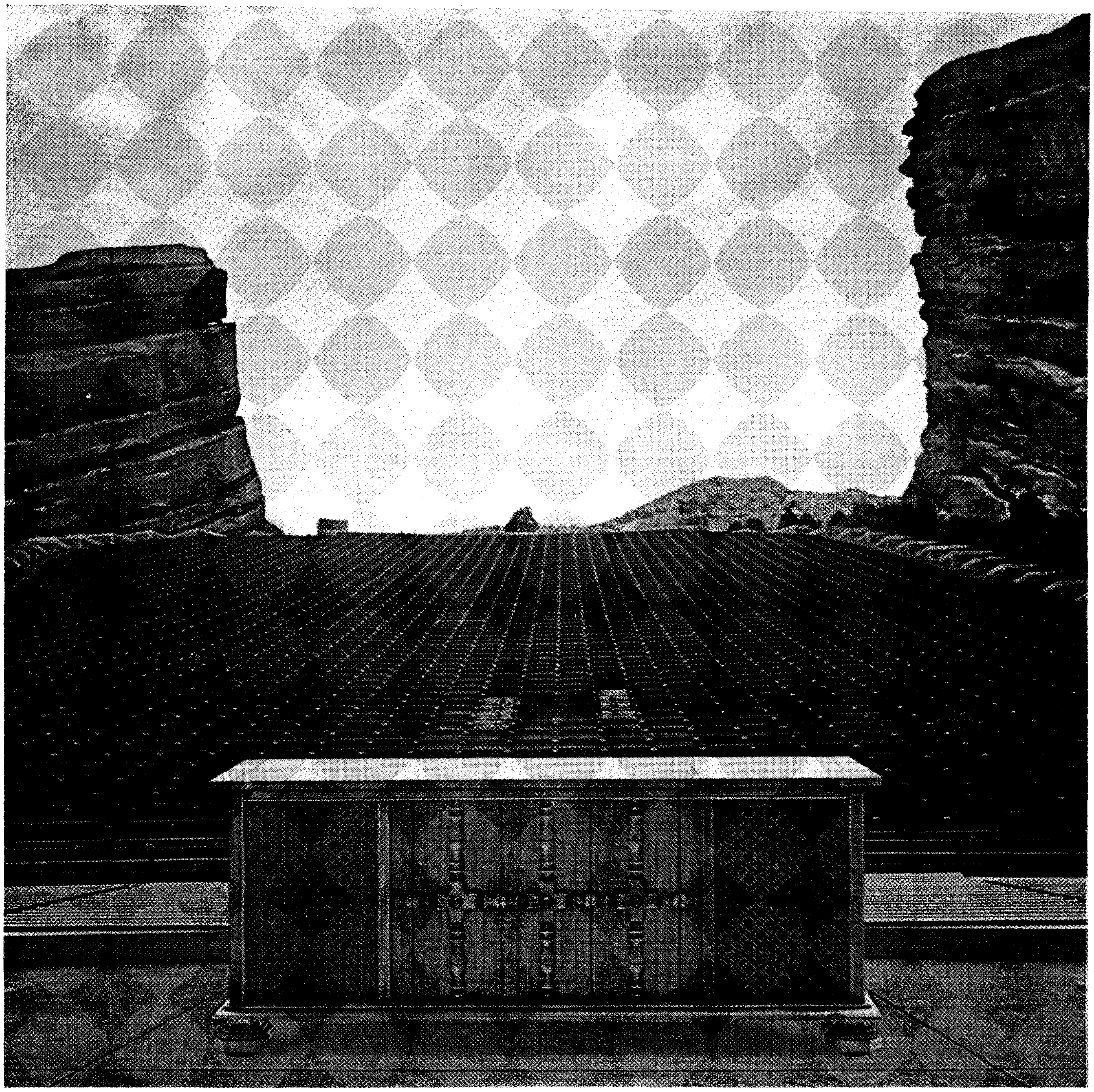

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know anything about a panel," Scull said.

"Harold does too know. He's *delighted*," Mrs. Frazier said, shaking her blond curls.

"That Harold is such a devil," Mrs. Scull said.

Sommerschield quietly switched on a tape recorder and motioned to Kaprow to begin again.

"I guess the best way to put it is that we want to illustrate all our ideas about the Hamptons, each of us in his own way," Kaprow began, on cue. "The result won't be a hodgepodge, as you might expect, but a harmonious juxtaposition of parts."

"Say, that's very good," Scull said.

"Now, Mordi here will be filming the panel, and Charlie will be working on aerial sculptures to illustrate how the art world *really* moves—not on the gallery floor but freely, in the air," Kaprow went on. "It's like what Harold said—the panel won't be a phony one, with a subject, or something ridiculous like that. It will be each guy speaking on whatever is most important to him."

"Well, whenever *I'm* on a panel it always turns out that way anyway," Scull said, and added solemnly, "I hesitated about all this—as Gordon will tell you. I've been approached by so many people in the past few years. Hollywood even called me. They wanted to do a twenty-two-minute film about me. I thought at first that it must be some friend out there putting me on, but it was really true. Some people just don't give a damn how they use you." Scull looked indignant. Then he said, with feeling, "Now, if people would only use me as involved with art—which as you know is my all-consuming interest—that would be *another* story."

"To be honest, I have no social ideas in mind at all. What I am really interested in is *magic*," Kaprow said.

"I like that," Scull said.

"Now, picture the panel," Kaprow went on. "A panel by an algae-ridden pond—I know a great algae-

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ridden pond—filled with decoy ducks, looking very forbidding, and, of course, Charlie's sculptures in the air."

"We have permission to use that algae-ridden pond," Mrs. Frazier said happily.

"Now, we'll be documenting what Allan is doing, and Mordi will be documenting us," Hyatt said.

"And we're going to be fair to *everybody* involved," Kaprow said. "Right now we're planning our program and investigating all the possibilities for magic."

"If you want to hear about some magic, you should read my horoscope in *Harper's Bazaar*," Mrs. Scull said. "It says, 'Radiant financial regeneration.' Ha! After Paris, I need that. We stopped in Paris, you know, on the way to the Biennale, and when I think about those two days—St. Laurent, Givenchy, and Cardin in *two* days, and with Cardin so grumpy—you just don't know."

Kaprow looked up sympathetically and stroked his beard. "Now, as far as *your* involvement goes, Bob, it's important that you plan *that* yourself," he said. "Especially if we're going to film you and then use that film as part of events later on. Everything becomes magical when it's on film, you know. Like when Mordi's cameramen film Gordon's cameramen filming you, those cameramen will become part of the magic, too. Am I clear?"

"Well, like any work of art, something like this doesn't reveal itself right away," Scull said.

Kaprow nodded. "Now imagine a lonely stretch of beach with Gordon's film and Mordi's film projected on the water and the sand in a magical juxtaposition of all East Hampton life."

"Or the same thing at a drive-in theatre," Hyatt broke in. "The last thing you expect to see at a drive-in is home movies."

"I've never even seen necking at a drive-in," Scull said.

"I have," Mrs. Scull said.

"Now picture all the East Hampton magic juxtaposed with scenes from *Southampton*, which is more swinging. More parties, more motorcycles—you know the scene. That's a nice difference," Kaprow said.

"Most boring to me are the parties, of course," Scull said.

"But they're an important part of *life*," Sommerschield said, zeroing in on Scull with a hand-held camera.

"We'd really like to juxtapose the East Hampton magic with an *East* Hampton party," Hyatt said.

"Well, actually, a little party here

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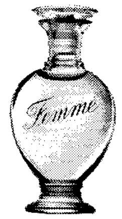

might be kind of nice after all," Scull said. "I can see it. The new pieces in the garden—we've got two great new pieces coming from Dan Flavin and Gary Kuehn—and all our friends. Like Larry Rivers, in his long jersey bathing suit because he doesn't believe in the sun." Scull thought for a minute. "That *is* part of life—a party at our anti-poverty house."

"Oh dear, lovey, that's very funny," Mrs. Scull said.

"And *now* picture that dump yard for cars—the one on the way to Springs," Kaprow said. "A beautiful ring of trees and then that incredible waste."

"I made a note of that dump yard," Scull said.

"I want to have beautiful little children eating picnic lunches in the cars there," Kaprow continued. "Something unthinkable and strange—and magical!"

"That's very beautiful," Scull said. He picked up a camera of his own, which was lying by the chaise, and took a picture of Kaprow and then one of Sommerschield taking a picture of him.

"That's the spirit," Mrs. Frazier said.

Miss Schwartz smiled.

"We might ask some of the big dealers to be involved in this, too," Frazier said.

"What do you want with *dealers*?" Scull said right away. "There's no real involvement with dealers out here. Dealers aren't dealers here anyway. They're just summer people."

"We run away from them," Mrs. Scull said.

"Now picture this," Kaprow went on. "It's night—moonless night—and we're on the dunes. There's a foam-maker there, and we make foam with it, and *our* foam on the dunes spreads down to meet the *ocean's* foam." He turned to Mrs. Scull. "Do you know those dunes? It's where they have the Festival of Lights in October, with all the squid."

"I'm in Europe, Octobers, so I'm not very *au courant*," Mrs. Scull said.

"Well, anyway, we have the foam, and then we have our screen on the water, with film going all the time," Kaprow said. "What do you say?"

"We need a scenario, that's what I say," Hyatt said, shaking his head. "And I still think a drive-in would be better."

"I think having the screen on the water is *important*," Scull said. "It's *Kaprow*, and if Kaprow says 'on the water,' then it should be on the water."

"Maybe we'll treat it with mag-

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nesium," Kaprow suggested. "How would you like *that*? And how would you like if, at the end, it would all explode?"

"That's logical," Scull said thoughtfully. "It's the logic of a happening. I say *'Beautiful!'* "

"Andy will come," Mrs. Scull said. "Andy will be devastated!" She laughed delightedly. "Do you know that his second-string entourage wasn't even allowed in the helicopter when we took that ride for A.B.C.? Not even his new superstar?"

"He has a *new* superstar?" exclaimed Mrs. Frazier.

"Say what you want, but there are certain things about Spike—like the way her hair moves—that came through in the film Andy made of her, and they were things that *I'd* never even noticed before," Scull said. "And do you remember his film about the big fat guy?"

"The one who just sat there and did nothing?" Mrs. Frazier asked.

"*Nothing*—but I'll never forget that image," Scull said with conviction. "And the banana movie—that was another beautiful image."

"*Beautiful*," Mrs. Frazier said.

"Of course, the pity of Andy is that he's all public relations," Mrs. Scull said. "The poor boy forgets that he's an artist."

"*That's* his art," Kaprow said.

"You're right. That *is* his art—the public-relations part of things," Scull said.

"Some people believe in Andy," Mrs. Frazier said. "David Whitney, who works at the Castelli, gave all his furniture to Andy." She shook her head sadly. "David has no furniture left."

"Well, Andy may be growing through the Velvet Underground, but I must admit I was a little upset when Gian Carlo Menotti wrote and asked me for the money to send them all to the Spoleto Festival," Scull said.

"You must be joking," Miss Schwartz said.

"No, really, he did," Scull said. "I just can't help wishing that Andy would get back to painting."

"Why do you want him to paint?" Sommerschield asked.

"It's curious, but I do," Scull replied. "Of course, it's hard to see him as Courbet. . . ."

"He's part of that tradition," Kaprow said.

"You saw Andy *everywhere* in the Duchamp show," Mrs. Scull said, sipping her Pouilly-Fuissé.

"And Jasper," Scull added. "I saw some Duchamps that were so

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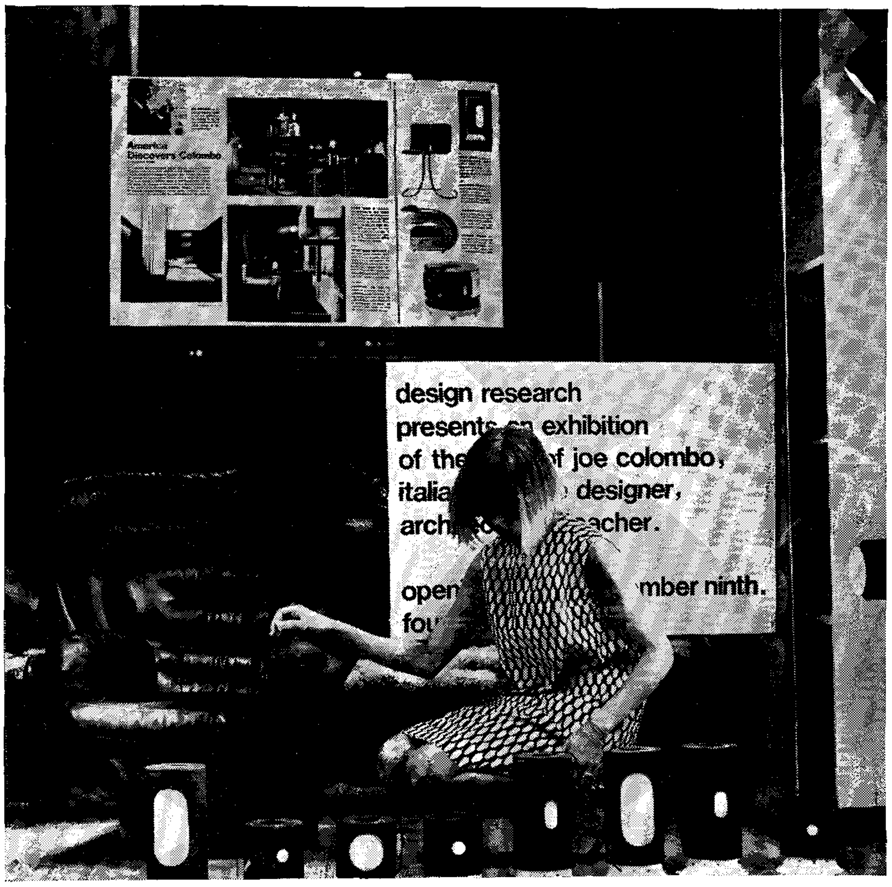

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much like Johnses it made me queasy."

"We're *all* part of that tradition," Kaprow said.

"Why, that's just what Marshall—Marshall McLuhan—means," Mrs. Scull said.

"*I* think that what McLuhan is trying to say is that rather than simple communication we have instant communion now," Kaprow said, after a brooding pause.

"Well, I've only read the one McLuhan, of course," Scull said, "but as I see it the guy comes to no real conclusions. I can't grab hold of him."

"Nor does he really stand up under scrutiny," Hyatt said.

"And he never takes a stand on anything. He just connects ideas," Frazier said.

"But *that's* interesting!" Mrs. Frazier cried.

"In a crazy way, that *is* interesting," Scull said. —JANE KRAMER

•

MEMORANDUM TO REGISTERED REPRESENTATIVES:

Re: Mailing Lists

Effective immediately! If you wish to have a new account placed on one or more of our mailing lists, you must code the account as follows:

On the new account form, on the first line where you print the name of the account, in the last block at the extreme right, you will find the number 80 printed at the top of the block. The block to the immediate left would be block number 79, the next block 78, then 77, 76, etc. *Never* use blocks 76 or 80 for anything. To indicate what lists(s) the account is to be placed on, you must code blocks 77, 78 and 79 as follows:

If you wish to place the account on the general mailing list, you must put a "1" in block 77. If you do not want the account on the general mailing list, you must place an "x" in block 77. Use the number 2 for the digest list and the number 3 for the municipal list. If you do not want the account on the digest and municipal lists, leave blocks 78 and 79 blank. Use block 78 before using block 79. Either a "2" or a "3" may be placed in block 78.

Each account will always have at least one of two codings: a "1" indicating it *is* to be placed on the general mailing list or an "x" indicating it *is not* to be placed on the general mailing list. It is possible that all three blocks would be coded with the letters, 1, 2 and 3 or coded x, 2 and 3. If the account is not to be placed on any mailing list, there will only be one "x" in block 79.

The instructions given in my memo of 9-17 regarding the checking of the blocks in the lower right corner should be disregarded. You must now code in the mailing list information as explained above. *Keep this memorandum* for future reference.—*Memo distributed to the salesmen of a Pittsburgh brokerage firm.*

By God, we will!

Pesin

I know something you don't know.

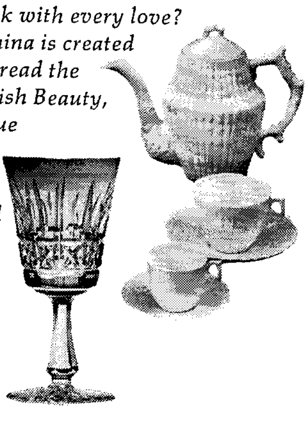
My mother's in love.
I know she is.
I can tell.
She has a funny look on her face.
I mean on her mouth.
Maybe on her eyes.
Oh, I don't know.
Her nose.
That's where.
Even her fingers are in love.
I heard her.
She said, "I'm in love." She was holding some
Waterford Crystal that Daddy bought her.
I don't mind.
As long as she's happy, I'm happy.

(Note: Every piece of Waterford Crystal is cut by hand, with love, just the way historic Waterford was made over 200 years ago in Ireland. If you'd like a free brochure, write to Waterford 225 Fifth Avenue New York.)

My father knows something I don't know.
Like last year.
He just said Belleek to mom.
Zing. Love. In her eyes, on her mouth, maybe her nose.

(Note: Who will give you Belleek with every love? Every piece of Belleek Parian China is created wholly by hand. If you'd like to read the romantic story of this famous Irish Beauty, write to Belleek 225 Fifth Avenue New York 10010.)

Will you give me Waterford and
Belleek when you
marry me?
I'd like to feel
love on my fingers.



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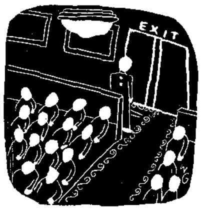
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Untranslatable

François Truffaut's "Fahrenheit 451" is a failure, and the most interesting thing about it may be that it is not an interesting one. For us in the audience, it is a consolation whenever a faulty work by a man of talent proves instructive—when, seeing what has gone wrong, and perhaps why it has gone wrong, we can shake our heads over the occasional flinty intractableness of the creative process; how fascinating, we think, that all that time and energy and possible anguish on the part of an accomplished artist should have been in vain! But "Fahrenheit 451" isn't instructive in this sense; it fails not with an air of having attempted to round certain dangerous corners (actors who find their roles unsuitable, scenes that, at the last moment, won't come to life) but with an air of bland competence, as if everything had worked out according to plan and nobody concerned had happened to notice that the plan was no good. Such an oversight is especially surprising in a director like Truffaut, who has shown himself to be as self-conscious as he is fastidious. Those of his movies that already, by the familiarity of their titles ("The 400 Blows," "Jules and Jim," "Shoot the Piano Player"), have achieved a promise of immortality are from the hand of a perfectionist; if they contain mistakes, one feels sure that Truffaut is aware of them and has chosen to preserve them. "Fahrenheit 451" is a mysteriously different case. It contains no mistakes but is itself a mistake; the director having taken infinite pains to get everything just so, the sum of his just-sos is a boring nullity.



I suspect that the reason the movie fails is that Ray Bradbury's celebrated science-fiction tale of the same name, on which Truffaut and Jean-Louis Richard have based their screenplay, is essentially untranslatable into film. Its theme and subject matter must be dealt with in literary, not pictorial, terms; once the intentions of the plot become clear, there are few actions that can be made to seem as vivid on the screen as they can be made to seem by a handful of words on the page. The setting of the film is bleak Orwell country, and the time is a near dark future, and all that we are obliged to see and hear destroys our suspension of disbelief instead of enhancing it. The title, which refers to the temperature at which books are said to burn, makes my point for me. Surely our pleasure in the acquisition of this information is a literary one, instantly responded to; that being so, Truffaut is already in trouble—the last thing we need to be shown is huge piles of actual books going up in flames, but this is precisely what the movie gives us, not once but several times.

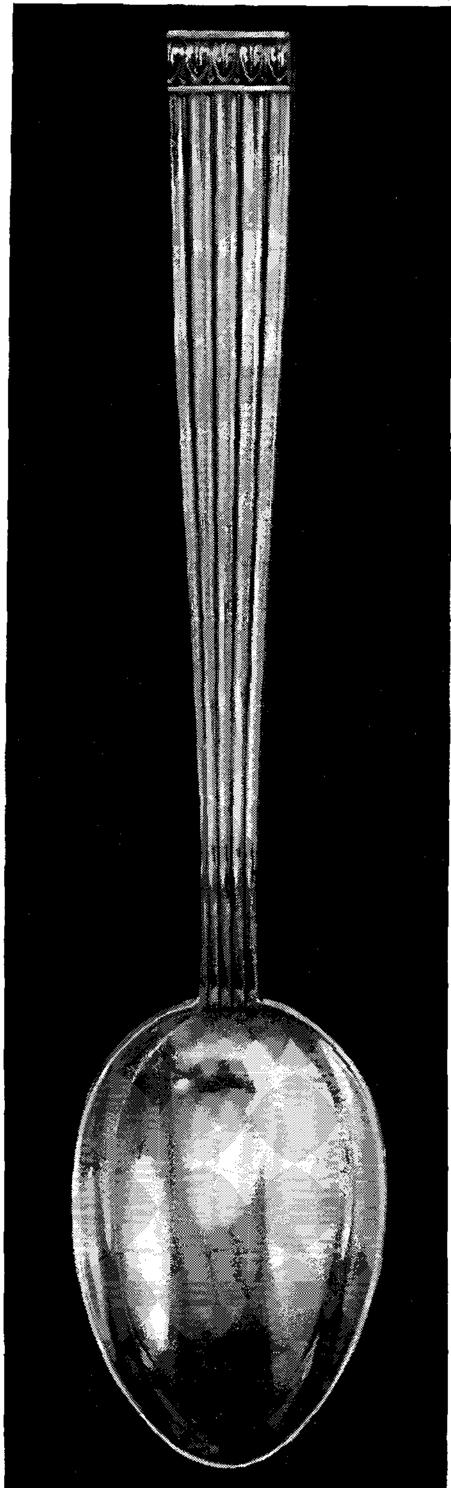
It is a fair measure of the degree to which "Fahrenheit 451" fails that that pretty creature Julie Christie, playing a double role, looks downright ugly, while Oskar Werner, though he remains handsome enough, gives the impression of being professionally ill at ease and ready to run for his life. Tony Walton has dressed them, and everyone else in the picture, in particularly hideous clothes, no doubt in order to convey to us that in a country that burns books sartorial outrages are to be counted on. Well, but we knew that, too—Hitler's tailor was all thumbs.

"What's Up, Tiger Lily?" is a jaunty notion out of Woody Allen's busy-bee brain, which shows signs of being packed tight with old Marx Brothers, Benchley, and Perelman jokes—not a bad mental library to possess, in case the grim Bradbury fable should ever come true. Mr. Allen has thought of taking a genuine Japanese imitation of a James Bond thriller, excising its sound track, and replacing it with wayward verbal novelties of outrageous inappropriateness. The joke is very funny for ten or fifteen minutes, and I wish Mr. Allen had been content to provide us with a stunning short; instead, he has provided us with a long that stuns us in a much less flattering sense of the word.

"Eyewitness . . . North Viet Nam" is a modest documentary made by the English journalist James Cameron. Mr. Cameron and a small camera crew have compiled a fragmentary but accurate-seeming record of the ordinary life of a people who, like their neighbors to the south, are handsome, hard-working, impoverished, and resigned. These are the people whom we are fighting. It is hard to see them as enemies.

—Brendan Gill

Buccellati



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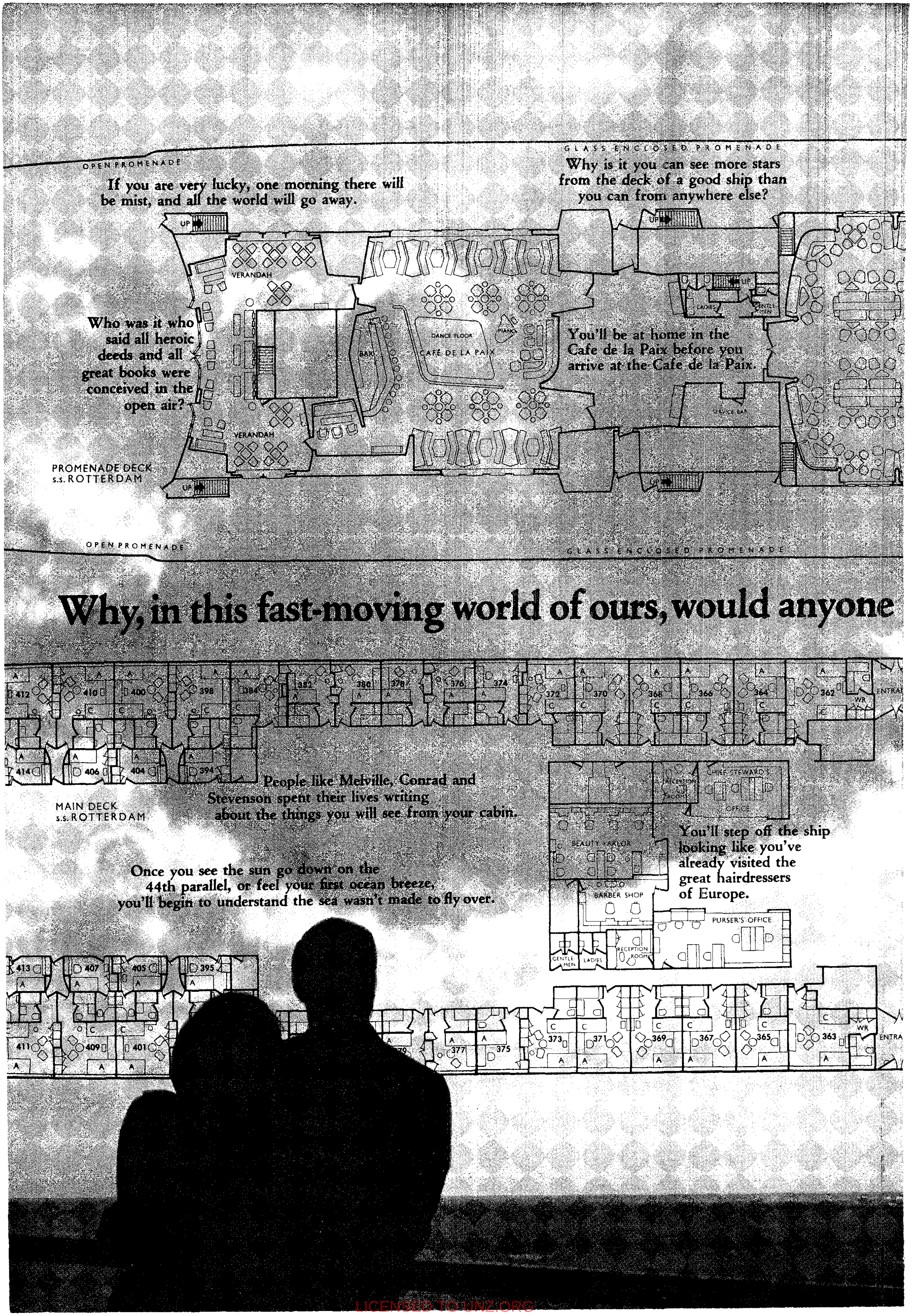
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If you are very lucky, one morning there will be mist, and all the world will go away.

Why is it you can see more stars from the deck of a good ship than you can from anywhere else?

Who was it who said all heroic deeds and all great books were conceived in the open air?

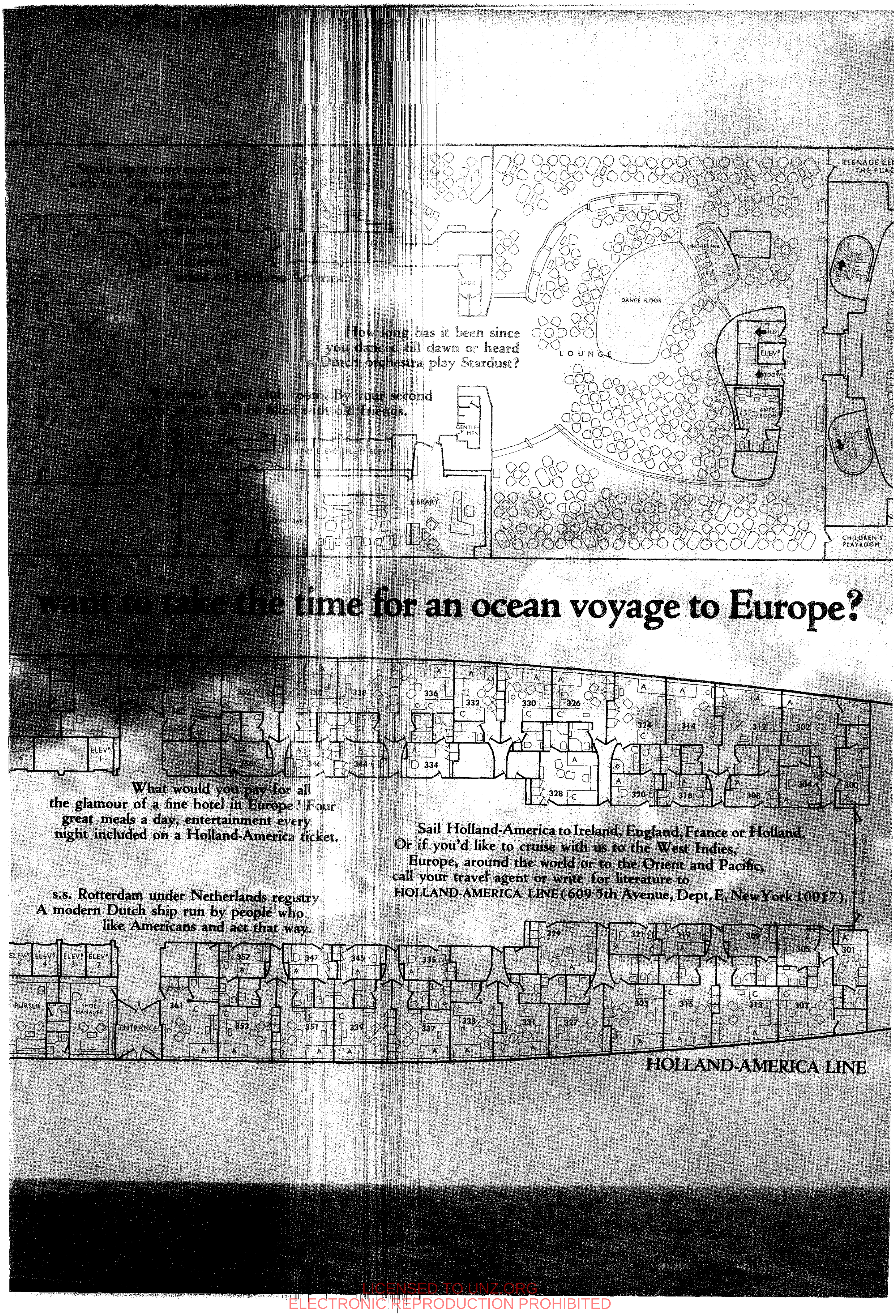
You'll be at home in the Cafe de la Paix before you arrive at the Cafe de la Paix.

Why, in this fast-moving world of ours, would anyone

People like Melville, Conrad and Stevenson spent their lives writing about the things you will see from your cabin.

Once you see the sun go down on the 44th parallel, or feel your first ocean breeze, you'll begin to understand the sea wasn't made to fly over.

You'll step off the ship looking like you've already visited the great hairdressers of Europe.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MUSICAL EVENTS

Soprano Plenipotentiary

I HAVE remarked before that the most exciting happenings in music nowadays are apt to be provided by extraordinary performers rather than by extraordinary composers. Last week, I attended two symphony concerts in which works by contemporary composers were being given a hearing, but the memorable event of the week was the appearance of an unusually fine cast of singers in the American Opera Society's performance of Donizetti's "Anna Bolena" in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening. The evening was, in fact, the occasion of a veritable furor, and the artist who created it was the twenty-three-year-old Greek soprano Elena Suliotis, who sang the title role. Miss Suliotis was known here beforehand because of her recordings, but this was her first actual appearance. She is exceedingly pretty in a blond manner that recalls Maria Jeritza. Her voice is still a youthful one that will shift, I hope, toward the fuller and the rounder rather than the shriller as she matures. But she is already a singer of exceptional endowments. Among these are a lovely effortlessness in *fioritura*, a range that extends from deep contralto chest tones to an easily produced high D, and an altogether out-of-the-ordinary capacity for expressing dramatic feeling purely by means of the voice. This last faculty, which is reminiscent of the early Maria Callas, gives her singing an almost hypnotic power, since every word of the text is made doubly vivid and absorbing. Miss Suliotis is also capable of the most exquisite understatement; she sang her final aria the other night in a beautiful pianissimo throughout. There is just a suggestion of an edge in her fortissimo high notes, and this will have to be watched. It was the symptom that preceded Mme. Callas's great vocal difficulties, and it hints at a not sufficiently substantial vocal production. However, few people—and I am not one of them—are equipped to diagnose the potential hazards to an operatic voice. As she is, Miss Suliotis is a delight to listen to, and her local début was a touch of sunshine in a season that has had murky vocal moments. Whether she is an actress in any but vocal terms could not be determined that night. But she had the intelligence to behave simply, as is appropriate in a concert performance, and her appearance onstage was nothing short of enchanting.

The rest of the cast completed one of the strongest the Society has presented here. Placido Domingo, of the New York City Opera, was Lord Percy, and, having his first chance hereabouts at florid *bel canto*, he made an excellent impression, singing with assurance and an agreeable masculinity. The British mezzo-soprano Janet Baker offered a voice of major quality and a refined sense of style in the role of Smeton, Anna's page. Raymond Gibbs, making a New York début, as Lord Rochefort, sang cleanly and agreeably. The usually astonishing mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne produced a great many powerful and beautifully rounded notes as Jane Seymour, but at times her *fioritura* was not accurate, and at times she tended to go flat. One occasion was the duet "*Dio, che mi vedi in core*," at the beginning of Act II, where she was rescued from serious lapses of pitch by Miss Suliotis, who was singing along with her. The bass Carlo Cava, who was making another New York début, as Henry VIII, had a lot of good intentions, but his voice proved to be badly focussed. The conductor, Henry Lewis, another newcomer, was roundly booed at the end of the performance, for reasons that elude me completely. To my mind, he showed a thorough knowledge of the score, consideration for the singers, and a baton that produced a crisp, lively performance.

ON Monday evening of last week, the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, under William Steinberg, appeared in Carnegie Hall before a remarkably small audience. The concert wound up with a sturdy and pleasantly unfettered performance of Brahms' Fourth Symphony. The first part of the program presented two works that were novelties to me, as well as one that is seldom done here. The opening number was Virgil Thomson's "Fantasy in Homage to an Earlier England," written for a Purcell festival earlier this year in Kansas City, which is Mr. Thomson's home town. It is a pleasing impressionist composition, full of pseudo-Baroque rhythmic and melodic patterns, and also

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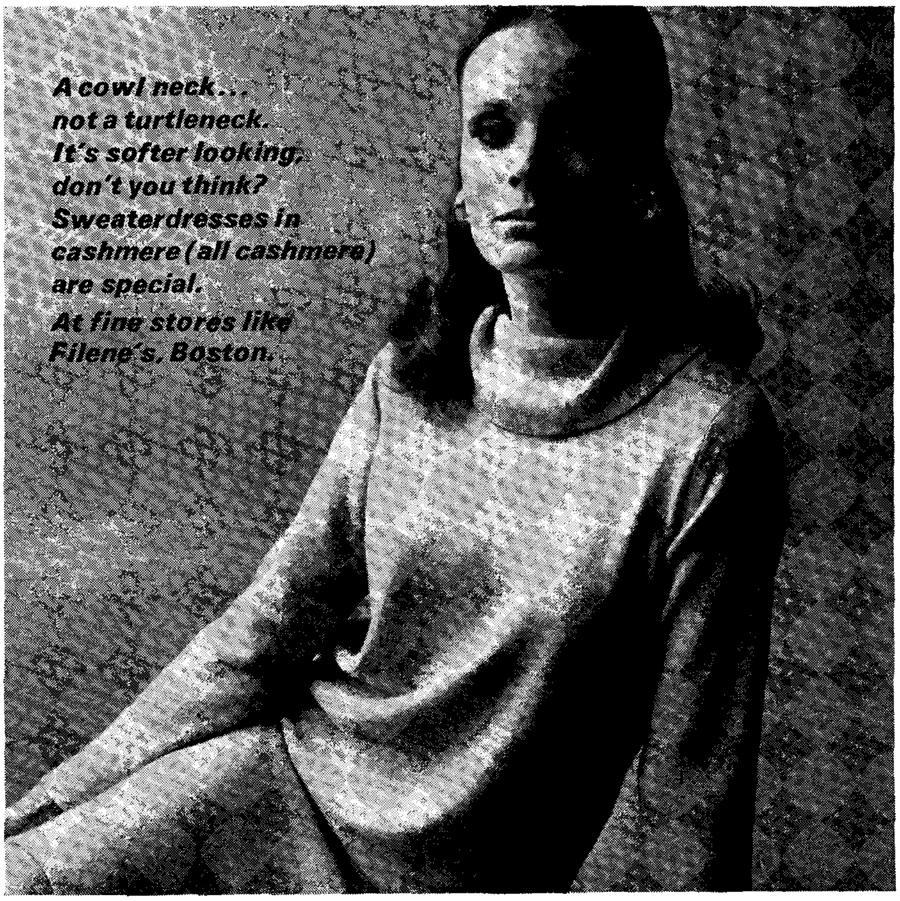
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full of such tonally ambiguous structures as whole-tone chords and augmented triads used consecutively in chains. There was nothing terribly surprising about all this. Mr. Thomson was in his usual vein, which has always been gentle, and the piece did evoke old England, in a foggy way. Curiously, the audience showed no enthusiasm for it. The next work was Robert Starer's wholly dodecaphonic "Mutabili, Variants for Orchestra," which *did* succeed in rousing the audience to some applause. This work left me totally uninvolved; perhaps it is intended to leave its hearers that way. During it, I spent the time trying to decipher tone rows, which is an activity considerably less exciting than crossword puzzles. Obviously, some of the audience got more out of it than I did, or thought it did. The third work was Stravinsky's Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra, which dates from 1929 and suggests, which the two others do not, that a mastermind is at work. The date places it in Stravinsky's Paris period, and, like many works of that era, it is essentially a parody, eclectic in makeup and brilliantly written for orchestra. It is full of pseudo-Romantic rhetoric and pseudo-Baroque rhetoric, much of the Baroque being a satire on the courtly music of the eighteenth century, and some of the Romantic holding up to ridicule the conventions of nineteenth-century piano music. I found it highly amusing. The gifted pianist Hilde Somer did all its pianistic fireworks superbly.

ON Wednesday evening of last week, the Boston Symphony, under Erich Leinsdorf, appeared in Philharmonic Hall with a program that was not very different from Mr. Steinberg's. It closed, as Mr. Steinberg's did, with a tried-and-true Romantic symphony—in this case, Schumann's First in B-Flat Major—and Mr. Leinsdorf, who has a special touch in this sort of music, gave it a perceptive reading. The opening number was the Bach Suite No. 3 in D Major for Orchestra, which had been performed here a week before by the Philharmonic, under Lorin Maazel. Mr. Leinsdorf's performance was in every way superior. Then came the dose of unpleasant medicine. William Sydeman, a composer whose talent is undiscernible to me, had created a highly pretentious work called simply "In Memoriam John F. Kennedy." It had a narrator, who solemnly declaimed excerpts from books by Arthur Schlesinger and Theodore Sorensen, a poem by Stephen Spender, an often quoted passage from Ecclesiastes, a hunk out of a preface by Allan Nevins, and some of the late President's own oratory. The narrator was E. G. Marshall, who is well known on Broadway, and he spoke his lines with general success, though he left out three crucial words in the next-to-last quotation from President Kennedy's speeches. All this was accompanied by a completely atonal score, some of which suggested the sound effects in spook movies and spy television serials, and all of which achieved the total blankness of emotional content that is usual in atonal pieces. The most absorbing event in the composition occurred when Mr. Leinsdorf, presumably in an access of dedication, accidentally hurled his baton to the rear of the stage. (It was picked up and unobtrusively handed back by the musicians in the orchestra, but it was noticeably truncated.) The piece, which was tediously long, received a considerable amount of handclapping, I think because of its nobility of intent and the moving power of the words rather than because of anything Mr. Sydeman put into it. I was reminded of those old vaudeville acts in which the American flag got waved when interest faltered. The memory of President Kennedy deserved better.

There is always talk to the effect that a piece of music should not be condemned solely because it is written in a certain system, and the serial, or dodecaphonic, system, or just plain methodical avoidance of tonality, is usually meant. And this is true when a real genius produces something like the Berg Violin Concerto or Ginastera's opera "Don Rodrigo." But atonality in general imposes terrible limitations on any composer's expressive powers, and the geniuses who manage to produce moving music in this medium can be counted on three fingers. Mr. Sydeman is not one of them.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

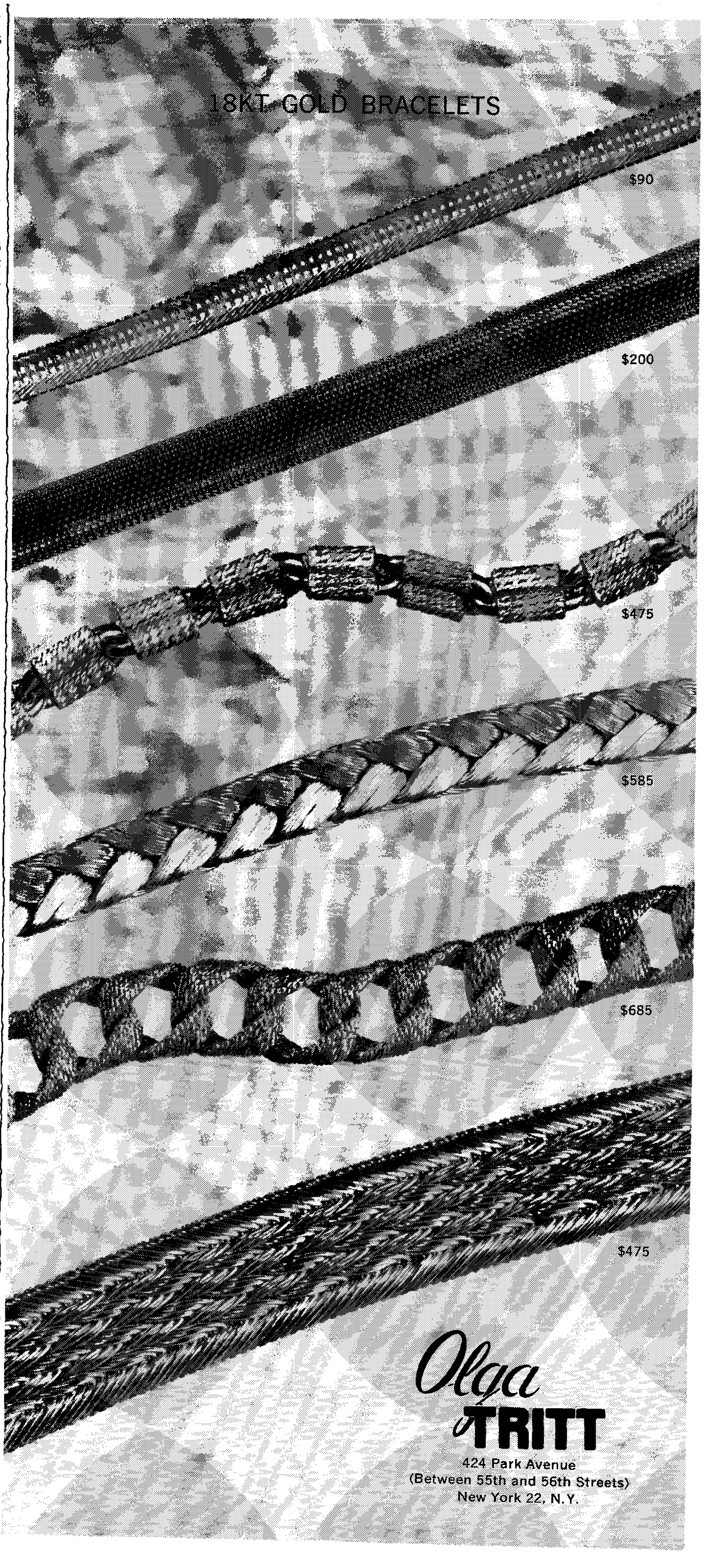
◆

LONDON, Nov. 4 (AP)—Tests on a number of hospital patients show a liquid diet is the most efficient way to lose weight, the Lancet, a British medical journal, reported today.

It said patients at the Stobhill General Hospital in Glasgow, Scotland, were put on a diet of heat-producing fluids and vitamins. Adverse effects were rare, the magazine said, and most patients finished their fast easily.

One 281-pound woman was reported down to 18, a loss of 97 pounds, after 236 days of fasting. A 5-year-old woman was said to have lost 7 of her 262 pounds, along with a painful, arthritic knee condition, during a fast of 249 days.—*The Post.*

Mixed results, we'd call it.



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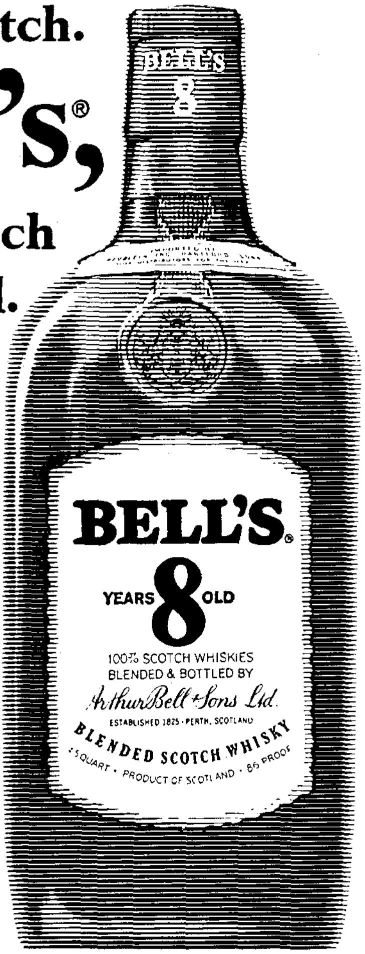
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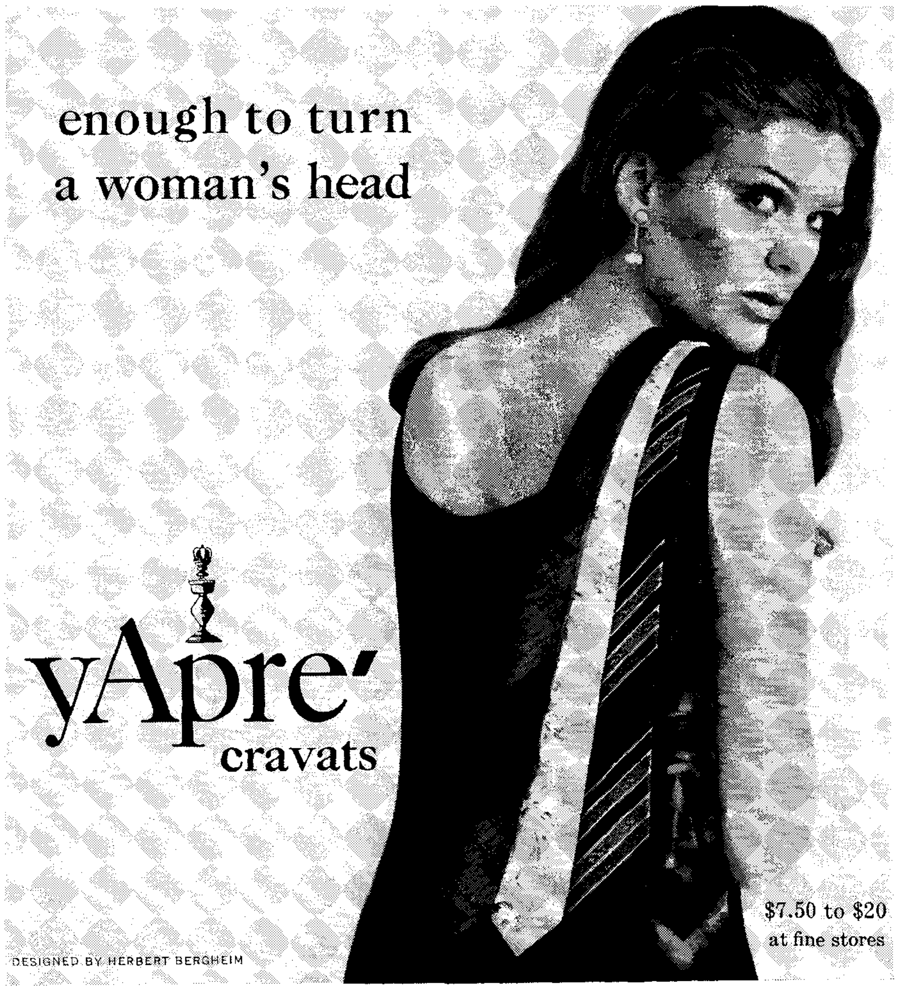

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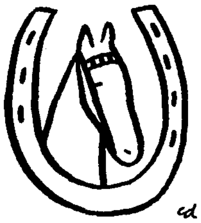
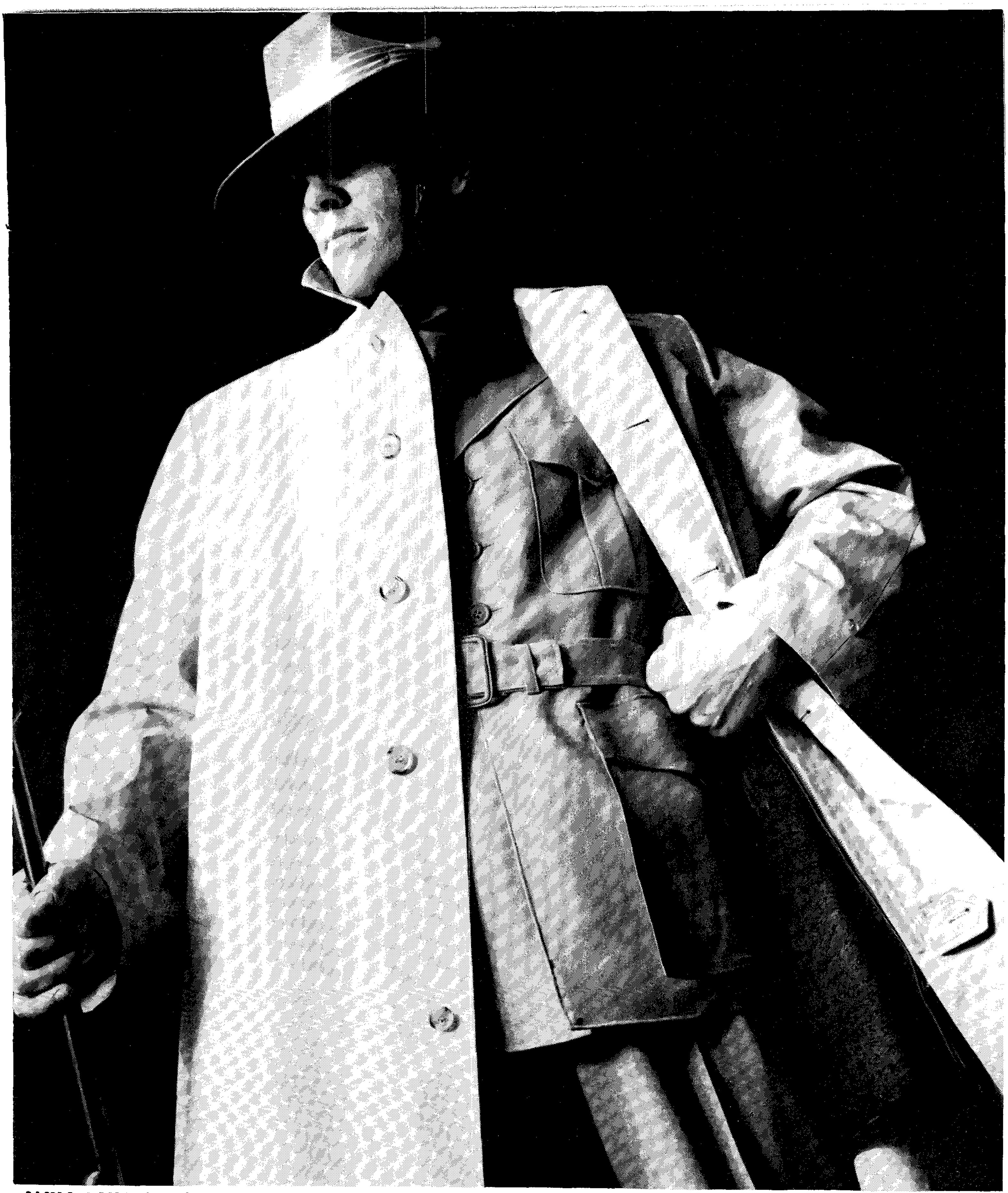
Oozum Woozem



THERE'S no possible doubt about who the top two-year-old colt is—Successor, of course—but as for the fillies, who have been beating one another all season, that's a horse of another color. Woozem complicated rather than clarified the situation when she won the Demoiselle Stakes by eight lengths in a romp at Aqueduct last week. Behind her, On the Carpet beat Amherst for second place in a photo finish. Farther back were Pepperwood, heroine of the Gardenia Stakes at Garden State Park last month, in which Woozem was third; Swiss Cheese, who won the Matron Stakes at the Big A in September; and four others. Owned by J. Graham Brown, a Louisville hotel man (if you've ever been to the Kentucky Derby, you know his pad), and named after his pet poodle, Woozem is a sleek, chunky dark bay by Hail to Reason out of Juliets Nurse, a daughter of Count Fleet, and she inherits her speed from her grandpa, whom some handicappers rate higher than Man o' War. She won her first start, at Churchill Downs last spring, by ten lengths, and her next, at Arlington Park, by six. In the Demoiselle, she never left the result in doubt. Her time for the mile was 1:35⅗, but she could have bettered that easily if she'd been urged the least bit. Incidentally, she is a half sister of Gallant Romeo, who won the Vosburgh Handicap for Mr. Brown on Veterans' Day. Pepperwood apparently didn't choose to run until the last quarter, and then she came up to be fifth.

SO many stables have gone to Florida (they're already off and running at Tropical Park, a week earlier than last year) or to New Orleans (for the traditional Thanksgiving Day opening at the Fair Grounds) or to Santa Anita (where racing begins the day after Christmas), and so many other establishments, among them George Widener's and Greentree, have retired to winter quarters, that the racing at Aqueduct is going to be pretty dull from now on until the meeting ends, on December 10th. For the most part, it will be a procession of claiming events for mediocre runners, but I don't sup-



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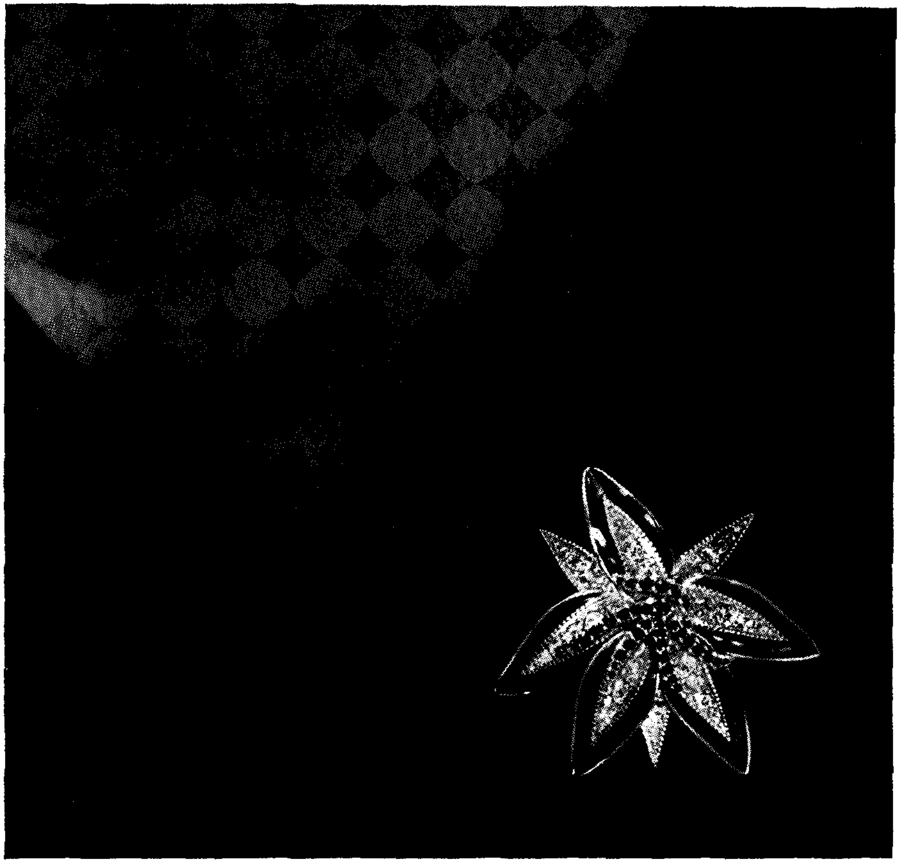

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pose that will matter very much to the cash customers who try to guess the antics that pass for form. People don't bet on horses nowadays—they bet on the numbers on the program, or on jockeys, or, sometimes, on trainers. Still, there will be a fifty-thousand-dollar purse for stayers—the Gallant Fox Handicap, at a mile and five furlongs—this weekend that may be interesting. And even though none of the leading two-year-olds are in the Remsen Stakes, at a mile, on the last day of the month, it, too, may be worth seeing.

SPEAKING of Tropical Park, it has just put in a new synthetic track inside the regular dirt course it has had since it opened, thirty-five years ago. The new surface is similar to that at several trotting tracks. As a matter of fact, it was put down so that Tropical could have trots at night, but there has been a legislative hassle about that. Meanwhile, one flat race will be run over it every afternoon. If the test is successful—that is, if horsemen like the racing strip—the next thing you know there will be year-round racing hereabouts, for the synthetic surface is not affected by rain or frost. Indeed, Maryland has year-round racing already. Laurel, now in operation, continues through January 2nd, and Bowie starts up the next day with a meeting that ends on March 4th. After that comes Pimlico, followed by the half-milers. Round and round we go.

PROGRESS REPORT ON BELMONT PARK: The construction company building the grandstand has a new crawler crane, which can handle one hundred and fifty-six tons.

AND there was a well-known rider, who shall be nameless, who won by lengths on a maiden at Aqueduct the other afternoon that paid a fancy price in the mutuels. As he unsaddled to weigh in, he said to the trainer, "Why didn't you *tell* me this thing could run?" —AUDAX MINOR

•

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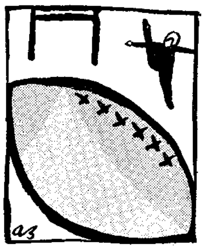
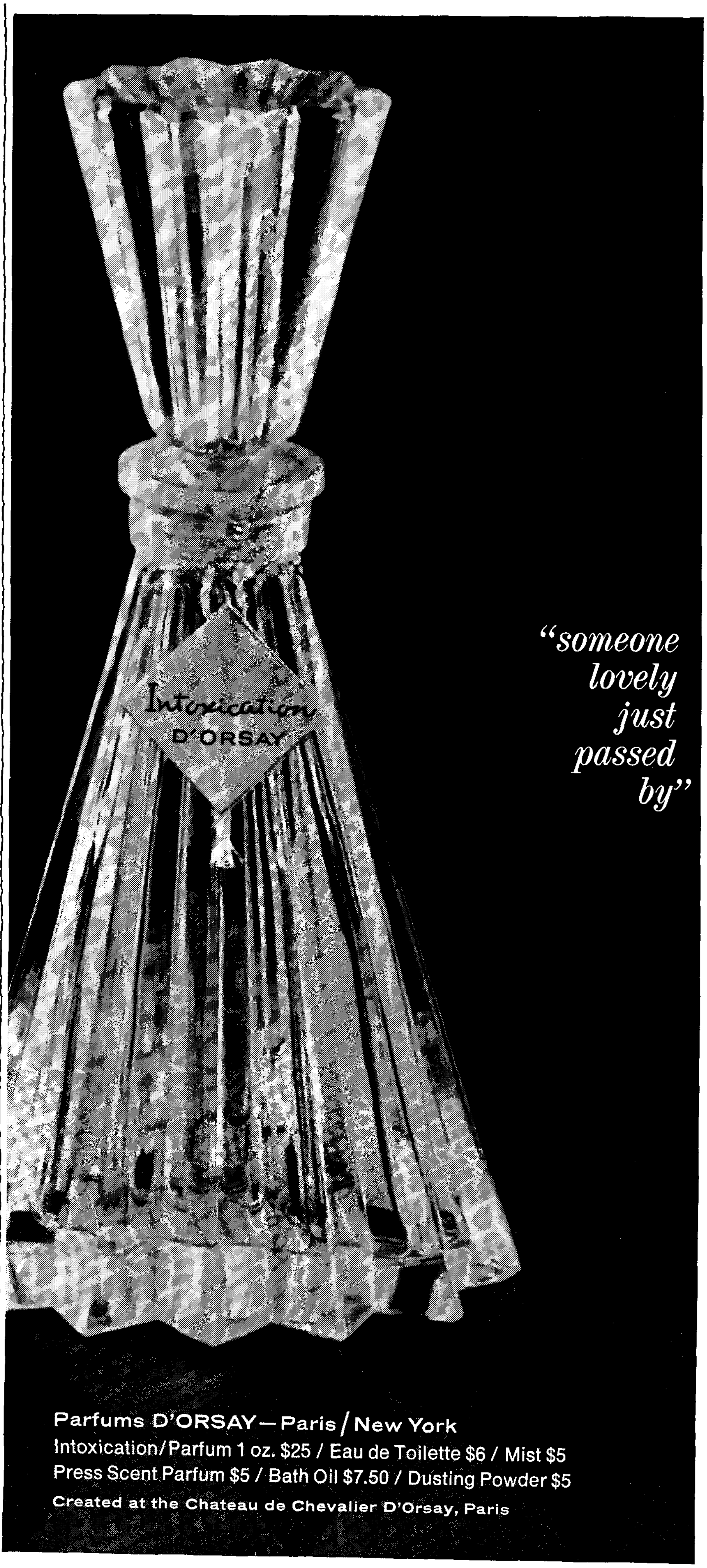
FOOTBALL

The Market Is Up



"POOR but honest"—that was the way my retired professional friend Crowe Magnon, who has appeared in a couple of tough leagues, talked about Ivy League football in particular until this fall; then, cocking an eye at some of the merry-go-rounds staged by such as Dartmouth, Harvard, and Princeton over the past two months, he relented enough to concede that the Ivy League race, in which these three squads came neck and neck up to the day of judgment, last weekend, could only with difficulty have been improved upon. Crowe Magnon's cocking of eye has to do with the persuading of what he and his companions in the trade of player-stalking consider professional timber to come on over to their side. The league in question is not, I point out to him, a good supply depot to raid; most of its performers lack both the beef and the will to go professional. He then cites the Brothers Gogolak, and Chuck Mercein, and Gary Wood, who have come on over, and with success. This fall, the Ivy League player he perused with the largest interest was an end who rarely appeared on the field, and who, when he did, dropped nearly as many passes as he caught. What was there about him? "I like his hands, and I like the way he cuts" was all Crowe Magnon had to say. C.M., in his playing years, was bought and sold a dozen times, always because someone was short of backs who could go up the middle for six so often that they could frighten the opposition into redistributing its linebackers in a pattern that left the defense wide open to down-the-alley jump passes. So spending nine Saturdays studying teams that, in good health or bad, had to make do with the players in hand was an experience, and the unrolling of the aged plot that pits Man against Inexorable Doom had found a new and fascinated audience. When Arne Jensen, the most capable lugger of footballs on the squad fielded by Columbia (still, though so many people seem not to know it anymore, the local representative of the Ivy League), decided in midseason that he was going to spend all his time leafing through textbooks instead of leafing through enemy lines, C.M. observed with amazement the patchwork that was effected to fill the gap, and he



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was amazed again when, after Columbia's quarterbacking had fallen into innocuous desuetude, a truly verdant young man named Domres was propelled, a year ahead of time, into the job. Thus it was that C.M. became unprofessionally partisan enough to yelp when Columbia got up sufficient team spirit to break its long string of losses by putting down Pennsylvania one Saturday. "Me, I'd have asked to be traded to another club long before that," he said after it was all over.

I GUESS I don't altogether approve of Crowe Magnon's calling (I like football the way it was in the beginning), but it's like prospecting for natural gas—someone has to keep finding new sources of supply for the big professional leagues, which go on getting bigger and bigger and filling up more and more Yankee and Shea Stadiums. The eyes of C.M. and his friends even examine things like the Continental League, a fly-by-day, play-by-night organization that includes on its roster the Brooklyn Dodgers. A while ago, when the Giants were running out of quarterbacks, they lifted Tom Kennedy out of the Dodgers for twenty thousand dollars. The Dodgers are where the Jets were in their Polo Grounds term—coltish, amateur, unpatronized. I saw them play Philadelphia, though not very well, to a minute Saturday-night audience, and Montreal (this is an international league, all right, with both Montreal and Toronto) to the same sort of house. Lately, they asked the league's permission to abandon Randall's Island Stadium (what was a team named Brooklyn doing on Randall's Island, anyway?) and play their last home game on the road. I had meant to go up to Connecticut the night they played the Hartford Charter Oaks, mostly because I liked the name. And, just because I didn't go, the Dodgers broke training and beat the Oaks, 20–6. (I have never seen the Dodgers win anything, and no one has seen them win very much.) It doesn't matter now, for Brooklyn's season ended last Saturday, but maybe, after the Giants' quarterbacks regain their equilibrium, Kennedy will be sold back to them. After all, Andy Robustelli, who runs the Dodgers, is an old Giant hand, so the transfer of Kennedy could be considered to be in the family. But unless the Crowe Magnons can find new men for the Dodgers, the process of cannibalization of which Kennedy was the first sample might as well go on. The kind of football the Dodgers played this fall wasn't even Ivy League at its most (in the blessed sense) amateur. —J. W. L.

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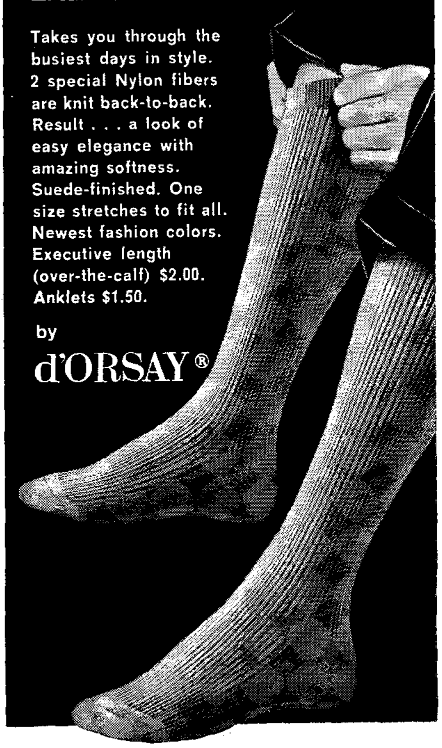

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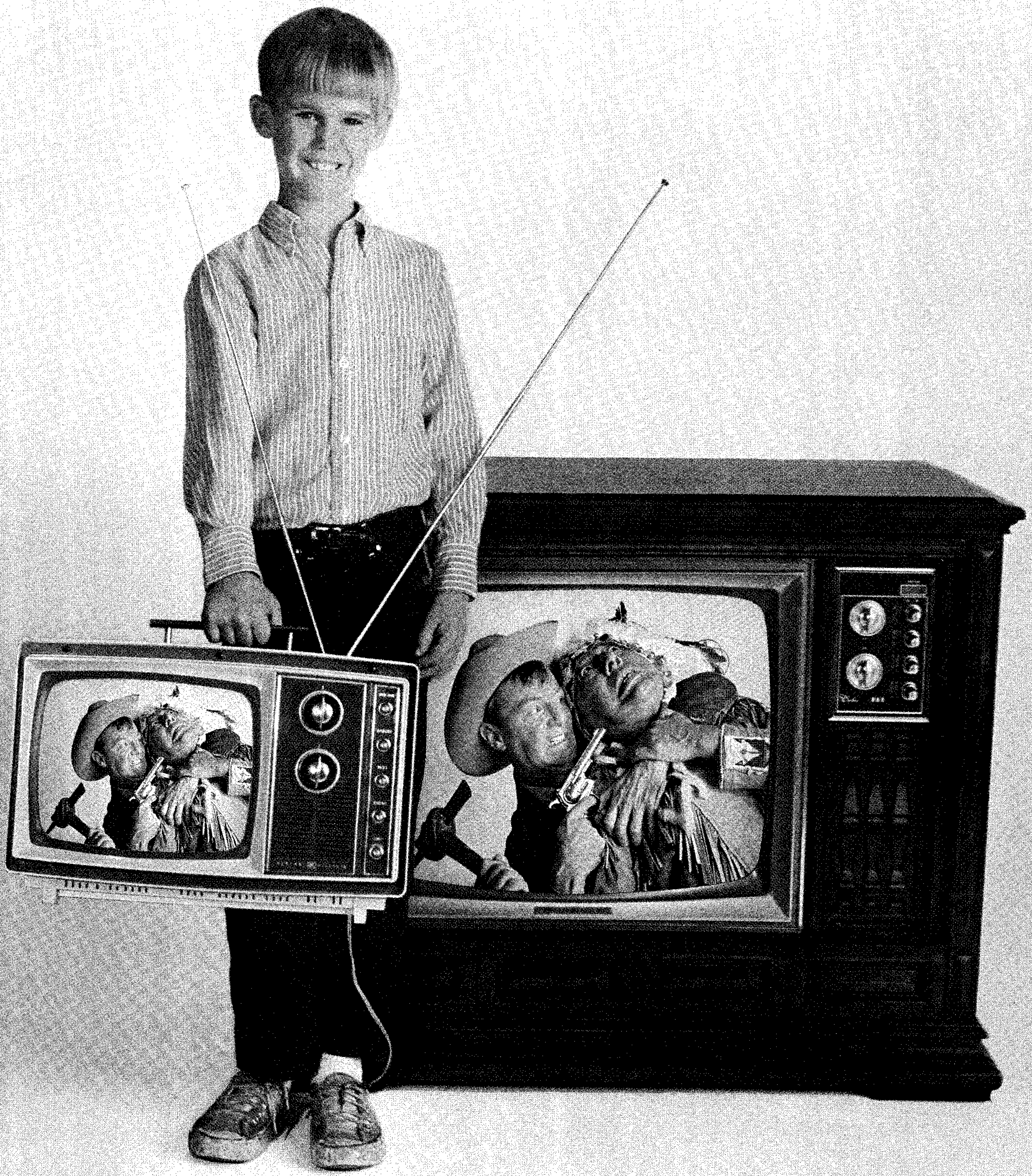

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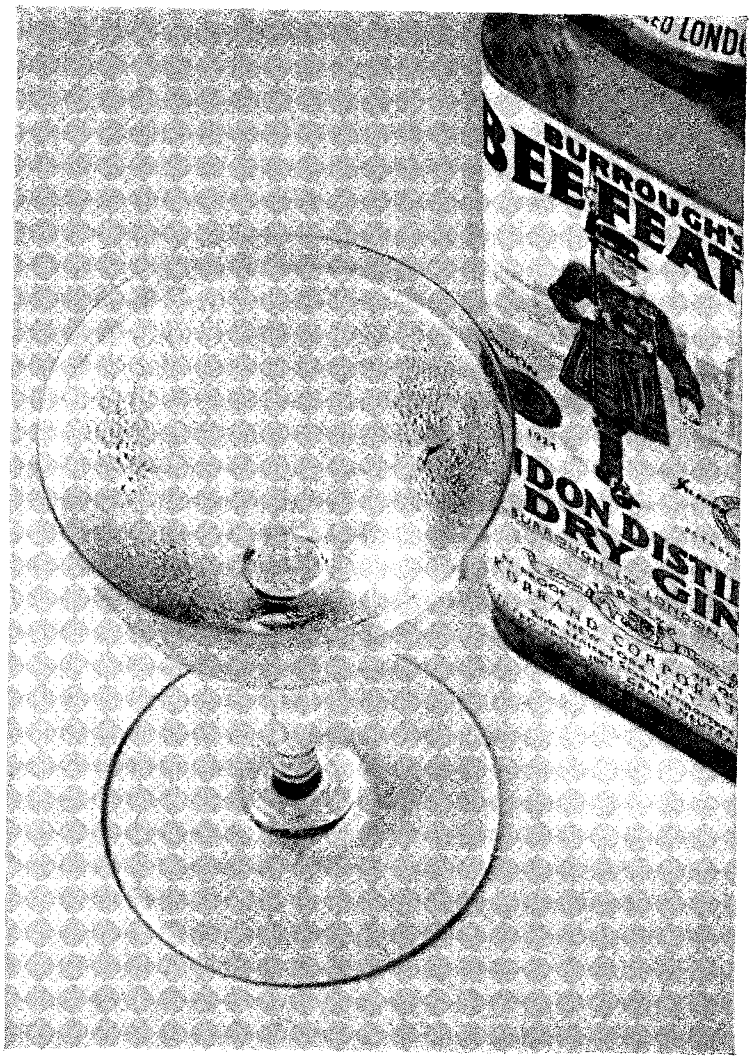
How the martini got its first name



People have kept calling for one gin by name. As a matter of taste. In the martini, nothing else really matters. Just that identifiable taste. It was created by the Burrough family in London, long before the martini was invented. They still taste each day's distillation. Still number and keep a record of each bottle. To make sure martini men get the excellence they call for in the Beefeater martini.

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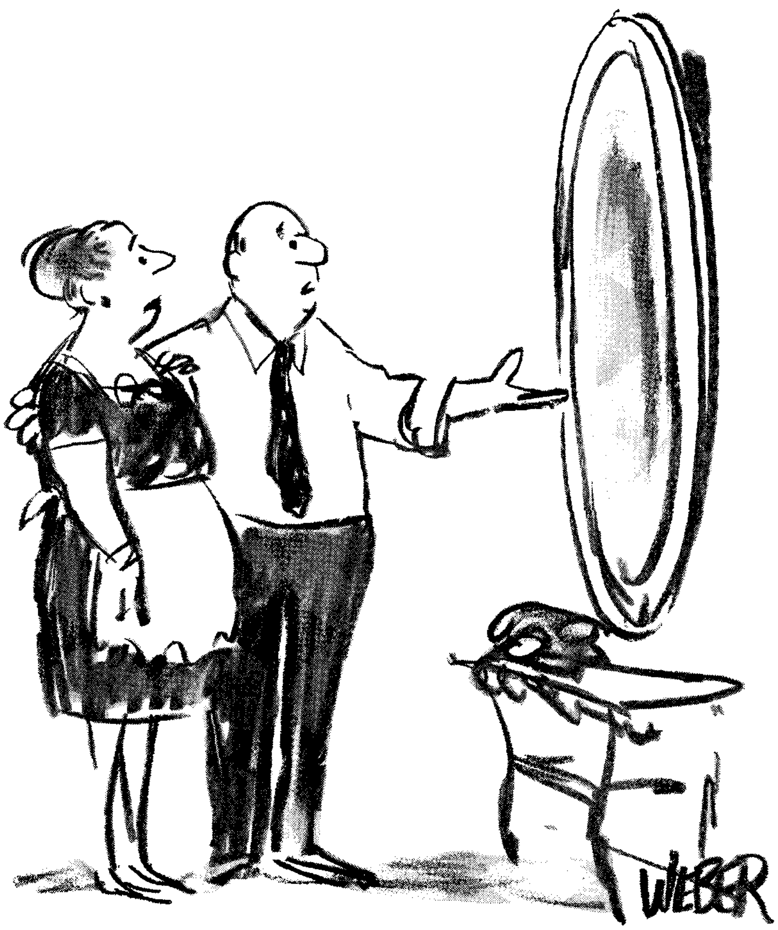
A REPORTER AT LARGE

A CHANTING IN JAPAN

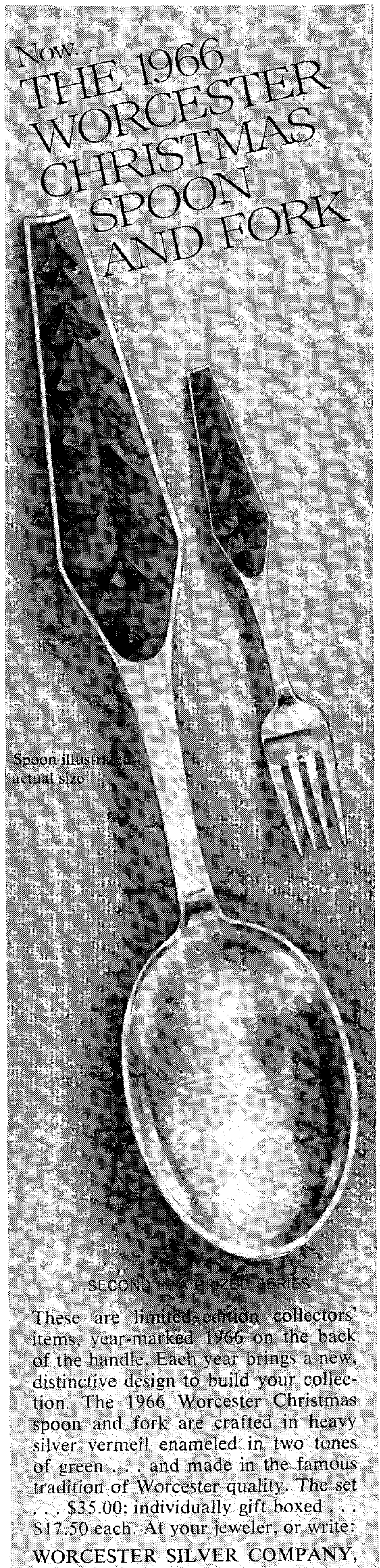
AMONG the scores of new religions that have sprung up in Japan since the end of the Second World War, by far the most potent is that represented by what is, on the whole, a quite worldly organization called Soka Gakkai, or the Value-Creating Society. An uninitiated American thrust into the midst of one of the more rambunctious Soka Gakkai gatherings might find the atmosphere no more redolent of ecclesiasticism than a roller derby back home. Among the Japanese, though, Soka Gakkai is taken very seriously, both as a religion and as a socio-political force. Though hard to fathom, it is at the same time a phenomenon that yields significant reflections of the total Japanese scene as it has developed, with its own chaotic logic, over the past twenty years. Members of older sects have described Soka Gakkai to me as an exceptionally narrow and intolerant, but nonetheless legitimately based, interpretation of Buddhism. Other people have seen in it home-grown elements of Couéism, Poujadism, Billy Grahamism, one-worldism, pacifism, militarism, the brass-band boosterism of an American service club, pan-Asianism, racialism, Buchmanism, theocratism, Fascism, Marxism, and a broad streak of capitalist materialism. That is quite a combination, even for Japan, where the tolerance for contradiction runs high. But during the two decades since Soka Gakkai's birth (strictly speaking, its rebirth, for it had insignificant beginnings before the war) the movement has attracted—according to the claims of its leaders—about fifteen million adherents, or one out of every seven Japanese. It is almost certainly the fastest-growing religious body in the world.

Over-all figures on religious affiliation are not always meaningful, especially in the Orient. There are said to be sixty-five million Buddhists in Japan, belonging to a dozen sects, but Buddhism is generally regarded as a quiescent, if not moribund, element in Japanese life. One startling difference between Soka Gakkai—technically, the lay arm of what was until recently a minor Buddhist sect—and most other Japanese religious organizations is that it can translate its membership figures (which less partisan observers estimate at from eight to ten million) into awesomely effective action. Tightly disciplined masses of enthusiasts can be and often are turned out for mammoth sports festivals, political rallies, and cultural events as well as for purely religious gatherings. In a fund-raising drive for, among other things, the construction of a huge new cathedral-like Grand Reception Hall on the grounds of its spiritual headquarters in Taisekiji, at the foot of Mount Fuji, Soka Gakkai several years ago conducted a four-day campaign among the faithful, the great majority of whom are in the lower income brackets, which are still very low indeed in Japan. The brief effort produced nine million dollars, and was followed up last year by another four-day campaign—principally to finance an even larger temple at Taisekiji—which reportedly brought in a hundred million dollars.

Perhaps most significantly, since entering politics modestly on the purely local level eleven years ago the movement has run up an almost perfect track record, winning all but a handful of the more than eleven hundred races in which it has entered candidates, and it now stands in a fair way to determine the balance of power on the national level, as it already does in Japan's principal prefecture, the vast metropolis of Tokyo. Soka Gakkai's political appendage, which is known as Komeito, or the Clean Government Party, is already the third-largest of five blocs in the House of Councillors, the upper chamber of Japan's Diet. (The conservative-minded Liberal-Democratic Party and the Marxist-oriented Socialist Party are the largest and second-largest, and they both proceed very warily, as does the Japanese press, in all dealings with Soka Gakkai, whose position on any given issue fluctuates unnervingly between left and right.) Soka Gakkai has yet to be tested in a general election for seats in the Diet's House of Representatives, which is analogous to the British House of Commons in importance. However, that test is to take place very soon. Should Komeito candidates display their customary winning form—and there is little reason to doubt that they will—Soka Gakkai will indisputably constitute Japan's political third force and, as the movement's leaders see it, be well on the way toward the establishment of what they call "a Buddhist democracy." They confidently expect that Soka Gakkai will then sweep on to convert the rest of the



"I married you because you were gorgeous. Now look at you!"



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world. Be that as it may, there is no gainsaying the Soka Gakkai claim that it is a movement unprecedented in Japanese history.

MY own involvement with Soka Gakkai began almost immediately after my family and I arrived in Tokyo a couple of years ago, though I did not become aware of the fact until quite a while later. By prearrangement, we had moved into the home of a middle-aged Japanese widow. Our ménage included a live-in maid, whom we shared with the lady of the house, and whose domestic skills were varied and prodigious, though she could not speak English. I could get by well enough with the Japanese that I had acquired in the Army during the Second World War, but initially my wife knew only a few phrases in the language. We therefore advertised in a newspaper for an English-speaking day maid, principally to help with our two preschool children. Nursemaids of any sort being in short supply nowadays in Japan, we were happy to hire one of the first of the few women who showed up.

It did not take us long to realize that our new employee, whose name was Yoko, had some exceptional characteristics for a Japanese girl, the most striking of them being a self-confidence not conspicuously warranted by her talents. Indeed, in her single job interview with us she displayed such assurance that we failed to realize she actually knew little more English than the live-in maid did. Though not a looker (she had a pleasant but plain face, round and rather peasanty), Yoko comported herself as though she were. Her manner with men was untraditionally open, and she often showed up for work dressed to the nines, at least by the standards of Japanese domestics, and always in Western outfits, sometimes including white gloves, that seemed dangerously impractical in dealing with children who had a yardful of dirt at their disposal. None of these traits constituted a hanging offense as far as we were concerned. She was good-natured and patient with the children, and, besides, we were sure that more satisfactory help would be hard to come by. But a much more censorious reaction to our nursemaid came, we noticed, from certain of the Japanese with whom she had contact. The live-in maid, otherwise the soul of sweet-tempered restraint, could scarcely hide her disapproval of Yoko. This attitude could be traced partly to the fact that the live-in maid came from the island of Kyushu, in the south, while Yoko came from the Tohoku, the

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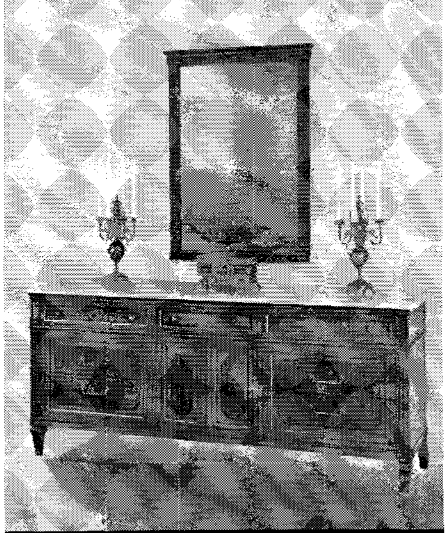

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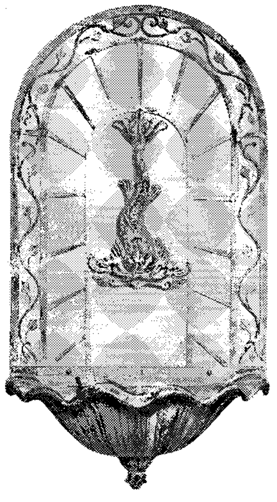

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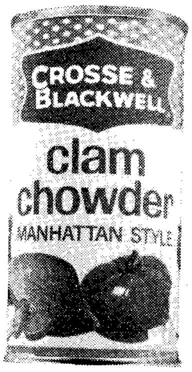

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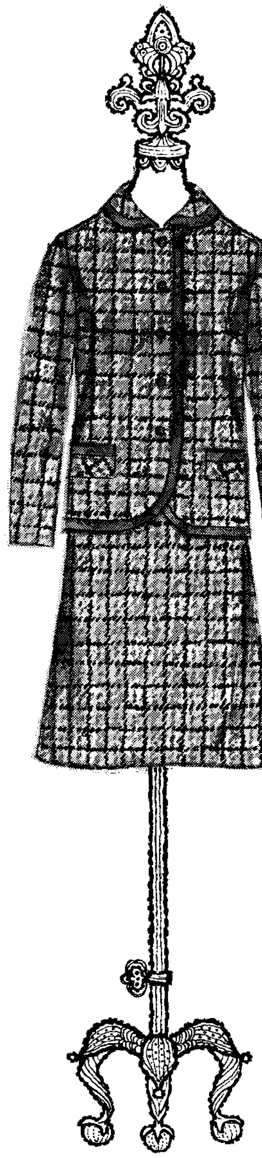

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northern part of the main island of Honshu. Life is harsher in the Tohoku, with its unyielding mountain soil and its Siberian winters, than it is in most parts of Japan, and the people there tend to be rough and unrefined. At least, that's what Japanese who live south of the Tohoku claim, and it is true that the Tohoku accent often strikes the ear as crude and harsh. Furthermore, although the two women were of the same generation and came from the same sort of subsistence-level rural background, the nursemaid had been on her own in Tokyo for quite a few years, while the housemaid's career had been that of a faithful retainer in one family. She had been a rare find in a time of increasing labor shortage. Recruited directly from her home town (after a careful check of her family history and her own character, according to the classic but nowadays not so fruitful native custom), she had, in effect, become a hard-working member of the family, moving in with different branches around the country as her services were needed. She knew little of the outside world, even in Tokyo, beyond what she saw on television, which she had disciplined herself to watch sparingly, and on her one afternoon off a week she attended a lengthy course in the tea ceremony, always wearing a kimono for the occasion. For household duties, she wore plain work outfits, and when she went out shopping in the neighborhood she usually slipped over them the standard domestic's half-sleeved white smock, tied in the back. The live-in maid was clearly a woman of the old school, and it was not surprising that she should resent Yoko's free-and-easy ways. I should add that Yoko bore with admirable equanimity the palpable antagonism that she aroused. She remained surprisingly friendly toward the live-in maid, with scant encouragement, though she was not above sloughing off her share of the work unless we were on the alert. In short, for a Japanese girl with no apparent occupational prospects in other directions, Yoko had a remarkably offhand attitude toward domestic work, as if it were an inconvenient way station on the path to some loftier goal in life.

As I say, none of this bothered us particularly. My wife soon compensated for Yoko's deficiency in English by becoming impressively adept at kitchen Japanese, and, in fact, we had only one complaint about the girl that came close to being serious. She had a tendency to take days off with little prior notice—

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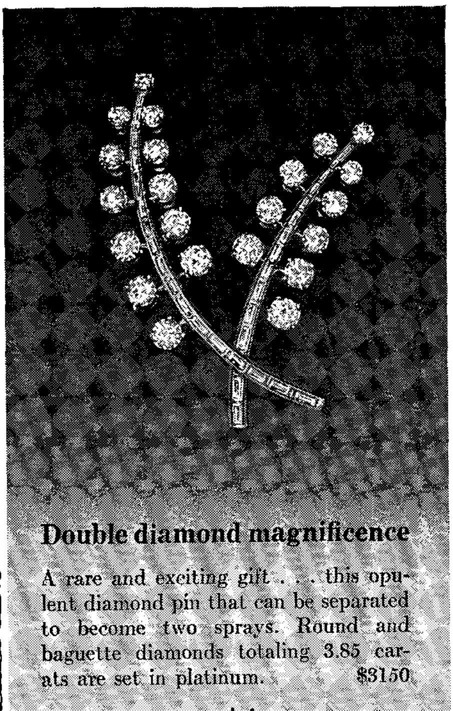

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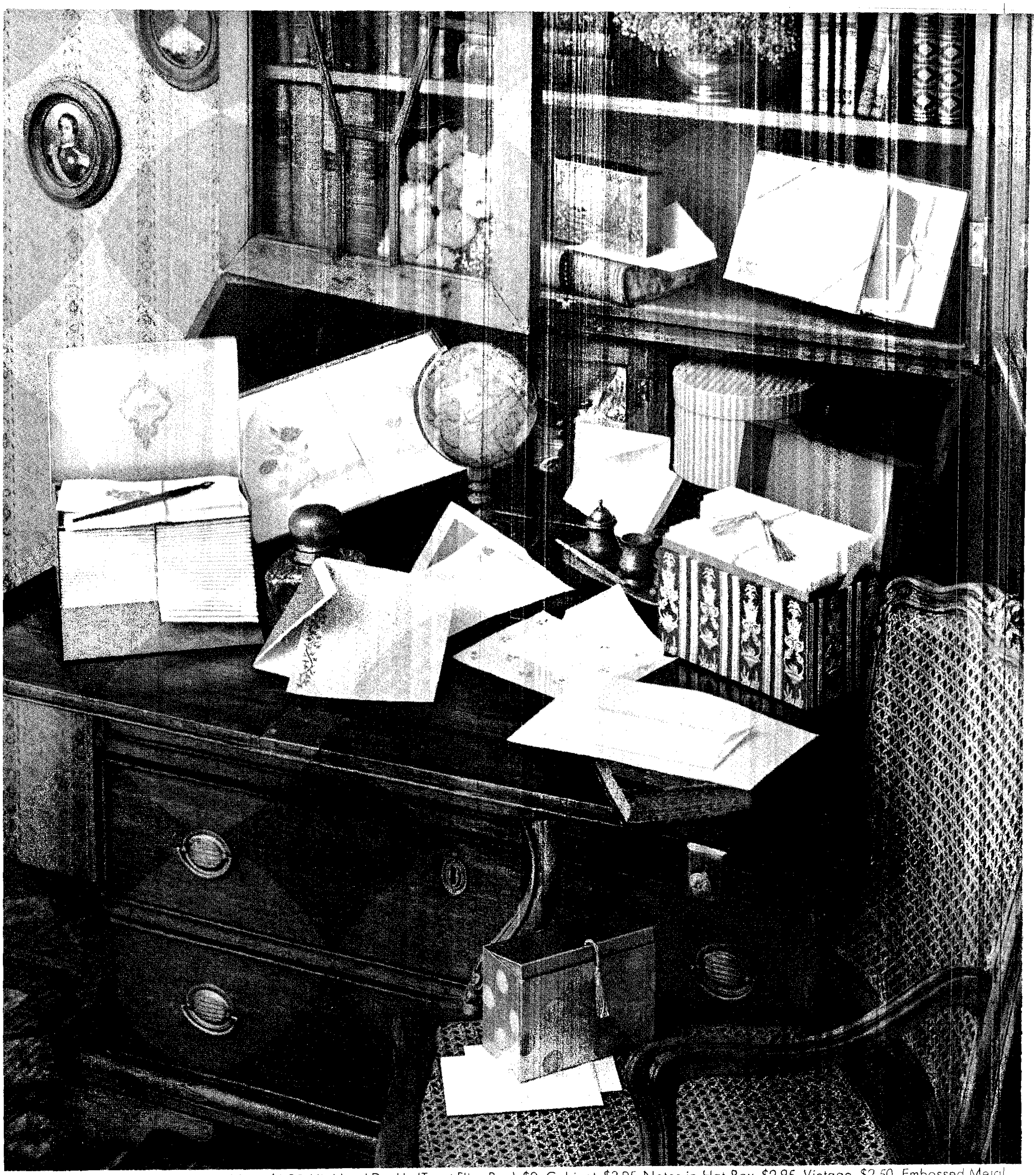

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Fine Letter Papers

Eaton Paper Corporation, Pittsfield, Massachusetts not often, but frequently enough to nettle my wife and upset family plans. The girl's usual excuse for such an absence was that she had to take a *tesuto*, or examination, in some sort of course that was very important to her. However, she was never able to explain, either in English or in Japanese, just what her studies were. We asked her repeatedly, making it quite clear that we approved of self-improvement, even if it had to be on our time. But after pondering intensely for several minutes, she would roll her eyes, struggle for words, and finally give up the attempt.

"Are you studying history?" we would ask. "English? Typing? Flower arrangement? Karate?"

"It is just too complicated for somebody like me to explain," she would end up saying, with an apologetic smile, though she once did volunteer that her studies had to do with "living."

Whatever the subject was, she made it clear that time off for the critical examinations was a key condition of her employment. Furthermore, she spent her every free moment around the house cramming for them from some textbooks and periodicals that she always brought to work but would never let us examine. So my wife and I were almost moved to dance jigs of delight, one day about six months after Yoko had entered our service, when she showed up, beaming, with the news that she had passed her final *tesuto*. Even at that auspicious moment, though, she only shrugged when we implored her to tell us what she had passed. We might never have had even a glimmering had I not, a few days later, happened to read a newspaper item about the completion of Soka Gakkai's annual course for new members in what it preëmptively called "Buddhism" but what non-believers regarded as Soka Gakkai-ism.

By then, I had already learned a number of things about the organization—among them that a sizable percentage of its members were housemaids and that it encouraged a worldly self-confidence among the faithful. With an intuitive leap that established me as a veritable Mr. Moto in the eyes of my wife, I suddenly realized that we had been harboring a fledgling member of what some people, members of the foreign colony in particular, thought of as the notorious Soka Gakkai. I reasoned that Yoko may have been not only unable to explain her studies—Soka Gakkai has been the subject of bemused and conflicting interpretations even by scholars in the field—but also unwilling, since Soka

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Gakkai had acquired a rather poor reputation among foreigners living in Japan. Soka Gakkai servants had been known to browbeat the other help in large Western households into conversion, and generally to lord it over the staff. Furthermore, a number of foreigners had complained of Soka Gakkai officials' coming into their homes, pressuring or even threatening backsliders, and resisting demands that they leave.

Viewing our nursemaid with new interest, I began to draw her out on the subject of religion, and she finally, with caution, confirmed that she was indeed a Soka Gakkai member, having become one when her parents, who were still living in the north, had signed the whole family up a few years before. (Household religious conversions are traditional in Japan. In fact, Soka Gakkai officials usually number its adherents by households—five and a half million, at their last count.) What made the movement attractive to Yoko, I learned, was not so much doctrine as social life. From what she said, there seemed to be some sort of organized Soka Gakkai diversion for members several nights a week. When Yoko realized that I was seriously trying to find out what I could about Soka Gakkai, she became not only more communicative on the subject but also more helpful around the house. She even volunteered to work extra hours on occasion. And one day when my picture appeared in a Soka Gakkai newspaper—the organization makes a practice of exhaustively photographing any foreign journalist who shows up at their headquarters or one of their functions—her estimate of me soared deliriously. I became, as she said, only half jokingly, an "*erai hito*"—a great man. And yet, in discussing her own connection with the movement, Yoko remained self-conscious, almost as if she had doubts about it. This attitude, I soon realized, was not at all typical of the movement's converts.

THE Japanese have been notably receptive to new faiths. Among the imports freely admitted have been Buddhism, Confucianism, and Christianity. Not long after Christianity was introduced, with considerable initial success, in the sixteenth century by Portuguese Jesuits, the Tokugawa regime stamped it out in a campaign to exclude all things foreign. But after Commodore Matthew Perry arrived with his gunboats in 1853 to end the country's isolation, there were few further threats to religious toleration until the militarists made Shinto

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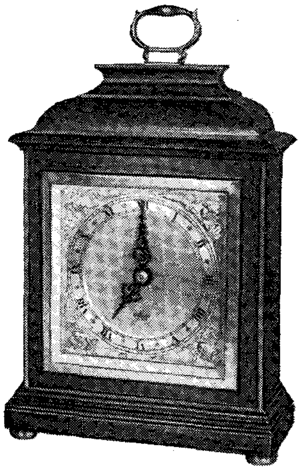

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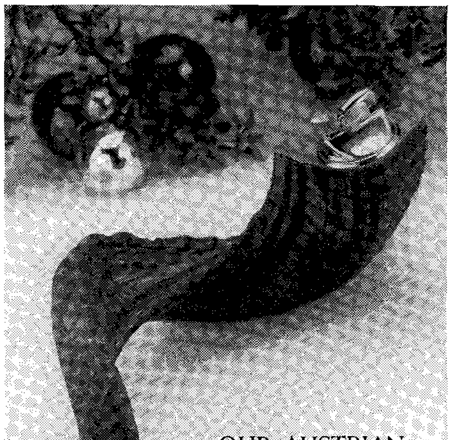

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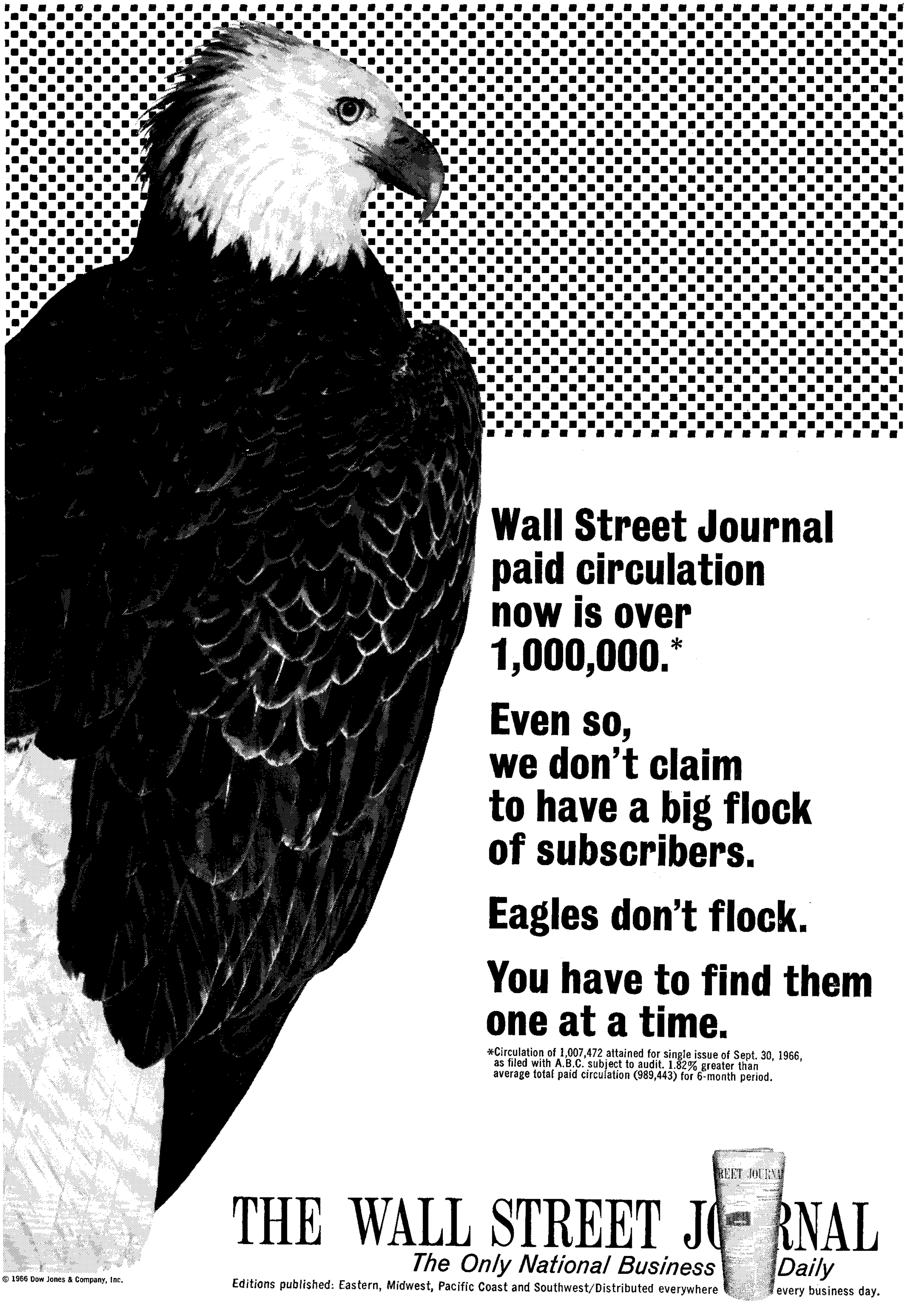

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the state religion in the nineteen-thirties. Shintoism emerged from the war stripped of its official rank, disgraced by its prewar associations, and decapitated by the Emperor's renunciation of his divinity. In that period, the sects of traditional Buddhism also went into decline as a spiritual force. Nor has Christianity made significant gains, despite Japan's remarkable Westernization in recent years. There are eight hundred thousand nominal Christians in Japan, but some of them are also Buddhists or Shintoists, or both, by habit. To a large extent, the Japanese would seem to have become a nation of materialists and skeptics. And yet—perhaps as a symptom of the apocalyptic impact of the war, which has changed so many aspects of Japanese life in unpredictable ways—an astonishing variety of new religious mutations have sprung up in the spiritual wasteland. At the moment, the government officially acknowledges more than a hundred and seventy new religions, with a minimum of eighteen million adherents. Few of them make much pretense at orthodoxy. Most incorporate a mélange of beliefs, though about a third have roots in Shintoism, another third are principally Buddhistic, and two or three are informed mainly by Christian concepts. The rest have frankly miscellaneous origins. One small, flexible sect manages to reconcile symbols of Judaism and Nazism. Soka Gakkai itself is a curious graft of lay enthusiasm and new theories upon an ancient variety of Buddhism.

According to a useful and definitive study by the Reverend Harry Thomsen, a Danish Protestant minister resident in Japan, most of the new religions have certain common characteristics—for one thing, a lively and acquisitive interest in institutional real estate. Soka Gakkai's chief rival, Rissho Kosei Kai, or the Society for the Establishment of Righteousness and Friendly Intercourse—a more typically non-authoritarian Buddhistic group that claims two and a half million members—puts even Soka Gakkai's Grand Reception Hall in Taisekiji in the shade with its new Tokyo Temple, a sprawling, many-turreted, and opulently appointed building, seven stories tall, which is the largest house of worship in all of Asia. A sect popularly known as the Astronomy Religion goes in for observatories; others have built universities and museums as their showpieces; and one that might seem to have a future in the United States, the so-called Golf Religion, has substantially added to the growing number of

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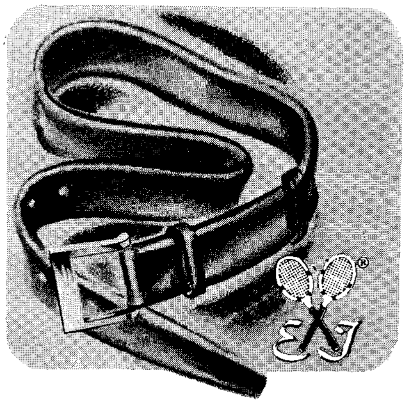

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links and driving ranges in Japan. A good many of the new religions were founded by individuals possessed of unusual charisma. The woman who started the vaguely Shintoistic Tenrikyo sect, which is officially classified as new even though it was established shortly before the beginning of the Meiji Era, in 1868, holds such sway over her followers that they seem to be convinced she is still alive and, presumably, a television fan; there is a TV set in the fully appointed chambers her followers maintain for her in Tenri City, and meals for her are brought there daily. The hardiness of another lively sect, founded before the war but likewise listed among the new religions, derives in large part from the personality of a leader who courted prison—and ultimately got it—by claiming the Imperial throne for himself and by riding around on a white horse in heretical emulation of the then sacred Hirohito. There is one sect founder of such legendary gentleness to man and beast that he has come to be known as Japan's St. Francis of Assisi, and the originator of the so-called Dancing Religion is a hearty, mannish peasant woman of sixty-six who incites her followers to transports of choreomania. Quite a few of the sects emphasize something like group counselling or group therapy. As many as twenty thousand members of Rissho Kosei Kai visit its Tokyo headquarters every day to talk out their problems, which are more often temporal than spiritual, before sizable audiences. One movement espoused faith healing through sex until the police put a stop to their ceremonies, and another, advocating rural utopianism, has set up *kibbutz*-like villages where a primitive Communism is practiced. The group founded by Japan's St. Francis, known formally as the Ittoen Sect, is often referred to as the Water Closet Religion, because of its members' practice of voluntarily performing the humblest tasks, such as cleaning sanitary facilities, for their fellowmen, especially the poor. In general, the new religions are light on dogma, and make do, for the most part, with simplified or fanciful interpretations of older religions. The main point on which the new religions, almost without exception, differ from the established ones, especially Buddhism, is in their optimistic view of life on earth. In fact, it may be that the strongest pull of the new religions lies in their assertion that, one way or another, temporal benefits are bound to accrue to the believer, whatever rewards the afterlife may also bring. Another, perhaps corollary, attraction is

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that the new religions rule out sin as an inherent part of man's nature.

Except for two sharply distinguishing features—its intolerance of other religions and its involvement in politics—Soka Gakkai would be unexceptional in the present religious context. It goes in heavily for real estate. In addition to the Grand Reception Hall and many other imposing structures at Taisekiji, it has a large and handsome headquarters building, expensively situated in a residential section of Tokyo. Hard by is the plant of the Seikyo Press, an important Soka Gakkai holding that publishes newspapers, magazines, and numerous books and pamphlets. Soka Gakkai boasts at least two charismatic figures in its history. One was a thirteenth-century monk named Nichiren, a militant reformer who founded the first distinctively Japanese school of Buddhism—one that bears his name. The other was a tough and effective organizer named Josei Toda, who died in 1958. The link between the two men would appear to be faint as well as distant. Upon Nichiren's death, one of his six disciples, a monk named Nikko, split off from the others to form, at Taisekiji, the second of what eventually became four Nichiren sects. While the Nichiren school has generally flourished in Japan, by the nineteen-thirties Nikko's branch, a particularly unbending one, had all but withered away. Nevertheless, at that inauspicious time it attracted the attention of a Tokyo schoolteacher named Tsunesaburo Makiguchi. Taking up—or moving in on—the sect, which called itself Nichiren Shoshu (meaning the Orthodox Nichiren Religion, though it was not the first), Makiguchi converted Toda, a teaching colleague who had been a Christian. Together they founded a lay branch, Soka Kyoiku Gakkai (the Value-Creating Education Society), as a kind of self-improvement club for other teachers and an outlet for Makiguchi's theories. Among other things, he preached against military service, on the ground that Shinto, whence the Emperor claimed his divine right to wage war, was a heresy. For this inflammatory view, Makiguchi, Toda, and several of their followers were thrown into jail by the militarists who governed Japan. According to Soka Gakkai legend, Makiguchi died in 1944, "in a solitary cell," a martyr to his cause. Soka Kyoiku Gakkai had grown to perhaps three thousand members before the government, in effect, closed down the organization.

Adversity seems to have brought new strength to Toda, a gruff and

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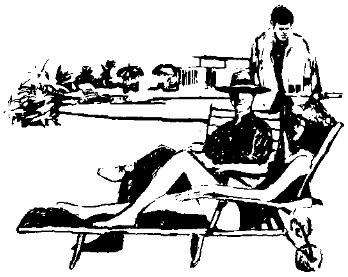

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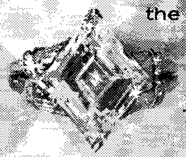

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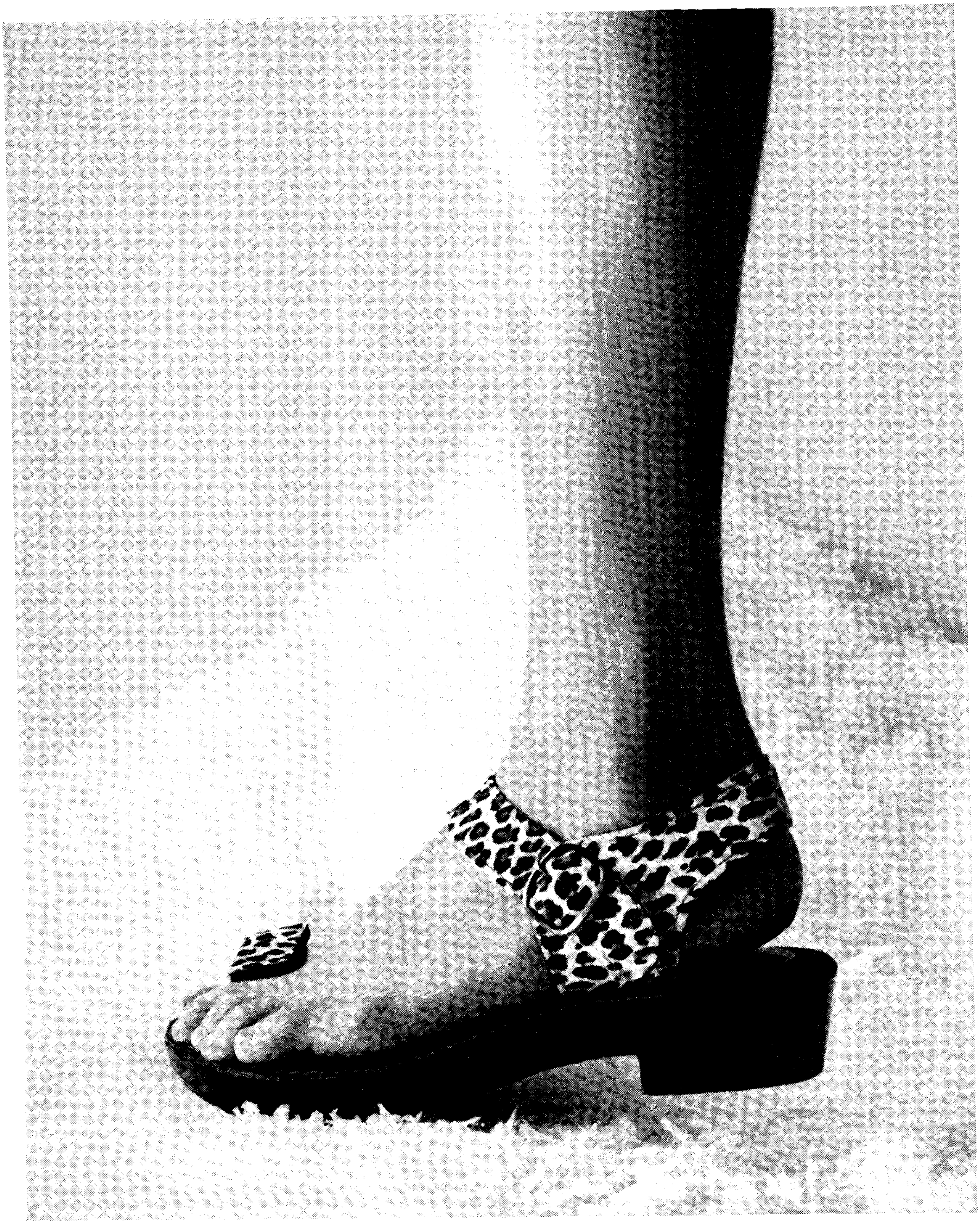

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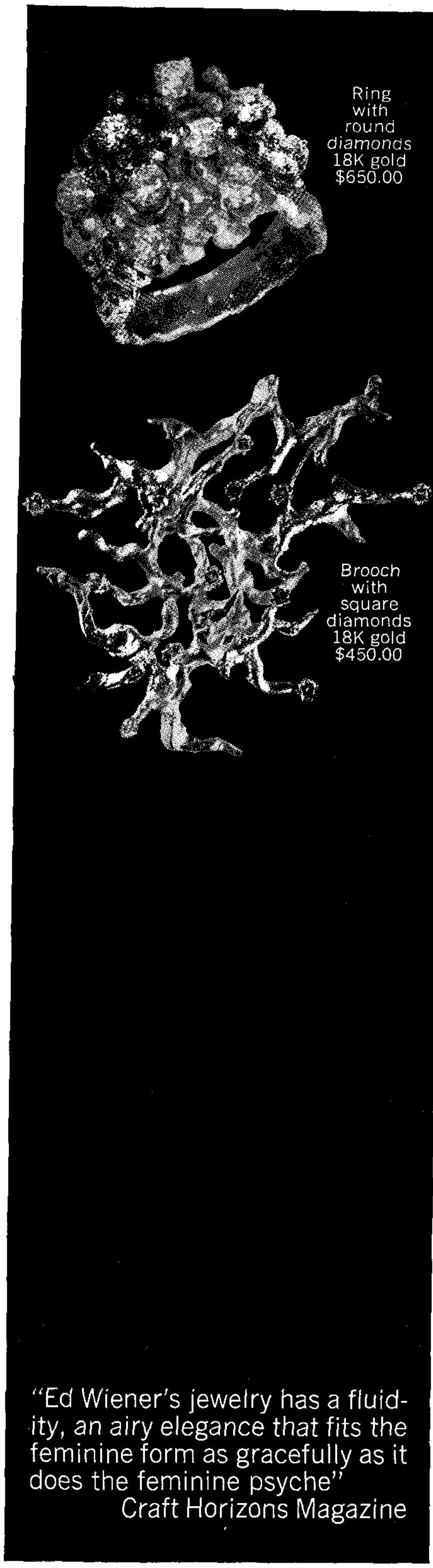

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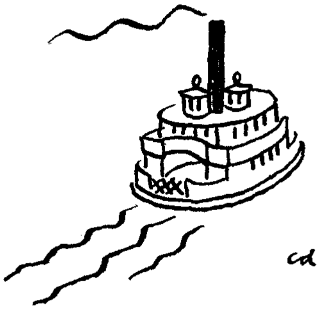
hardy native of Hokkaido, Japan's northernmost island, where life is perhaps even harsher than in the Tohoku. He lasted out the war, and soon revived Makiguchi's branch of the barely breathing Nichiren Shoshu sect. Dropping the "Education" from its title, he launched Soka Gakkai as a general laymen's group. His success as an organizer was phenomenal. In 1951, when it was officially "inaugurated," Soka Gakkai had less than eighteen thousand members. At Toda's death, seven years later, it and Nichiren Shoshu claimed as many as three million adherents. Toda, who established a remarkably far-reaching and aggressive conversion apparatus that has inexorably continued to compound his own successes, apparently brought to his work an unusually forceful personality, one that combined truculence and an earthy—even vulgar—humor with a seemingly inexhaustible reserve of burly optimism.

While optimism is anything but typical of Buddhism in general, some of the positive thinking that has found its way into Soka Gakkai may be traced back to Nichiren. Though appalled at the conditions that obtained in the thirteenth century, a particularly dark time even for chronically woe-ridden Japan, he believed in the reformability of man and society. However, the chief inspiration for Soka Gakkai's current doctrinal outlook appears to have come from Makiguchi. Indeed, about the only dogma that Soka Gakkai has contributed to the body of Nichiren Shoshu theology is Makiguchi's Theory of Value. If I may risk putting this somewhat involved concept in a nutshell, Makiguchi held that life's paramount goal is happiness, resulting in value, and that the substance of value is beauty, goodness, and gain (as against the anti-values of ugliness, evil, and loss). "The ultimate purpose in life," according to an official explanation of Soka Gakkai's beliefs, "lies in creating the supreme value in this existence." In practice, Soka Gakkai, which makes all public pronouncements both for itself and for the parent religious sect, places primary emphasis on gain. "We must evaluate everything by whether we gain or lose from it," Makiguchi wrote. Soka Gakkai proselytizers flatly guarantee that life will improve substantially for anyone who joins the movement. The convert's income will increase. He will get a better job or his business will improve. The family will find an apartment or a better house. Widows will find husbands. Dissatisfied wives will find better husbands. If the problem is illness, health will be restored. Success in any endeavor is considered proof of goodness, and a lack of it is considered a failure of faith. "If you die poor or in great agony, you will go to Hell," a Soka Gakkai seer has stated.



This harsh prospect has been softened somewhat by the current president of the organization, a protégé of Toda's named Daisaku Ikeda, who has suggested that, through recourse to intensive and prayerful optimism, one can be both poor *and* happy. "Think of all the money in the bank as being deposited to your account," he has instructed the membership. Ikeda likes to belittle his own background (his father gathered laver, an edible seaweed, in Tokyo Bay for a humble living) and his looks (which are actually quite presentable), and then explain that he counteracts these supposed shortcomings by practicing what he preaches. "I can say that I am the finest youth in Japan and the finest young president," he has said. The themes of optimism and self-assurance are sounded incessantly. "We are princes and princesses," goes one Soka Gakkai slogan, while another, inherited from Nichiren, characterizes the organization as "The Pillar of Japan." All this has proved to hold a great deal of appeal for people who feel themselves to be more or less rootless in the newly democratic and increasingly urban society of Japan.

In the attainment of worldly goals, it is assumed, of course, that a convert will hew faithfully to the practices and rules of the religion, but, considering the payoff, these are hardly oppressive. It would appear that just about all religious obligations can be fulfilled by regularly chanting the exhortation "*Namu myoho renge kyo*"—"Hail to the Scripture of the Lotus of the Good Law." This refers to the so-called Lotus Sutra, a mystical doctrine that was presumably written by Sakyamuni—the Sanskrit name by which Gautama Buddha is known in Japan. Nichiren construed the Lotus Sutra—which predicts just such a dark period (the Latter Day of the Law) as he lived through, followed by a rebirth of faith—as the principal teaching of Sakyamuni. He also saw himself as one of the reincarnations of Sakya-

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muni. Soka Gakkai, like all Buddhist sects, accepts such classic concepts of the faith as reincarnation, satori, nirvana, and the chain of causation, although primary importance seems to be attached to the achievement of physical well-being in this life. The organization's current apologists have carried Nichiren's claim a step further: they believe that he actually superseded Sakyamuni, whose powers had been dissipated by the time of the Latter Day of the Law. "If Sakyamuni, Christ, and Marx should meet Nichiren," Toda once proclaimed, "they would surely bow to him and beg for instruction."

Presumably, communicants study all these matters in courses like the one taken by our nursemaid. However, their chief concern with the Lotus Sutra is to chant its signature exhortation, known as the Daimoku, at least twice a day. They should do this while gazing at a talisman on which the exhortation appears in Chinese characters. The talisman is a replica of a tablet called the Gohonzon, supposedly inscribed by Nichiren himself, that reposes in a sanctuary at Taisekiji. (The sanctuary is also said to contain a miraculous tooth of Nichiren's, the flesh around which has supposedly continued to live for the past seven hundred years.) Replicas of the Gohonzon are enshrined in every Soka Gakkai home and place of worship, and it would appear to be a central article of faith that by merely concentrating on the worship tablet and chanting one will benefit from its powers. "We must live in this hellish world, but we can be happy, through the Gohonzon," Ikeda has stated. Members are expected to chant the Daimoku as often as they can, even in public. I have often seen people chanting the Daimoku into a miniature Gohonzon in the middle of a packed Tokyo subway car.

Rules of conduct for Soka Gakkai members are anything but hair-shirt. There is no set of commandments to be obeyed, and the organization takes a laissez-faire attitude toward sex. That may account for its popularity among Japan's bar hostesses—who, in turn, have been instrumental in converting several thousand American servicemen. When I discussed this aspect of the movement with Ikeda, he said that members are simply expected to "observe the prevailing morality" of Japan, which gives them considerable leeway. On the whole, though, Soka Gakkai members have proved to be orderly, law-abiding, and respectable, not to say self-righteous. Their holier-than-thou attitude annoys a good many non-mem-

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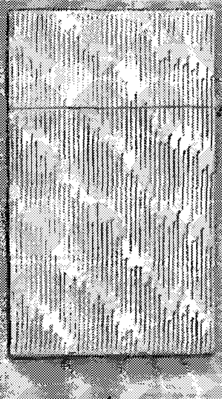
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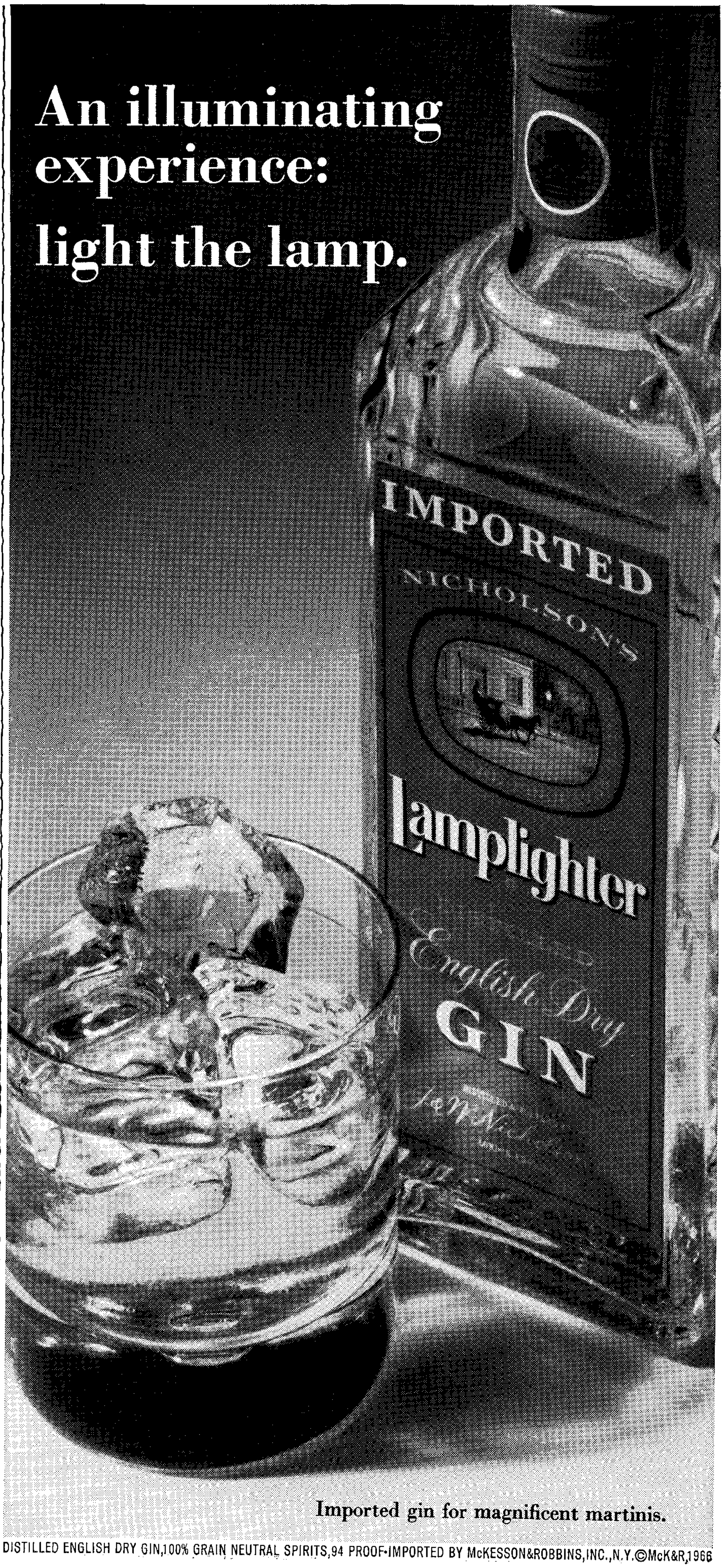
bers, and it is probably not too much to say that where Soka Gakkai most dramatically parts company with other Japanese religions, new and old, is on the issue of tolerance.

The organization's theoreticians, using as a basic rationale Nichiren's scorn for what he regarded (with good reason) as the corrupt and absurdly occult religions of his own day, hold that all other religions, including the other sects of Nichiren Buddhism, are heresies. Its spokesmen make this point emphatically, especially in appraising Soka Gakkai's leading rivals among the new religions. "The relation between Soka Gakkai and Rissho Kosei Kai," a Soka Gakkai eminence has declared, "is as that between Buddha and the Devil." Just about the nicest thing a Soka Gakkai leader has said about the other new religions is that they are "ghosts and Mayflies." The old religions don't come off much better. According to the official Soka Gakkai view of it, traditional Buddhism is "rotten" and "the ruins of religion," existing only to make money, its bonzes nothing but undertakers and gravekeepers. (The bonzes answered Soka Gakkai by refusing to conduct burial rites for its members. This was a serious matter, since the organization has little cemetery space of its own, and it went to court in order to establish the right of its members to be buried anywhere.) One Soka Gakkai aphorism has it that "tolerance is like a woman who wants many husbands," and Ikeda has said he agrees with Marx that religion is the opium of the people, with one notable exception. Soka Gakkai members are enjoined not to visit places of worship other than their own, and their ministers, lay and ecclesiastical, are not allowed to appear at public meetings with other religious leaders.

Contempt for all other religions, which would seem to be a fundamental article of Soka Gakkai faith, is embodied in the practice of *shakubuku*. The word can be translated variously. "Break and subdue" is one possibility. According to the official Soka Gakkai explanation, it means "to show the mistakes of various religions and introduce the basis for world peace." One Soka Gakkai adherent told me that it was akin to "friendly persuasion," but I have heard non-adherents describe *shakubuku* as a means of gaining converts by running down other religions. Soka Gakkai proselytizers, it is said, make it a practice to scare the ignorant into signing up with horrendous tales of what will happen to them if they persist in "false" beliefs, and some organization-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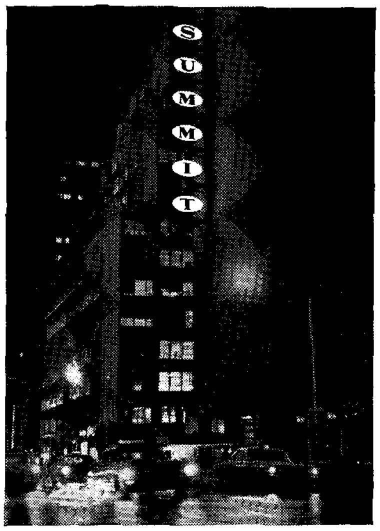

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al tracts I have seen would seem to support the accusation. Foes or ignorers of Soka Gakkai, the tracts predict, will become blind, or at least cross-eyed, and go to Hell. Embracers of heresies and slanderers will suffer pug noses, malocclusion, deformed limbs, leprosy, or asthma, or will have their heads broken in seven places. Soka Gakkai has even blamed Japanese diplomatic difficulties on a lack of respect for the organization in high circles. Ikeda has written that former Prime Minister Kishi's failure to visit Taisekiji was what caused President Eisenhower to cancel his visit to Japan in 1960. (By implication, Kishi's oversight first caused the riots over the signing of a Japanese-American Security Treaty, for, as most people saw it, these provided the specific reason for the cancellation and also forced Kishi to resign.) On occasion, Soka Gakkai pugnacity goes beyond the verbal stage. The movement requires converts to get rid of household altars and other trappings of their previous affiliations, and its proselytizers have been known to go into people's houses and destroy these objects with their own hands.

Lately, perhaps because of poor publicity arising from such zeal, the organization has somewhat muted its antagonism toward rival Japanese religions, taking the line that Soka Gakkai is destined to emerge supreme in any event. "When the sun rises in the heavens, the dirt will disappear," Ikeda has predicted, quoting an old but, for anyone who has awakened to Tokyo's morning smog, debatable Japanese proverb. As for the religions of other nations, Soka Gakkai has become almost friendly toward them since it began an overseas membership drive a few years ago. Converts in foreign lands are not obliged to get rid of their old religious articles, for instance. The Soka Gakkai reasoning in these cases is that other Japanese religions are bad because they have been exposed to the true faith and have refused to accept it, whereas foreign religions are merely ignorant of the teachings of Nichiren as Soka Gakkai interprets them, and so can't be blamed for failing to see the light. By previous Soka Gakkai standards, this practically represents a spirit of ecumenism.

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS characterizes the political as well as the theological side of Soka Gakkai. When Toda launched Soka Gakkai into politics, in 1955, its candidates, choosing with great care the local elections they would enter, persistently campaigned

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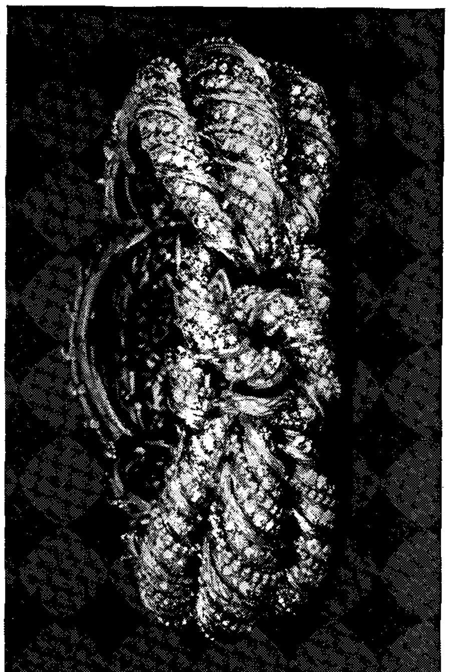

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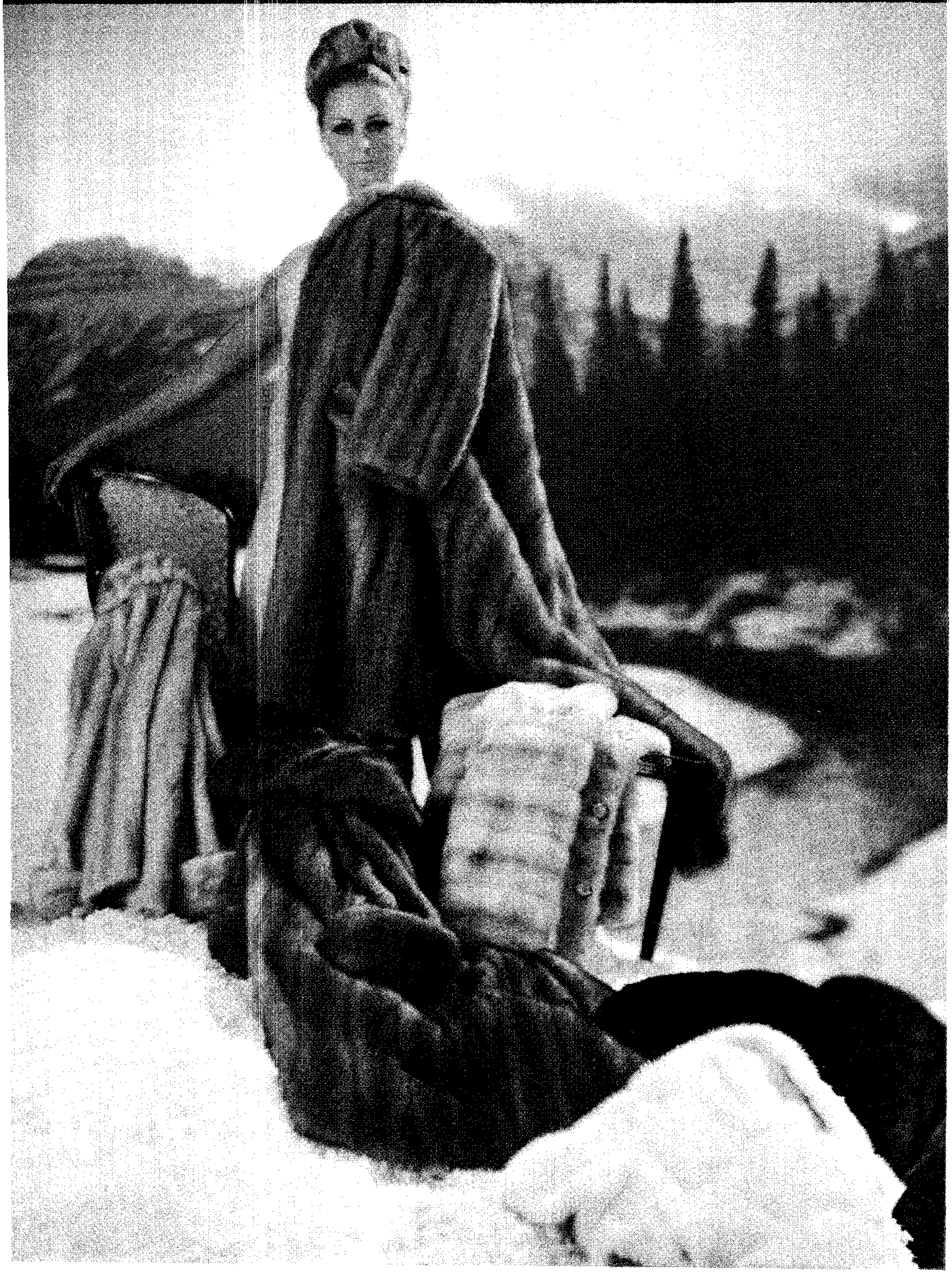

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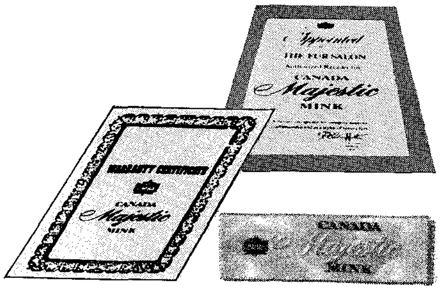

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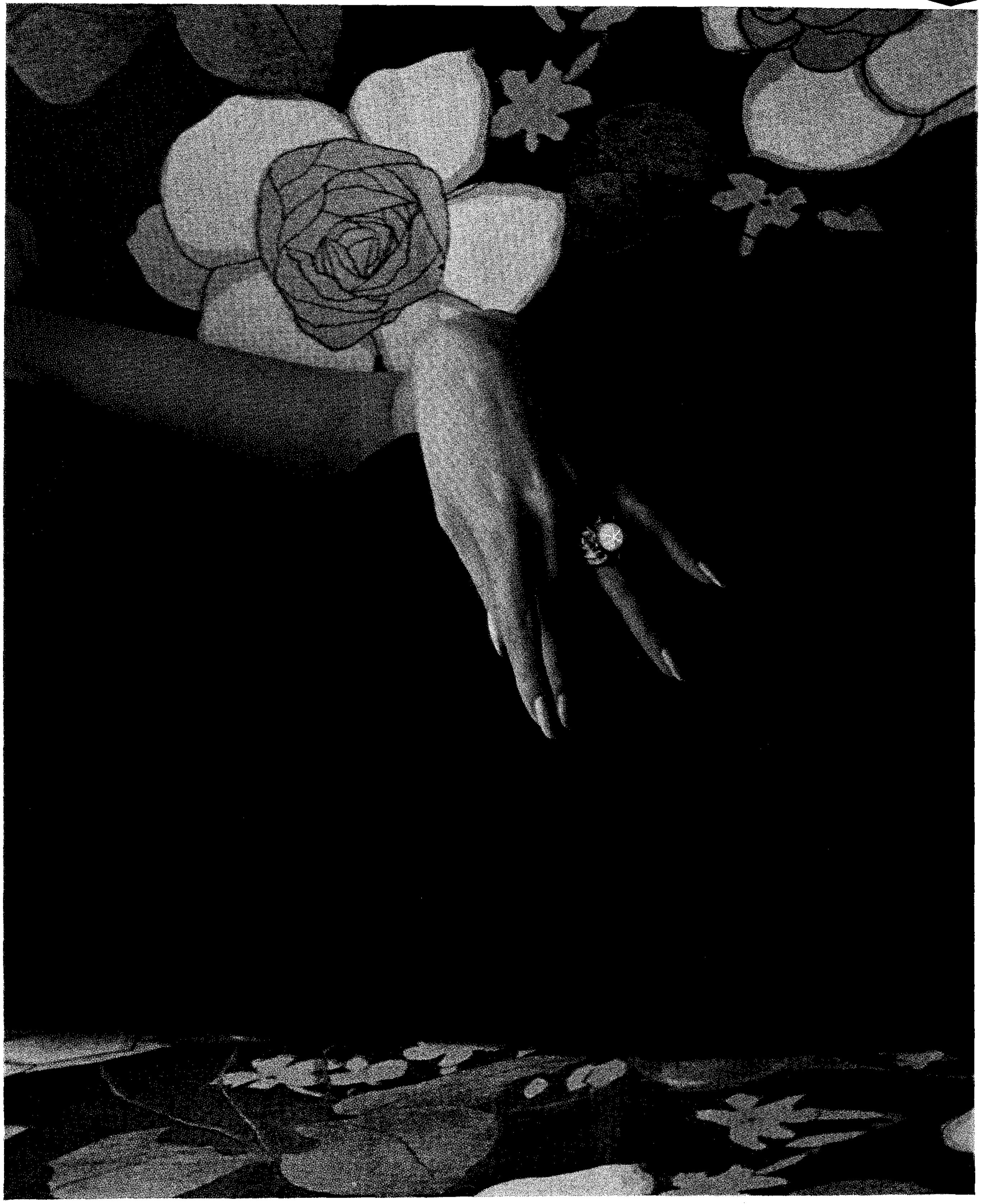

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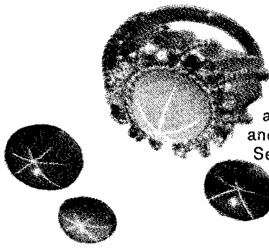

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as reformers who were themselves above the vulgarities of politics and were bent only on exposing and curbing governmental corruption. In 1962, this approach enabled Soka Gakkai candidates to win all of the fifteen seats in the national House of Councillors for which they contested. (They now have twenty.) This modest representation in the upper chamber of the Diet was to function, according to Soka Gakkai leaders, as a kind of conscience for the national legislature, and the same leaders disclaimed any further political ambitions; in fact, they said specifically that they would not put up candidates in a general election for seats in the House of Representatives. Then, some time later, it was announced that thirty-two Soka Gakkai candidates would run for the House of Representatives in the next general election, which is expected to be called early in 1967.

The platform on which Soka Gakkai hopes to become a controlling factor in Japanese politics is nicely calculated to appeal to popular disenchantment with the performance of the older parties during the postwar period. On the left, the Socialists, who drew a surprising amount of support after the establishment of a new democratic constitution, seem—as many Japanese voters see the situation—to have become the victims of tired doctrines and tiresome tactics. At the same time, there has been steadily declining enthusiasm for the Liberal-Democratic Party, an amalgam of conservative factions that has managed to retain control of the government almost continuously for the past twenty years. In the face of factional bickering within the parties and strident charges of graft and general neglect of public needs, the Japanese have assumed an attitude of resignation that is perhaps best summed up by the old expression, usually accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders, "*Shikata ga nai*," or, as we might say, "You can't fight City Hall." As an antidote to political apathy, Soka Gakkai offers an unspotted, if generally untried, reputation, and an outlook that is egalitarian in the extreme. Komeito, or the Clean Government Party, which was set up in 1964 to carry out Soka Gakkai's political plans, calls itself "the party of mass welfare," and it defines "mass" to mean everybody in the country, rich, poor, and middle-income alike. "All parties profess their belief in public welfare," a Komeito official once told me. "But the Liberal-Democrats want it for big enterprises, and the Socialists want it for the un-

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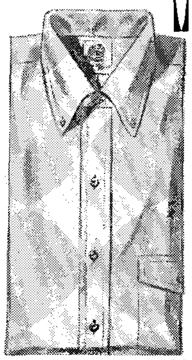
One of the names Soka Gakkai's political movement has adopted is Neo-Socialism, which has been defined as "a Socialist brand of society with capitalist features of human freedom." Ikeda has characterized Neo-Socialism as "awakening people to life through religion and utilizing the good parts of Socialism and dialectical materialism." And, during an interview I had with him, he went on to say, "The old Socialism respects only political organization. The new Socialism studies life itself—society. How about bankers and shopkeepers as well as the working class? Under the new Socialism, no sacrifice would be involved for them." Perhaps not, but, despite their vagueness, Komeito's tax proposals would seem to call for paying the bills in more or less the usual way. Soka Gakkai has been described as being opposed to taxes—something like the Poujadists in France. But, according to at least some party spokesmen and policy statements, it does not advocate the abolition of income taxes on the rich. In fact, it seems to be for higher rates in the upper brackets than those obtaining at present, as well as for increases in corporation and luxury taxes. Furthermore, the Komeito program envisions projects, such as public housing and urban improvement, that not only would take a lot of money but would provide their greatest benefits to people of modest means. Practically speaking, Soka Gakkai's get-it-now approach to the happiness that money can buy would seem to offer more attractions to those who are still hoping to get it than to those who already have it. The organization's membership is said to include half of those categorized as Japan's "subsistence-level" poor. Yet despite the preponderance in Soka Gakkai's ranks of lower-income workers such as laundrymen, unskilled factory hands, milkmen, policemen, waitresses, and housemaids, a recent poll indicated that most of the members expect to raise themselves into the "middle," or "capitalist," class.

In the area of foreign affairs, Soka Gakkai has espoused a policy, whose name can perhaps be best translated as "one-worldism," that would transcend national concerns and limitations, and it wants a strong United Nations. Its diplomatic positions are frequently close to those of the Socialists, except for a pervasive religious undertone. Because of its anti-militarism, it would like to see the modest Japanese Self-Defense Forces reduced to little more than a ty-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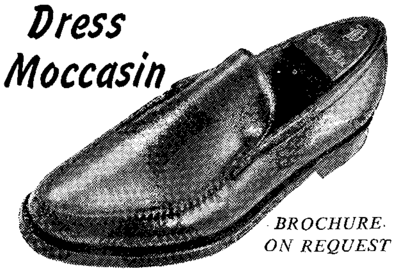
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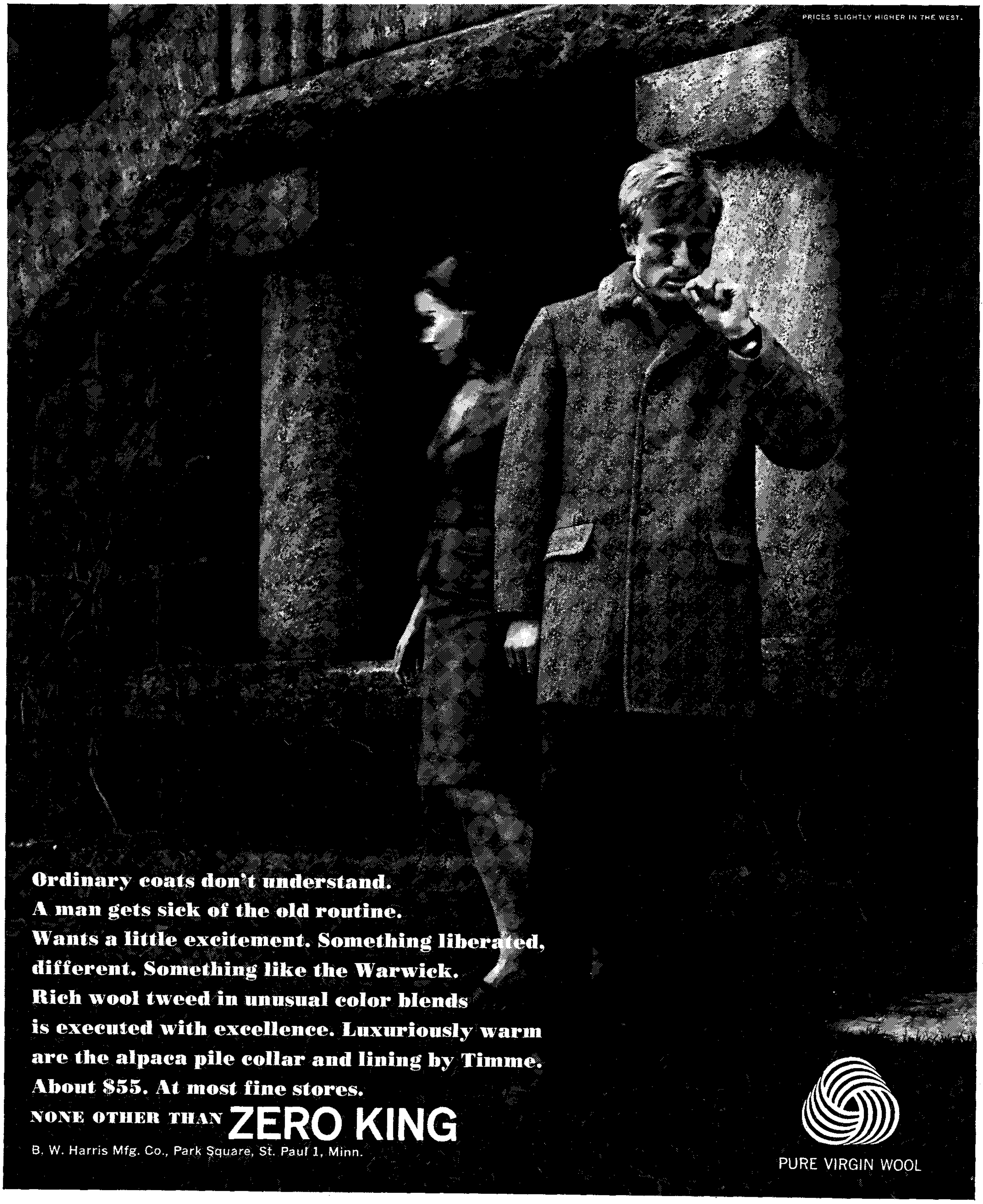

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phoon-emergency unit, and its advocacy of the gradual removal of American bases, along with its demand for the return of Okinawa to Japan, has given the organization a noticeably anti-American cast. Soka Gakkai leaders have said that Japan is too dependent on the United States and that America is too patronizing toward Japan, and toward the Asian nations in general. They want to see closer Japanese ties with other Asian countries, in the form of aid and generous loans, and they have openly expressed their opposition to the government's policy against extending diplomatic recognition to Communist China. Furthermore, they would like the Japanese government to take the initiative in trying to increase trade between the two countries. Soka Gakkai spokesmen contend that both Russia and Communist China have more adroit policies toward Japan than the United States has, and they see no reason Komeito officeholders should not be able to get along well with Communist governments. "China and the Soviet Union will want to go hand in hand with us, because they, too, have had a hard past," Ikeda told me.

So far, Soka Gakkai's politicians have made no formal alliances with the other Japanese parties. They vigorously object to being labelled either leftist or rightist, even though the positions they take can seldom be described as middle-of-the-road. Komeito frequently appears to be closest to the Socialists because of its criticism of Liberal-Democratic corruption, its welfare-state domestic policy, and its generally anti-American stand on foreign affairs. In the Diet, it more often than not votes with the Socialists, and thus with the rest of the parties on the left. Yet in many of their public pronouncements Soka Gakkai leaders seem far cooler toward the left than toward the Liberal-Democrats. Ikeda has called the Socialist leaders "irresponsible," and his face clouds over when he contemplates the prospect—improbable, though by no means impossible—of an eventual Socialist takeover of the government. (The Socialist target date is 1970, when the controversial Security Treaty with the United States comes up for renewal.) Soka Gakkai's relations with the Communists are curious. There is little official contact, and, in fact, a good deal of open hostility between them. *Akahata*, the official newspaper of the Japanese Communist Party, has called Soka Gakkai "a flying squad of the Liberal-Democrats." And yet there are always rumors going around that the organization is actually a clev-

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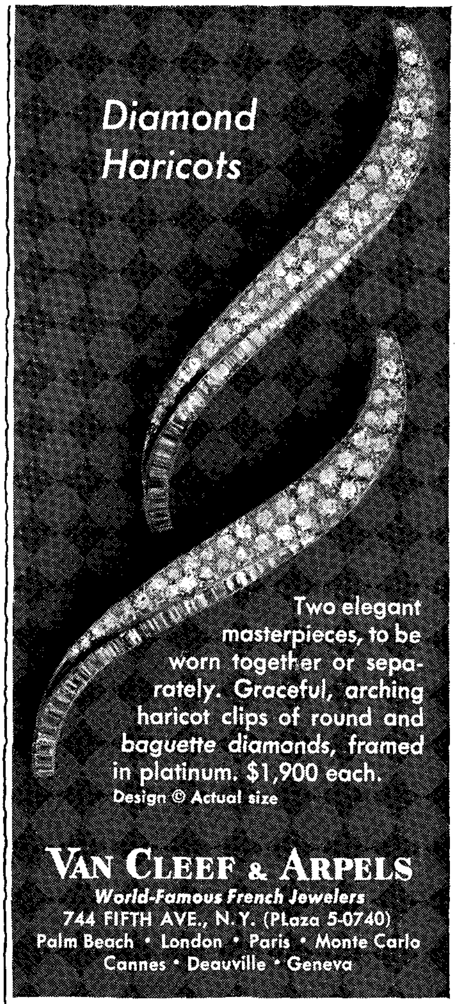
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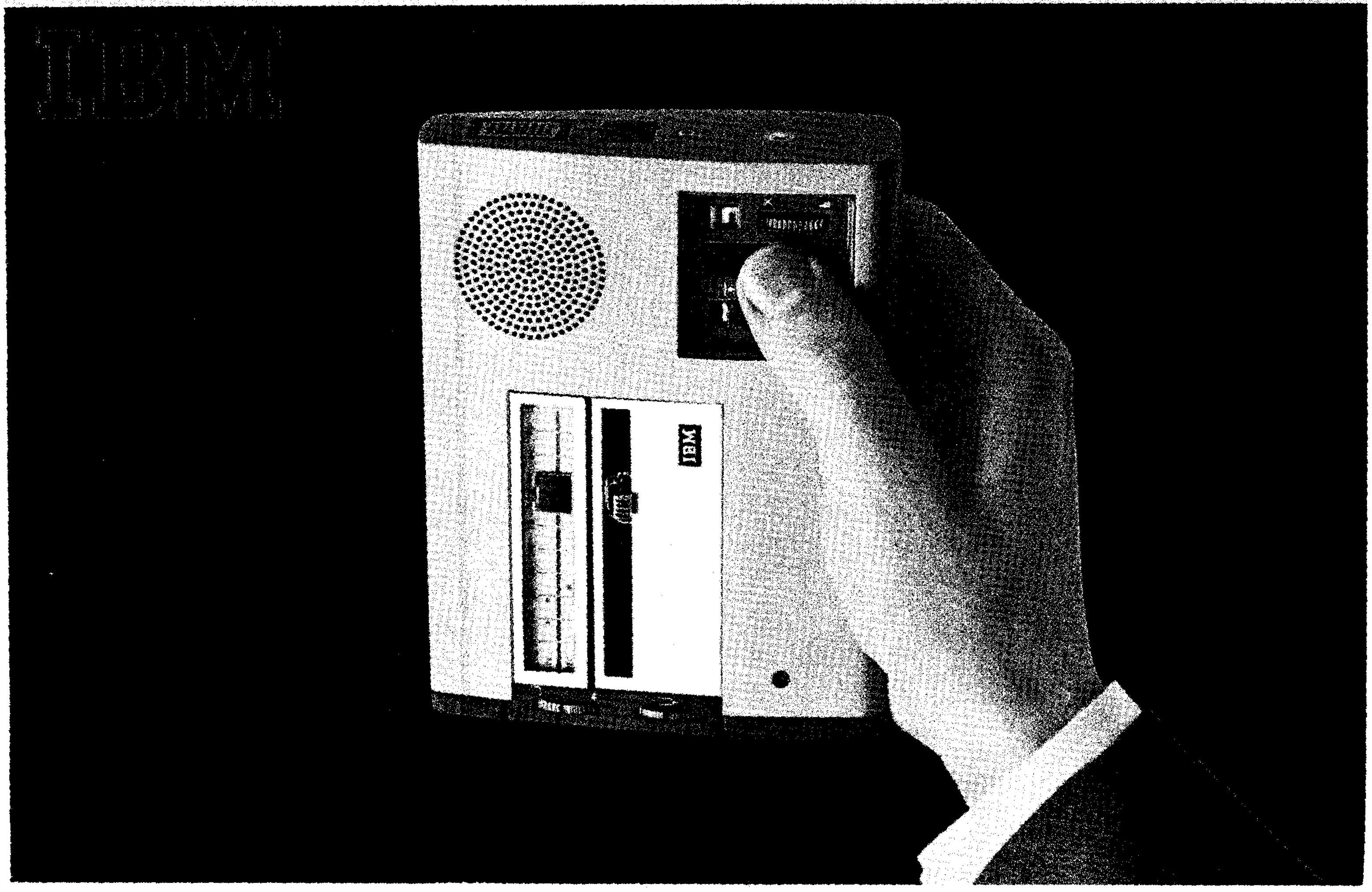

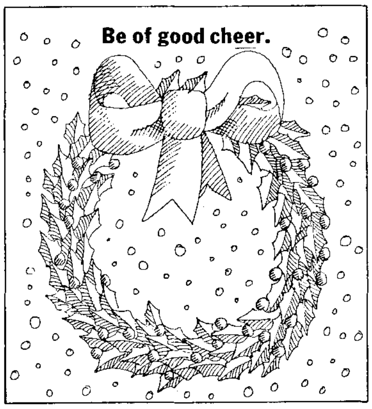
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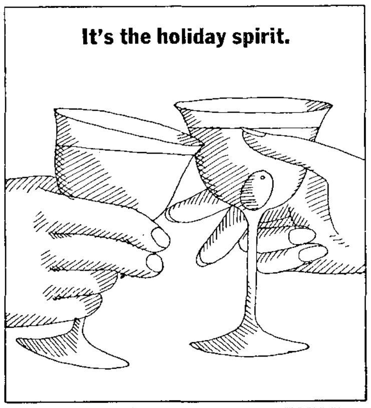
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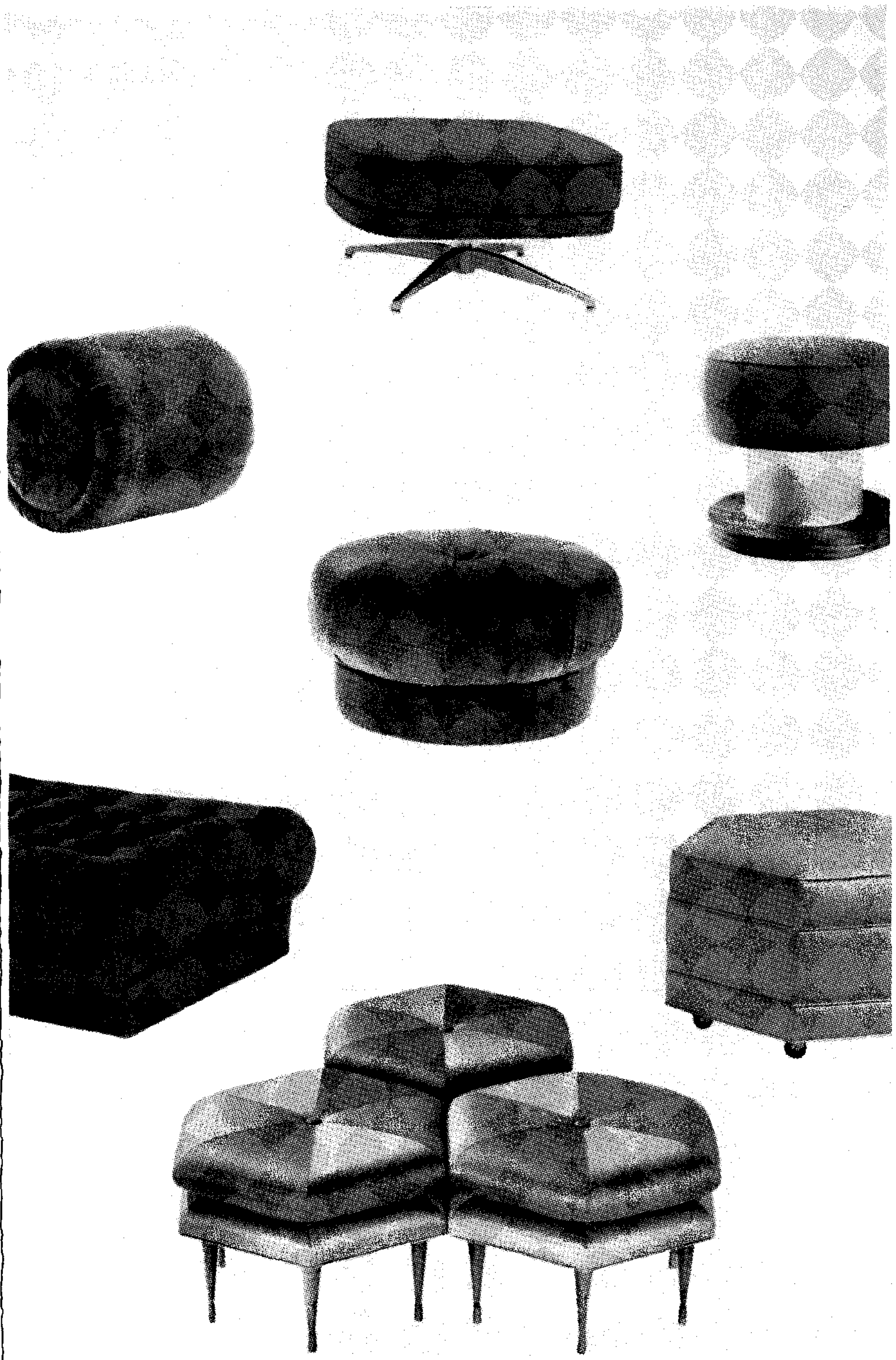
erly disguised Communist front, and *Akahata*, on another occasion, has noted Soka Gakkai's potential for "political revolutionary fervor" and cautioned Party members to be "the good friends" of Soka Gakkai. "If left unattended," an *Akahata* editorialist wrote, "it would develop into a hotbed of Fascism. If properly guided, it could become a force for peace, independence, democracy, and Socialism." This last of an organization whose prime mover, Toda, once stated, "Material goods cannot be distributed equally among a whole people because of natural limitations. It is a matter of course in the world that first come, first served."

Several years ago, Soka Gakkai proselytizers began working among the coal miners of Hokkaido, members of one of the largest left-wing unions in the country, and converted twenty-five thousand mining families. The burden of the Soka Gakkai message was that the miners' notoriously miserable lot could be improved not by strikes and intransigent opposition to management but by a mass application of positive thinking. The union and Soka Gakkai are still at loggerheads over that issue, and Soka Gakkai has since made inroads among union members in other industrial parts of Japan. Although the organization is not professedly anti-union, it is obvious that plant managers who operate under heavy union pressure do not take umbrage at its efforts.

Soka Gakkai's Neo-Socialism strikes some people as a form of politics that might better be described as Neo-Fascism. This label, of course, implies that it is not much different from the old Fascism, but I could find little justification for such a conclusion. For one thing, Soka Gakkai's teachings have nothing in common with the ideologies of prewar reactionary elements—some of which still exist in Japan, but without any real political representation. Most of these extreme-right-wing groups are for a Shintoist revival, which remains anathema to Soka Gakkai. Soka Gakkai leaders have been quite outspoken against the classic militarism of the far right, and there have been frequent mutterings against Soka Gakkai from that sector. Still and all, Soka Gakkai has given pause to a good many people who fear a return to authoritarianism in Japanese politics. What is perhaps most disturbing in a country whose constitution provides that "no religious organization shall receive any privilege from the state nor exercise any political authority" is the Soka Gakkai membership's seemingly blind acceptance of



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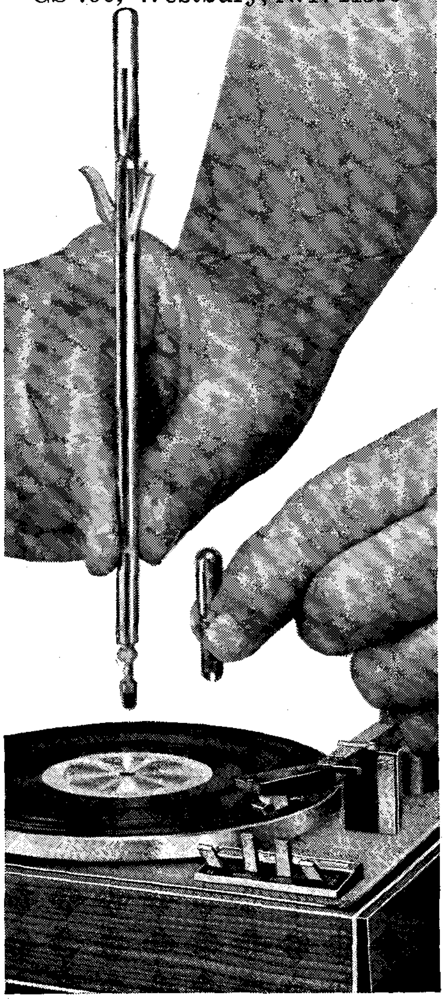
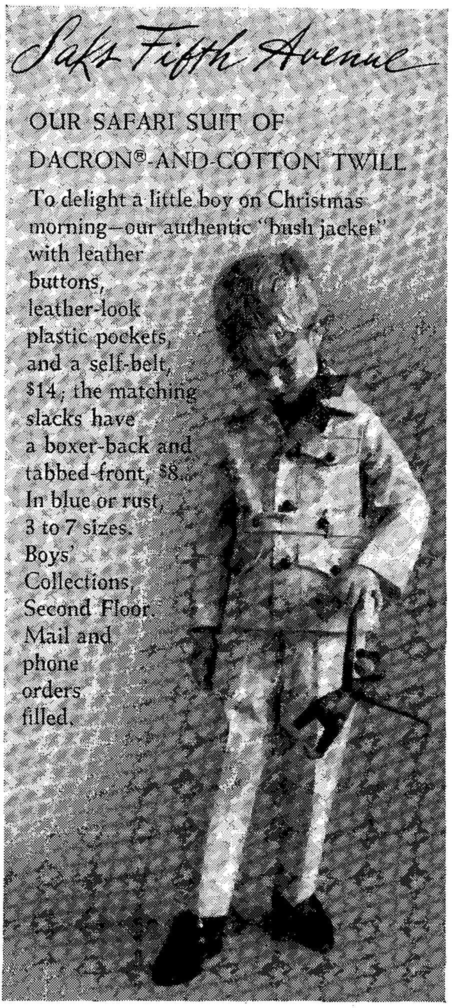


leadership in non-religious as well as religious matters. Komeito is technically separate from Soka Gakkai, in order to satisfy constitutional requirements, but the tie between the two is an extremely close one. All Komeito officeholders are members of Soka Gakkai, and the head of Komeito is also a high-ranking officer of the religious body. Members of Soka Gakkai have *no say in the nomination of the candidates* they are expected—although not officially obliged—to support. At a Komeito political convention, the nominees are simply named by party leaders without any polling of delegates. Ikeda himself has characterized the relationship between Soka Gakkai and Komeito as that between "the sponsor and the sponsored." Furthermore, speaking for both of them, he has described their mutual goal as the establishment of a "Buddhist democracy" in Japan, and he has also spoken of "parliamentary democracy in which every individual has been awakened to the principles of Buddhism." What this awakening might mean for adherents of other religions or of no religion, or even for followers of the many forms of Buddhism that do not meet the rigid definitions laid down by Soka Gakkai, remains a matter for conjecture.

WHILE the potpourri of politico-religious concepts offered by Soka Gakkai may strike non-believers as somewhat confused, the practical methods its leaders have adopted for planning and organizing the growth of the movement are simple and demonstrably effective. Each member belongs to an easily managed *unit* made up of a number of families—the typical number is ten—which functions under the leadership of its most enthusiastic adherent, thus assuring that Soka Gakkai converts will never be long forgetful of their ties and obligations. Attendance is mandatory at unit discussion sessions, where both spiritual and worldly problems are discussed at least twice a month, and the unit leader is expected to make the rounds of the households under his jurisdiction regularly. Seasonal gatherings of larger groups serve to sustain interest in doctrinal matters, and several special divisions have been set up to serve the particular needs or enthusiasms of members. The organization maintains a Youth Division, now about three million strong, and for the most active and promising *youngsters there is an élite* Youth Corps, numbering about half a million. Just beginning to attract a following in the universities, Soka Gakkai recently



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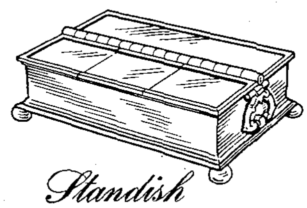

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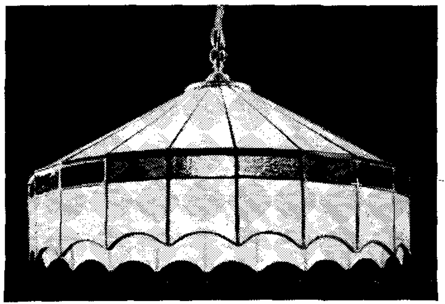

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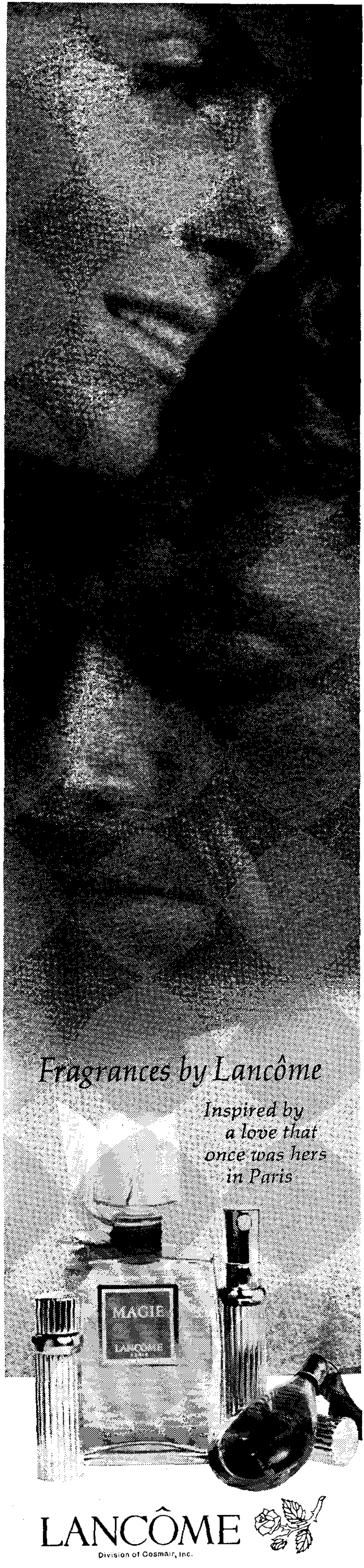

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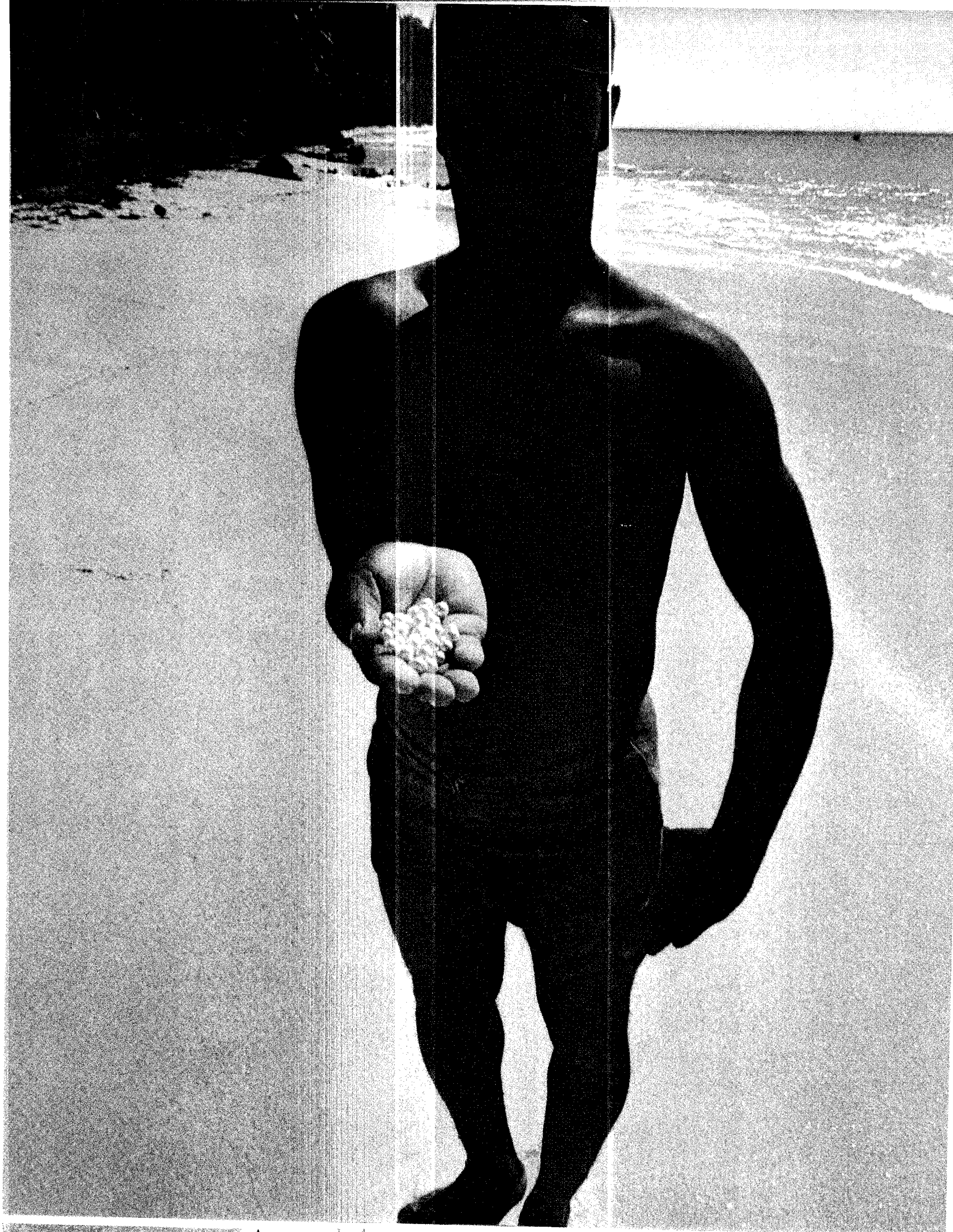
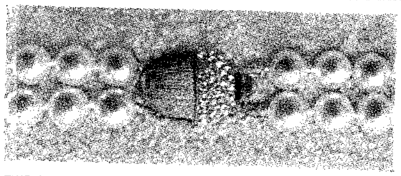
formed a Student Division, whose current membership has been estimated at a hundred and fifty thousand. One especially popular division is the Min-On, which stages modestly priced concerts of popular and classical music. (It competes, quite successfully, with a left-wing counterpart and with another that is backed by conservative business organizations.) The toughest and most unsmiling Soka Gakkai members are apt to be recruited for the Yusohan, a so-called Guide Group, which maintains order at mass gatherings and in general serves the peace-loving religious group as a kind of private police force.

Belonging to Soka Gakkai is not a costly proposition for the average member. The organization imposes no regular dues or tithes, and it sells only a few basic religious items. It draws most of its working capital from a wide variety of publications. These range from the *Seikyo Shimbun*, a blatantly propagandistic daily newspaper with a circulation of three million, to *Ushio* (*Tide*), a monthly magazine that runs articles on general topics by prominent writers and public figures who for the most part are not members of Soka Gakkai. Except for an occasional subdued plug for the movement, *Ushio* is indistinguishable from dozens of nonpartisan Japanese periodicals. In addition to six newspapers (including one in English), six magazines, and a sizable number of books, Soka Gakkai puts out its own films. Soka Gakkai's Finance Committee has four hundred thousand members, most of them businessmen who have flourished since joining the organization and who are therefore disposed—nay, obliged—to share their good fortune with it. The organization's finances are controlled by a small group of top leaders, who are accountable to no one but themselves. "Trust me," Ikeda has told the members, and it is frequently pointed out that he, like most of the Soka Gakkai high command, lives unostentatiously. With his wife and two children, he occupies a modest house of four rooms (or twenty-two and a half mats, by traditional *tatami* measurements) in a middle-class section of Tokyo, and he often remarks that he does not even own an automobile. (However, he has any number of Soka Gakkai staff vehicles at his disposal.) He draws his salary not as head of Soka Gakkai but as president of its publishing company, the Seikyo Press.

Perhaps the key to Soka Gakkai's organizational success is the lavishness with which it spreads responsibility. There are officers galore, starting at the bottom with more than two hundred thousand leaders of the ten-family units. The so-called Study Group, which provides instruction in Buddhism for fledglings like our nursemaid, surely has the largest faculty in the world, ranging from five hundred and twenty professors, down through associate professors, assistant professors, associate assistant professors, lecturers, and assistant lecturers, for a total of more than a quarter of a million teachers in all. Opportunities for leadership are also presented by the the Youth Division, the Women's Division, assorted choral groups, bands, and athletic squads, and the Guide Group, and, of course, there is Komeito for those particularly interested in politics. A Japanese friend of mine once remarked that the movement abounds in opportunities for frustrated authority figures.

The typical Soka Gakkai leaders tend to be young—Ikeda is only thirty-eight—and outwardly confident to the point of being rather bossy. At Soka Gakkai gatherings, they keep things lively with songs and shouted exhortations. Almost any of them will tell you that they owe their worldly success, and even their personalities, to the inspiriting influence of the movement. Not long ago, I had a talk, over lunch, with an up-and-coming, full-time official of the organization's headquarters in Tokyo, a young man of twenty-two with an assertive way of speaking that put me off until I got used to it and realized that he meant to be friendly. He spoke English—Soka Gakkai is currently pushing language studies—quite well and with no hesitation. Yet, only a few years before, he told me, he had been a hopeless stutterer. "I was born in Kyushu, of poor parents," he said. "My affliction made me so shy that I was almost unable to speak at all. My only aim as a boy was to get through high school. After that, all was darkness, as far as I could see. I did manage to finish high school, but then, in despair, I took to drinking and bad women. I believed in nothing. I was miserable. Then my mother was converted to Soka Gakkai, and she begged me to turn to them for help. I told her it was hopeless—I could never believe. But a Soka Gakkai official





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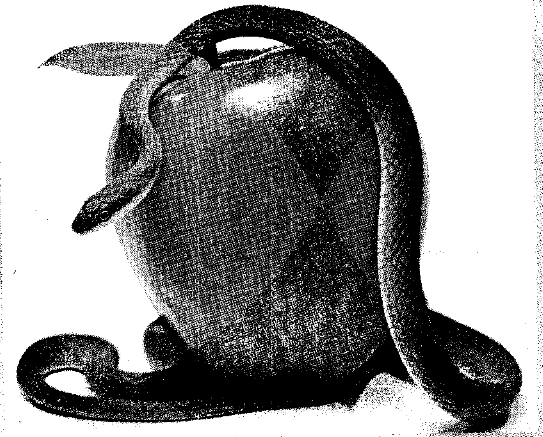

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finally got me to try it for one month. 'If your life doesn't change, you can have my head,' he told me. He was joking, you see, but I decided to try. Since then, I have gone to college and graduated with good marks. I have learned English. I have learned to be a man. I have a bright future."

Although most of the movement's leaders, like most of its members, began life in fairly humble circumstances, it has by now attracted quite a few well-known converts, particularly among actors, popular singers, sumo wrestlers, and baseball players. Its star athletic recruit is Japan's leading young pitcher, Yukio Ozaki, of the Toei Flyers. Soka Gakkai goes in heavily for sports. It provides recreational facilities (which are in very short supply in Japan), stages many regional sports events, and each year holds a huge festival, attended by a hundred thousand people, in Tokyo's National Stadium, the site of the 1964 Olympic Games. The drama of the event is built up with brass bands, thickets of banners and flags (bearing the organization's emblem, a crane), marching formations, and thunderous mass singing that are all too reminiscent, to many Japanese as well as foreigners, of the country's single-voiced prewar era.

SOKA GAKKAI has demonstrated an impressive ability to turn out disciplined masses of supporters for all sorts of public events, but nothing, so far, has equalled the year-long pilgrimage conducted to commemorate the opening of the Grand Reception Hall at Taisekiji. Making nearly constant use of three thousand specially chartered cars on the Japanese National Railways, the organization moved three million members from all parts of Japan in and out of the temple grounds over the twelve-month period. The outpouring is regarded as unique, even in the religious history of Japan, where epic pilgrimages are not unusual.

To signal the start of the pilgrimage to Taisekiji, there was a ceremony dedicating the Grand Reception Hall there, and when I received an invitation to attend I accepted it immediately, since it would give me a rare opportunity to observe some of the purely religious aspects of the movement. I was also curious to see the new building. The evening before the ceremony, I took a train to the town of Fuji, on the plain of Ueno, sixteen miles from the lower southwestern slopes of Mount Fuji, where Taisekiji stands. I set out from my hotel for the temple grounds in an automobile provided by the or-

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ganization early the next morning, which broke irreverently wet and foggy, so that there was no view of Mount Fuji. However, when I arrived at Taisekiji I could tell from all the bustling about that there had not been any dampening of spirits there. Securing an identification badge from one of several official tents near the main entrance to the grounds, I entered, along with a stream of other special guests. Almost all of them were Soka Gakkai officials, I learned later. The pilgrimage was to begin for the rank and file the following day.

Once on the temple grounds, I moved along with the crowd for about a quarter of a mile down a gravel path that was bordered with trees and neat rows of new Japanese-style guesthouses. Except for the new houses, the grounds seemed ancient, with giant stands of hoary cryptomeria towering up around the buildings. At the end of the path, though, I came out on a plaza that was dominated by three modern structures: an administration building, a residence for monks, and—most prominently—the Grand Reception Hall, which someone later told me was only one of seven "cathedrals" on the grounds. The exterior of the Grand Reception Hall, which has been described in Soka Gakkai literature as "the largest shell-type ferro-concrete structure in the world," was certainly impressive. Ninety feet high and square-shaped, with open space in the style of Le Corbusier at the ground level, it was topped with an awesome, slightly conical concrete roof, whose edges, deeply waffled on the underside, were cantilevered some thirty feet out over the building's walls. Four rows of balconies girdled the sides of the building, their railings of thick, curving concrete inset with small stones that gave the whole structure a vaguely reptilian texture. I recalled a statistic that I had read somewhere about the construction, and I felt that it gave a fair idea of the vastness of the project: a hundred and fifty-eight thousand people had worked on it at one time or another.

At one end of the plaza, a thirty-five-piece band in bright uniforms and a fifty-piece "philharmonic" orchestra in tuxedoes were alternately performing selections like "In the Hall of the Mountain King," "Malagueña," and "Tales from the Vienna Woods" with a high degree of professionalism. On the roof of the monks' quarters, a group of acolytes—small boys with shaved heads, who were dressed in gray robes—had found an ideal spot to take

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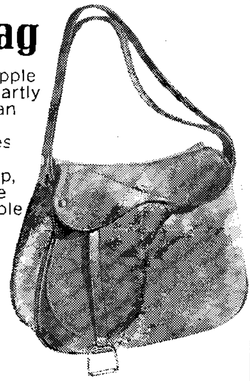

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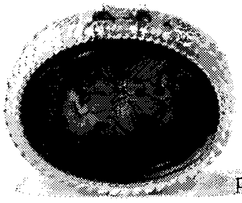

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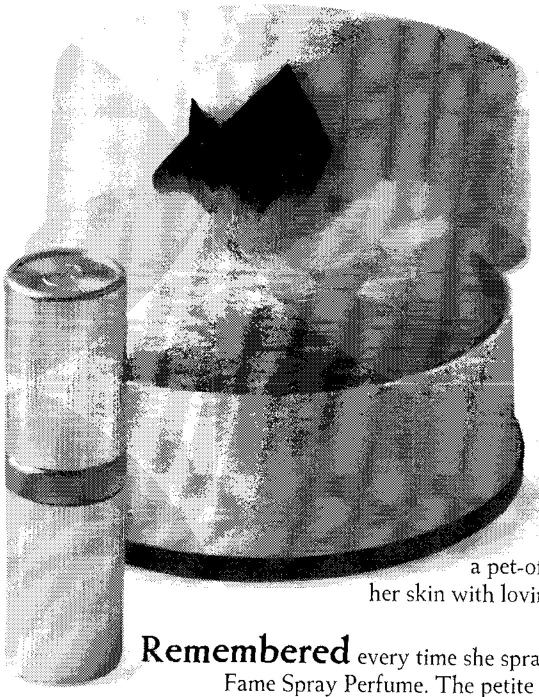

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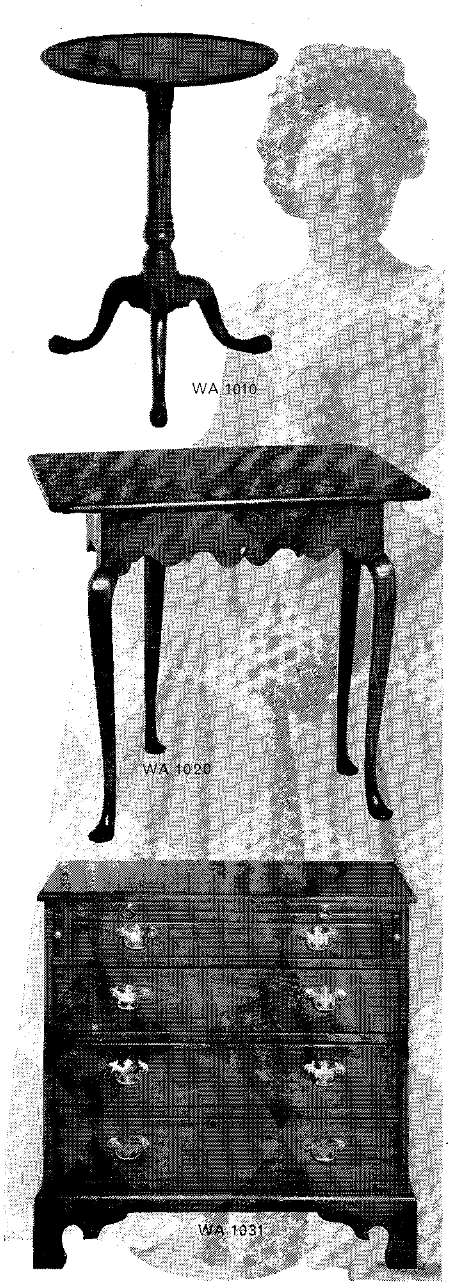

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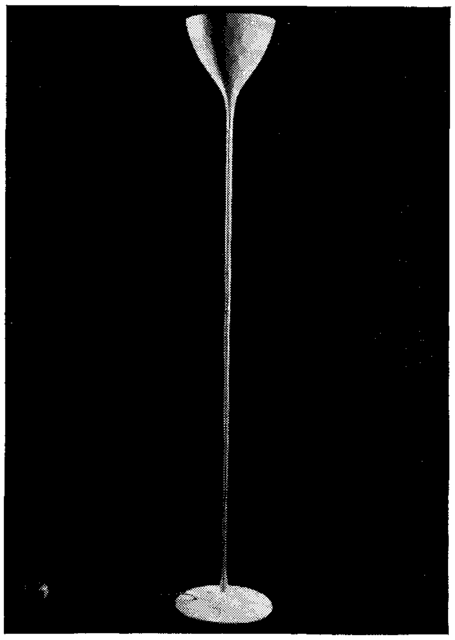
in the whole show. The plaza was full of photographers—mostly Soka Gakkai's—taking pictures of other photographers and of reporters and foreign guests (among them representatives of the American and Soviet Embassies) as well as of many Soka Gakkai leaders, who were milling around outside the Reception Hall. The confusion among them was brought under control by some husky Yusohan Guides, wearing white duck trousers, open-collared shirts, sports jackets, and tennis shoes. Keeping step to the chant of "*Wa-sho! Wa-sho!*," which is the Japanese equivalent of the United States Army's "Hup! Hup!," squads of the Guides trotted through the crowds of Soka Gakkai leaders, and from time to time one Guide would peel off and take charge of a group of pilgrims by barking out some brusque military-style commands at them.

A blank-faced Soka Gakkai official who received me at the administration building, where I had been asked to report, told me the places where I was forbidden to go on the grounds. He warned me particularly to stay away from the High Sanctuary, behind the Reception Hall, where, I gathered, the original Gohonzon and the miraculous tooth of Nichiren were kept. He also told me not to move around without a guide, and he summoned one to look after me from a line of men in business suits who all wore green ribbons on their lapels. My guide was introduced to me as Masayasu Sadanaga, a resident of Los Angeles, who was leader of all overseas pilgrims and held the post of Chief of Headquarters for Europe and America. Sadanaga was modest, fluent in English, full of smiles, and eager to please. Compared to that of the average Soka Gakkai official, his educational background was quite impressive. He informed me that he had a law degree from Meiji University in Tokyo, had studied political science at U.C.L.A., and had received a graduate degree in that subject from the University of Maryland.

In the plaza, Sadanaga enthusiastically pointed out a modernistic fountain that had been purchased in Rome by Ikeda during a European tour, stones from forty-six different nations which had been mixed into the concrete of the Reception Hall's foundation, and an Italian-marble railing beside the steps leading up to its main entrance. Sadanaga was eager to tell me about the good points of the movement. "A real democratic movement, like the West two hundred years ago," he said. "Our aim is to insure unbreakable peace. To



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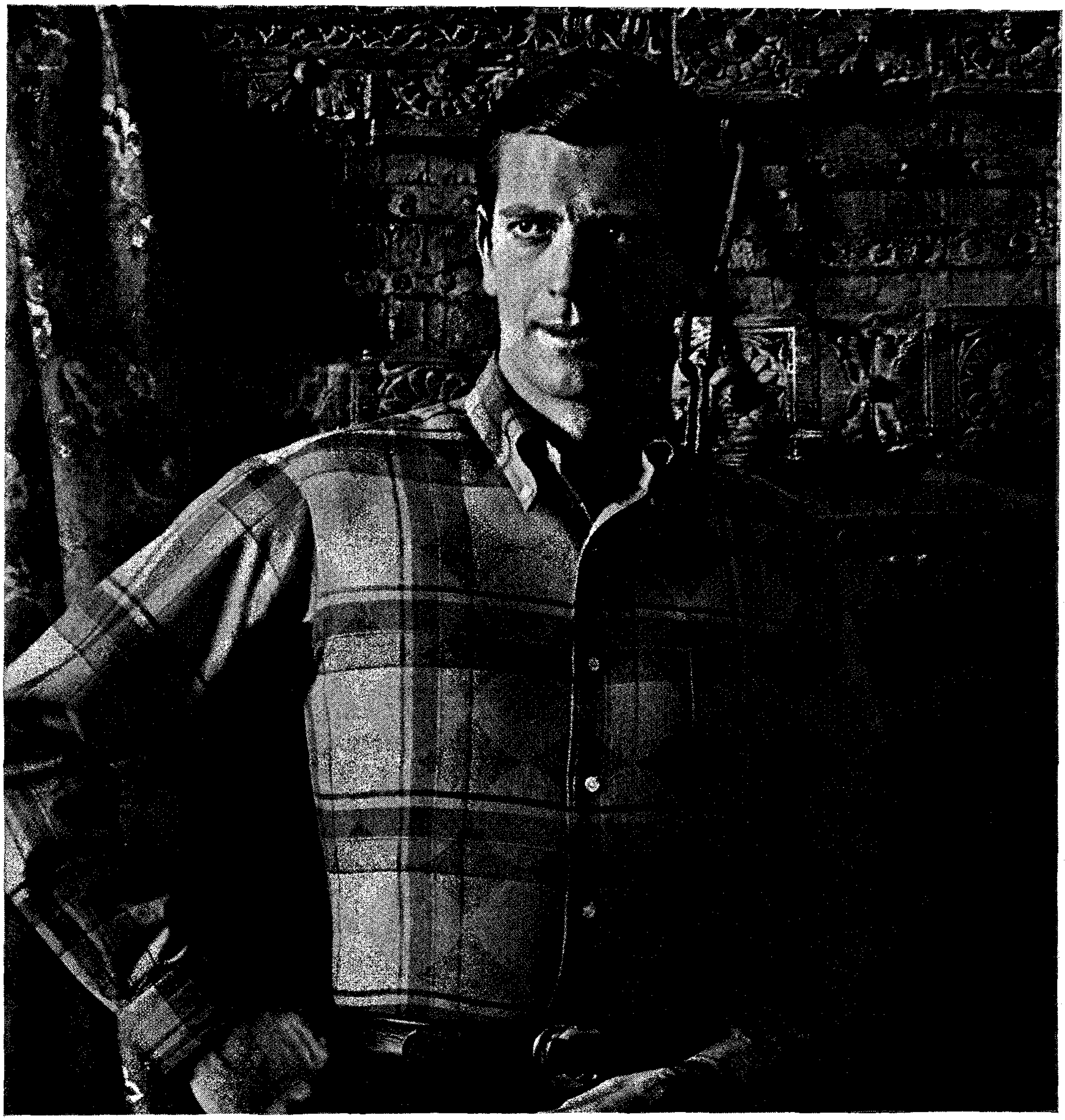

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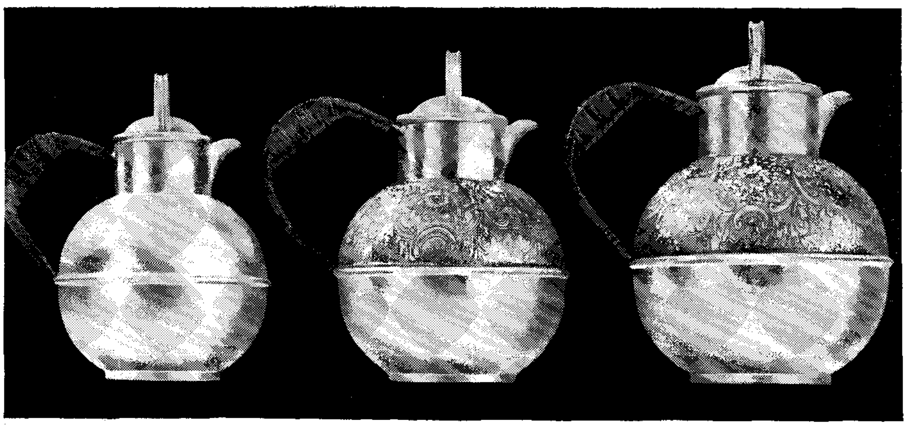
weld a chain of people together all over the world."

I asked Sadanaga how he had got involved with Soka Gakkai.

"For twenty years, I suffered asthma," he said very seriously. "When all treatment had failed, my mother suggested I try Soka Gakkai, which she had joined. I am now completely cured."

Sadanaga pointed out a man with a green ribbon who had another foreigner in tow. "He is also from Los Angeles," he said. "He works in the Mitsubishi branch office there. Since joining Soka Gakkai, he has improved himself greatly with Mitsubishi. They gave him two weeks off to attend the reception ceremony." Large Japanese companies are not noted for granting days off to their employees, but I later found out that a good many Soka Gakkai officials were on leave for the celebration, which struck me as a possible indication of the gingerly attitude big business has recently been adopting toward the organization.

Before we could enter the Reception Hall, we were hailed in English by yet another guide, this one an unusually cheery Soka Gakkai-ite in, I judged, his early thirties. Sadanaga had barely introduced him as Mr. Mochizuki when he launched into an exposition of the virtues—or values—of membership in the organization. He explained that he himself had been raised as a Zen Buddhist and a Catholic, a spiritual experience that had not forfended depressing business reversals nor a stomach ailment in adulthood. Consequently, when a Soka Gakkai friend who owned a *tempura*, or fried-shrimp, shop urged him to give the Gohonzon a six-month trial, Mochizuki was inclined to go along. "I had nothing to lose," he said. "My friend had told me, 'If your life hasn't improved in six months, I'll give you my *tempura* shop.'" Mochizuki went on to indicate that he never had to collect on this better-than-money-back guarantee, for by the end of the trial period his stomach ailment had cleared up and he had an excellent new job with American Express. Further, he had made a small killing on the Tokyo stock market. He had parlayed a modest fifty-thousand-yen investment in what would be known on Wall Street as cats and dogs—among them newly floated shares in some fish-sausage companies and in the Taiyo Whales baseball club, which unpredictably plies its way in and out of the first division of Japan's Central League—into a two-million-yen profit. From his rather pell-mell remarks, I gathered that Mochizuki had



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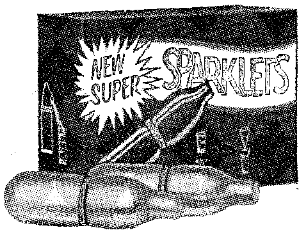

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found no reason to regret his switch from Zen to what has been called, among many other things, Yen Buddhism.

The crowds were beginning to file into the Reception Hall, so Sadanaga bowed goodbye to Mochizuki and led me in, past a huge porcelain wall mural of a highly stylized phoenix, and up some stairs to the third of the four levels in the building. We emerged onto an inner balcony, overlooking a room whose dominant architectural theme, like that of the outside of the building, was gigantism. The floor—larger than Radio City Music Hall's orchestra section, I reckoned—was covered with the widest spread of *tatami* matting that I have ever seen. The immaculate, orderly yellow rice-straw rectangles imparted a muted glow to the whole huge room. Sadanaga said that the hall could accommodate five thousand worshippers in a sitting-on-the-knees position. A platform about the size and shape of a basketball court stretched across the front of the hall, taking up about a fourth of the floor area, and on it, set against the front wall, stood an altar that was itself about as big as a stage. It was made of shiny black marble—from France, Sadanaga told me—and was heavily adorned with bright-gold bands and inset in front with five illuminated recesses. A number of priests wearing light-gray robes had emerged onto the platform to perform some preliminary rituals, and their shaved heads hardly came to the top of the altar, above which rose a slightly smaller altar of the same design. Behind that, recessed in the center of the wall and soaring perhaps thirty feet to the ceiling, were three large enigmatic metal tubes painted gold, which reminded me of the trappings of a science-fiction movie. On the lower altar stood two Japanese lanterns, each of them about ten feet high, and a huge urn containing an imitation lotus that was as tall as the lanterns. On either side of the altar were large, irregularly shaped cedar panels, rising massively to a ceiling that consisted of a web of light-colored cypress beams—from Taiwan, I learned—through which could be seen the underside of the actual roof, panelled in red and orange cedar. (The cedar came from Canada, Sadanaga informed me, and he added that the United States was represented by some rubber-cement flooring material on the second level.) Above and behind us in the balcony, two thousand Soka Gakkai flags hung from gold-tipped poles.

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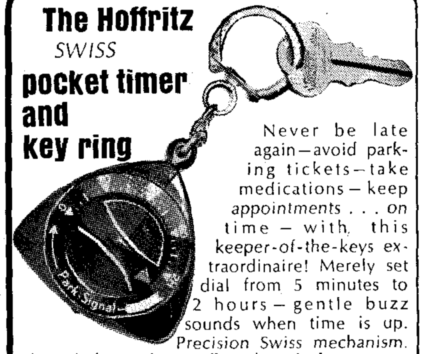

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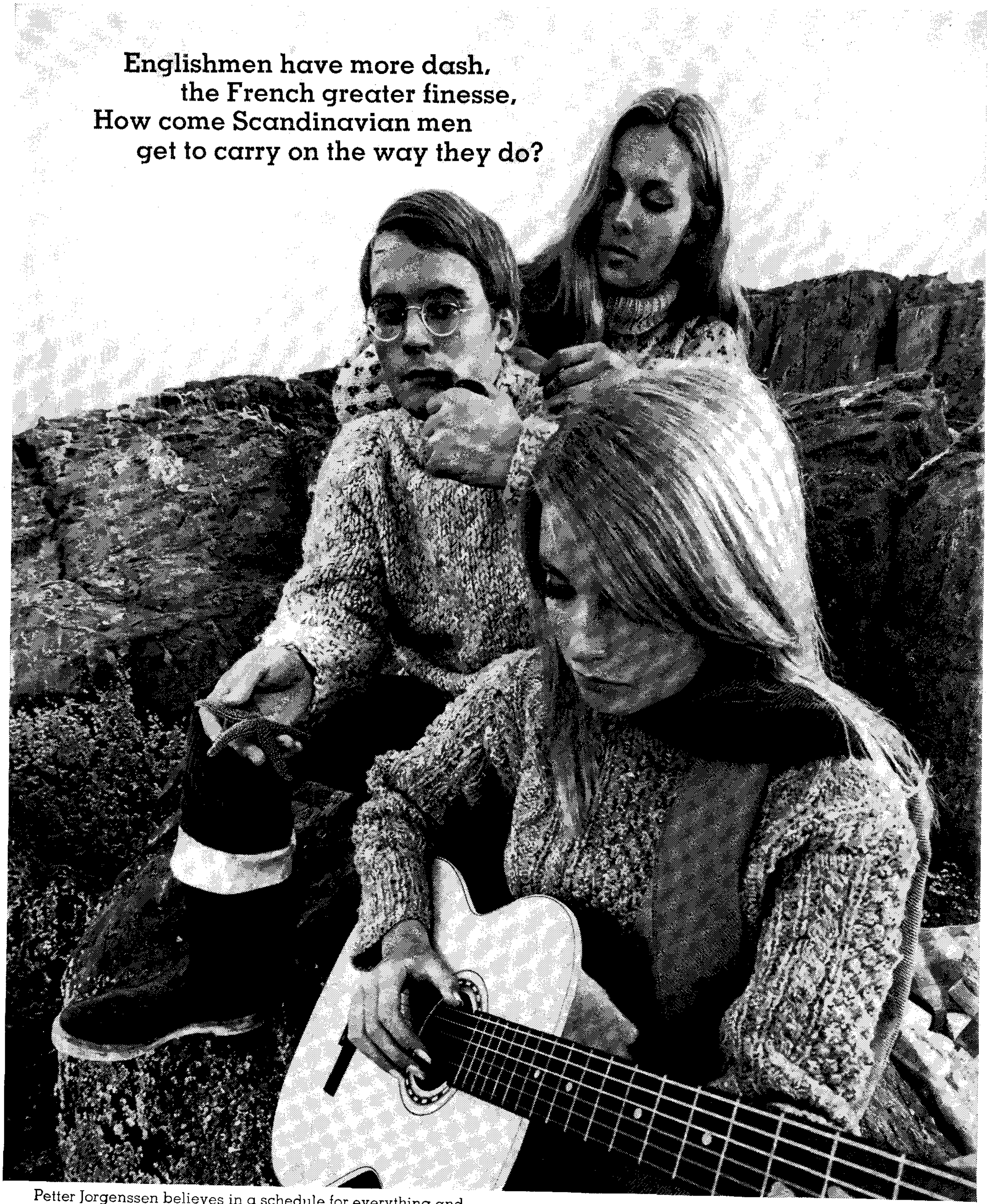
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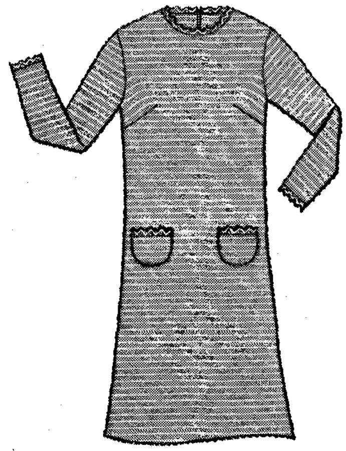

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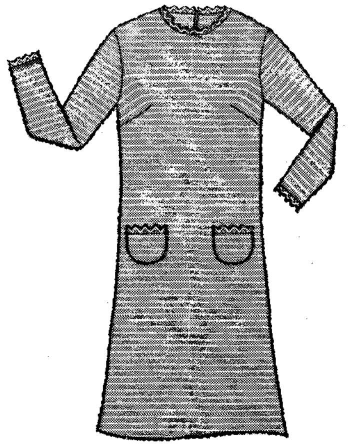

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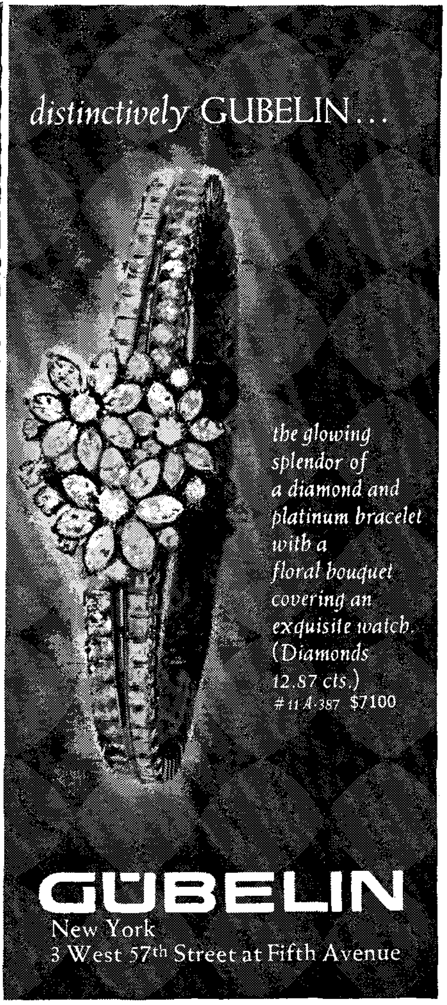
this one was in a class by itself. Furthermore, while traditional Buddhist structures tend to be quite dark in their interiors, this one was brightly lighted, both artificially and from sizable windows cut into the thick, whitewashed concrete walls at the sides and back. Indeed, despite the lanterns and the oversize lotus, the place seemed to me very unlike a Buddhist temple, whose traditional adornments run to small bells, dishes, and—granting notable exceptions—modest-sized statuary. It also struck me that the eclectic use of alien materials—there were also three immense, tinselly chandeliers from Czechoslovakia—and the deliberate striving for heroic effects that tend to overwhelm the viewer were qualities that might seem strange in *any* Japanese architecture, let alone in a Buddhist temple.

Such opinions were undoubtedly not shared by the pilgrims who were flocking into the hall below, and they all seemed greatly impressed and even moved by what they saw. They took their places in an orderly fashion—the men massed on one side, the women on the other—and settled down on their knees for what proved to be a two-and-a-half-hour wait before the ceremonies began. The women appeared to be especially stoical, but there was a restless drifting in and out of the hall by the men. Finally, a group of honored guests began to arrive, some in frock coats. Among them were several Liberal-Democratic politicians—the governor of Hokkaido, a Soka Gakkai stronghold; the governor of Tokyo, who owed his office to the Komeito electoral balance of power in the metropolis; the governor of the Shizuoka Prefecture, which includes Taisekiji; and the Ministers of Education and Welfare. Next came the top Soka Gakkai leaders, in business suits. And, last of all, Ikeda himself strode in. His face, broad-featured and rather fleshy, under a full head of carefully combed black hair, was expressionless, and when the crowd suddenly gave out a roar at the sight of him he abruptly cut it off with a wave of his hand.

The platform was now crowded with gray-robed priests. Some of them beat on drums, and they all began chanting. At the appearance of the high priest of the sect, a man named Nittatsu Shonin, who is said to be sixty-sixth in the line of succession from Nichiren, the strange golden tubes behind the altar slowly rolled open to reveal a giant replica of the Gohonzon, flanked by statues of Nichiren and Nikko. The unveiling was the signal for



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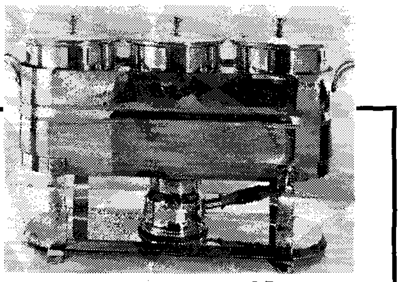

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the faithful to start chanting "*Namu myoho renge kyo*," and they did it over and over again, in unnaturally guttural monotones that somehow sounded threatening as they reverberated through the Grand Reception Hall. In a while, the worshippers, many of whom were rubbing prayer beads, switched to chanting specific passages of the Lotus Sutra, as the priests performed various rites on the altar platform.

After the chanting was over and the priests retired, the communicants seemed to respond with equal devoutness and a good deal more enthusiasm to the secular proceedings that immediately followed. Ikeda formally handed the deed of the Reception Hall to the high priest, and then made a short speech. He seemed to be shouting most of the time, and he bit off his sentences in a way that must have made many of the Westerners present think he was terribly angry about something. However, I could make out enough of what he was saying to realize that he was merely congratulating the faithful on their efforts, commenting on the meaning that the hall had for the movement, and explaining what a great tribute its construction was to Soka Gakkai. The formalities ended with a mass choral rendition of a Soka Gakkai song, done to a skip-march tempo with accompanying handclaps, and led by a sort of cheerleader, who egged the crowd on by slashing violently back and forth at the air with a pair of fans.

Refreshments were served in the open space beneath the hall after that. A wide selection of food, including some excellent lobster, was set out on buffet tables, along with generous supplies of beer and whiskey. Out on the plaza, a band struck up "Anchors Aweigh," another soon marched on the scene blaring "The Washington Post March," and before long entertainment had been offered by no fewer than ten large musical aggregations. Most of these groups were made up of girls in short-skirted band costumes, complete with pompon hats. There was one very snappy fife-and-drum corps, and all the bands played exceptionally well, I thought, especially considering the youth of the musicians. They were led through their paces by drum majorettes, who stepped out with as much bounce as I have ever seen, but whose expressions struck me as incongruously solemn. I didn't see a smile on any of the faces in any of the bands, although after the noise and the marching were over, when Ikeda stood up to tell them how well they had all done, I did see

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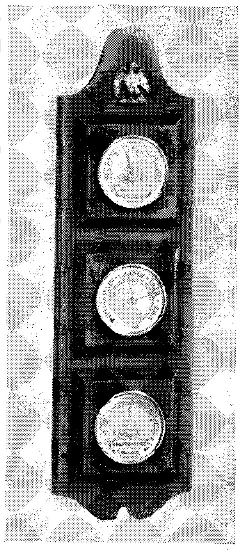

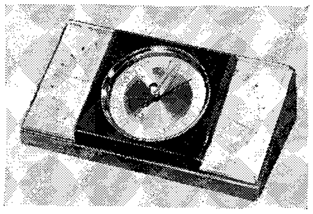

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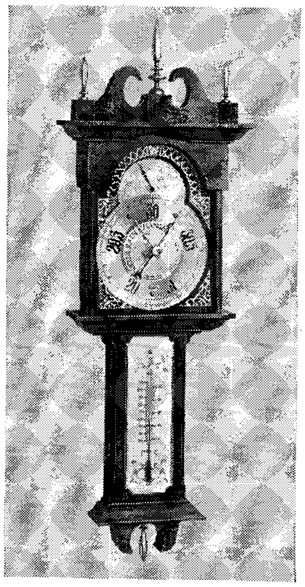

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one little girl look up at him adoringly, with tears streaming from her eyes.

THE present head of the Soka Gakkai movement was groomed personally by Toda for the job. Not much biographical material about Ikeda has found its way into print, but, according to an interview with his wife that appeared in a women's magazine, in the years just before the war he was a sickly newsboy, and his doctor had predicted he would die before he was twenty. In reaction to the conscription of his brothers for front-line duty after Pearl Harbor, he developed a deep aversion to war. He was himself drafted as a wartime student-laborer, and shortly after the war he came under the influence of Toda's teachings, which apparently helped to restore his health. He became Toda's secretary, as well as a writer for the *Seikyo Shimbun* and head of the Soka Gakkai Youth Board. When Toda died, in 1958, it was generally expected that Ikeda would become head of both the movement and its publishing ventures.

Several Soka Gakkai officials had warned me that Ikeda rarely makes himself available for interviews. Nevertheless, on the assumption that my own positive thinking should at least be given a try, I decided to put in a request for one anyway, and it was granted almost immediately. Our meeting, which turned out to be a rather formal and lengthy one—afterward an aide informed me in awestruck tones that it was the longest interview Ikeda had ever sat for—took place in the Tokyo headquarters of Soka Gakkai. The building, a massive four-story structure that stands on a back street in one of the better residential sections, is a smaller, pebble-studded architectural echo of the Grand Reception Hall at Taisekiji. I was startled as I entered the building to see a dozen or more rather sad-sack-looking young American men standing around, obviously ill at ease, in sloppy civilian clothes. I learned later that they were G.I. converts. Inside, the headquarters had the air and décor of a busy and well-run new bank. I was ushered to a quiet section, away from bustling offices on the ground floor, and asked to wait in a large anteroom with thick carpets and richly panelled walls. The only conspicuous adornments of the anteroom, aside from the modern sofa on which I sat, were two immense pots of leaves and a neo-Victorian alabaster statue of a Greek maiden that would probably be regarded in New York as a splendid example of High Camp. As soon as I

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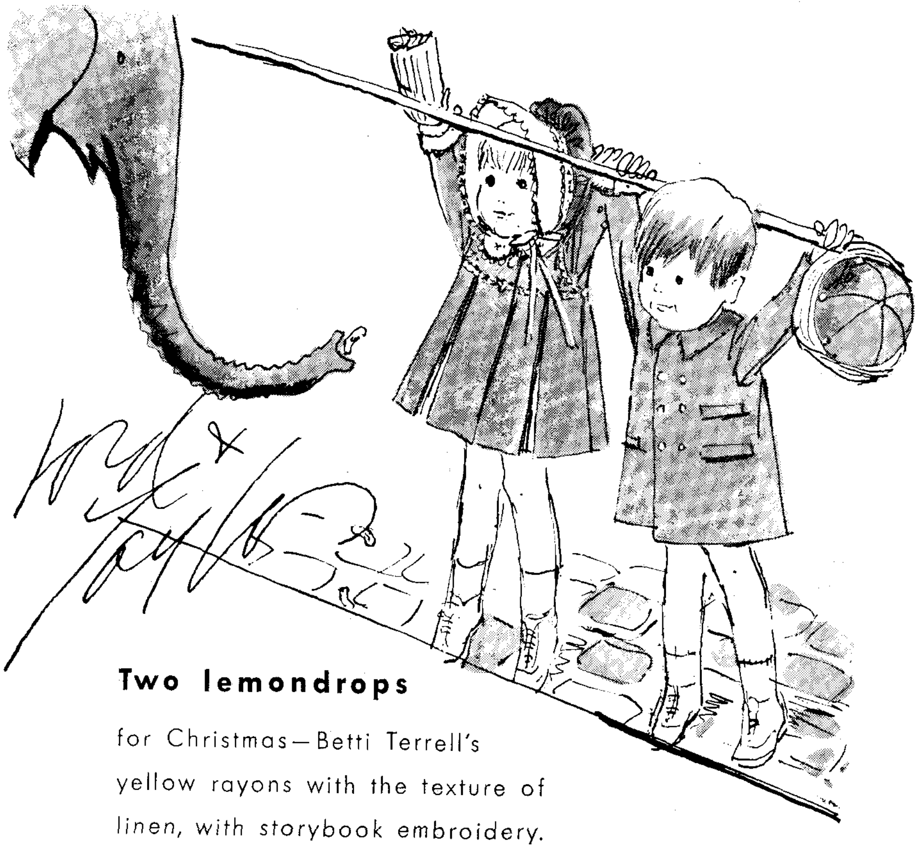
sat down, a Japanese girl in a smock came in, bowed silently, and served me tea. After that, I waited about fifteen minutes before a Japanese man emerged from one of the doors that led off the anteroom and came over to introduce himself with an abrupt bow. He was one of the top executives of the movement, and he informed me that he had volunteered to serve as interpreter during the meeting. Normally, I welcome the assistance of an English-speaking Japanese in such circumstances, since my own command of Japanese is far better suited to the relaxed atmosphere of the teahouse than to a formal interview. In this instance, however, I would have much preferred to depend on my own erratic resources than on those of the volunteer interpreter, who proudly informed me that he was self-taught in English—a claim that I had no reason to dispute. As things turned out, the interview went something like this: I would ask a question in English, the aide would mistranslate it into Japanese for Ikeda, Ikeda would answer intelligently but perforce off the mark, and the aide would bark back an English mistranslation of the unsought answer. When communication broke down completely, as often happened, Ikeda and I would straighten things out as best we could in Japanese. I must say I was quite impressed by Ikeda's abiding patience and consideration, both toward me and toward his zealous aide, throughout an interview that pretty well had to be a long one if any sense was to be made out of it.

The interview took place in a sort of boardroom, where the volunteer interpreter and I joined four solemn-looking Japanese men at a long table, at the head of which sat Ikeda. He stood up to greet me with grave politeness, and thanked me for having come so far to speak with him. Evidently, his assistants, in the classic way of advisers to the mighty, had given him to understand that I was in Japan just on this particular mission. Considering the nervous deference that all of his colleagues paid him, Ikeda struck me as a remarkably unassuming man, although quite a forceful one. He is of about normal Japanese height, is slightly bucktoothed, and, as I had noted from a distance at Taisekiji, has rather broad, fleshy features and thick black hair that is combed straight back. All in all, I found it a likable face, and a much more animated one than those of his heavy-lidded associates. Ikeda wore a well-tailored business suit—dark blue, with a pinstripe. His tie, a conservative



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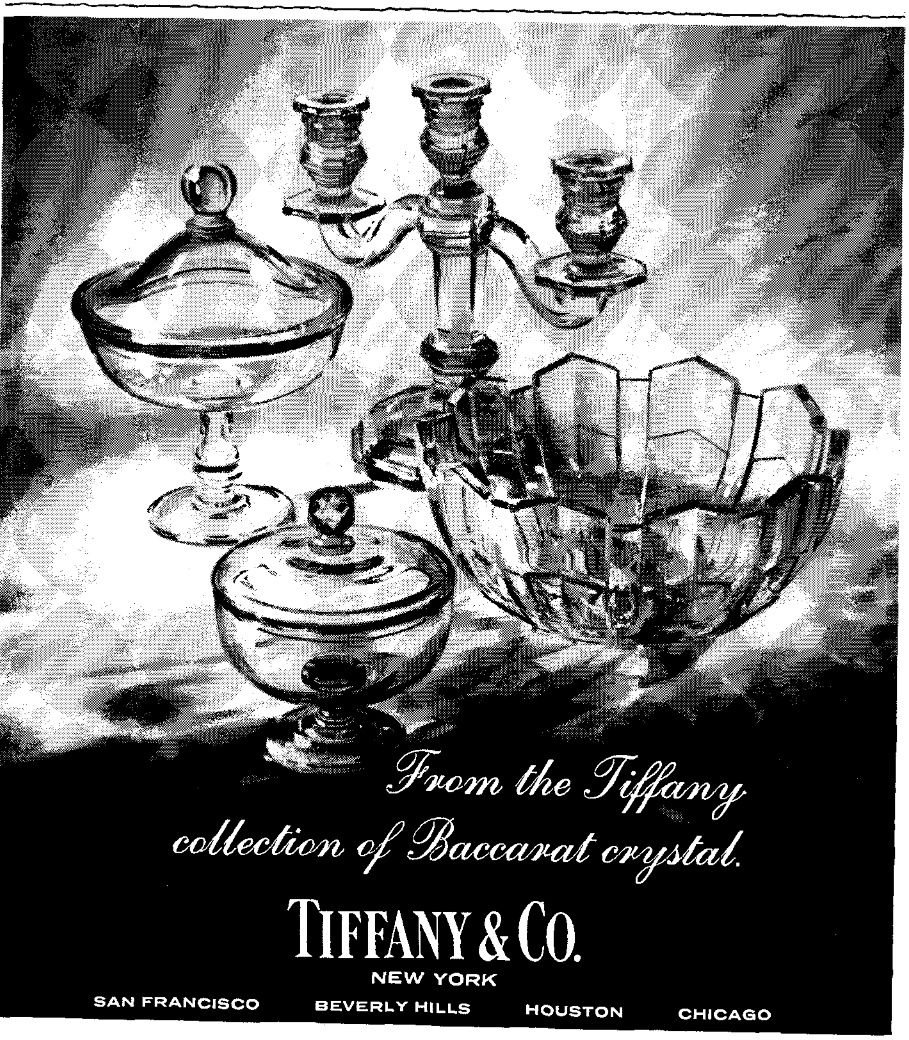

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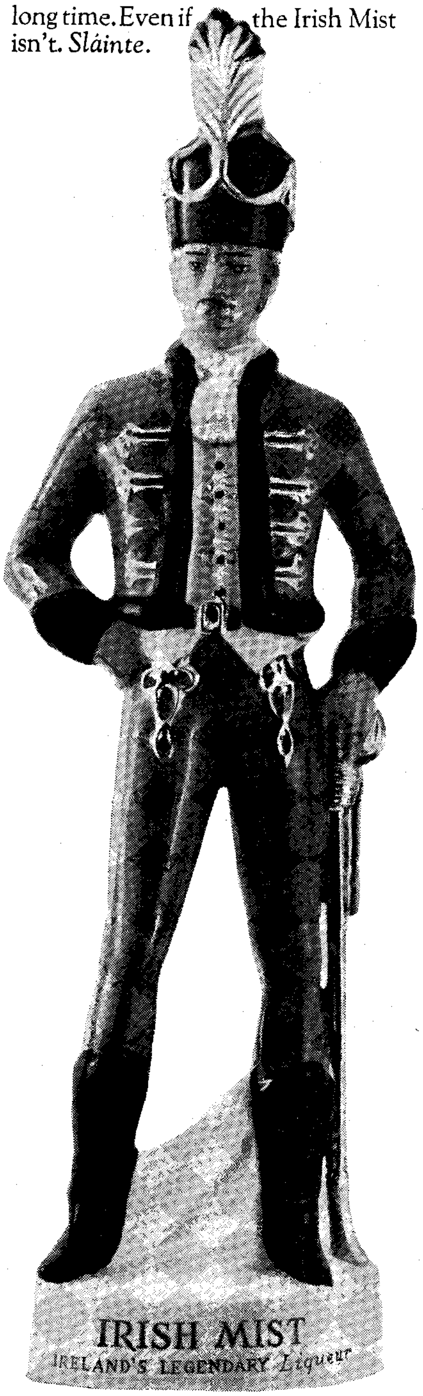

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one, with a pattern of small spearheads, was held in place by a modest tie pin, and there were cufflinks that matched it in his stiffly starched white cuffs. As he talked, I noticed that he had none of the bossy irritability displayed by so many of the other Soka Gakkai officials I had met, and he struck me as a man who would have done well in just about any line of endeavor. His voice was calmly authoritative and his manner extremely self-possessed. In many ways, he reminded me more of a highly capable executive in a Western-style big business than of an Oriental religious leader, although I did notice that throughout the interview he fluttered a small fan and often gesticulated with it. He also smoked one cigarette after another.

Ikeda, I knew, had just returned from one of several extensive trips that he has made abroad, the latest having covered Southeast Asia, and I began by asking him if and in what way it had been enlightening.

He replied that the main thing he had learned was that the peoples of the region, like the Soka Gakkai, all desired peace. ("War should not be happened absolutely," as the interpreter put it.) Working against this desire, however, were the economic problems of underdevelopment and the almost complete absence of a healthy sense of nationalism. In Ikeda's opinion, there was an urgent necessity for "completing" a strong United Nations and also for "great leaders" to appear, not only in Asian countries but in the United States and the Soviet Union.

Could the Soka Gakkai be of help?

"*Toooo-zen!*" Ikeda replied in an emphatic near whisper, an approximate equivalent being "Ab-soooo-lutely!"

He went on, rambling earnestly, and I shall report what he said as accurately as I can, bothering as little as possible about the interpreter's version of it. "The peoples of other nations yearn to discover the finest principles of life," Ikeda said. "True reason. True philosophy. But politics keeps following the old pattern. New ones must be developed, and here Soka Gakkai is necessary, as we have proved in Japan. Here we preach that people must have their own independent view of the nation while developing prosperity. This thinking, applied everywhere, will lead to peace. Buddhism is, of course, the religion of peace, and Soka Gakkai is the finest expression of Buddhism. First Makiguchi, then Toda was against war. We have never had militarist ties. Soka Gakkai is one of the purest and most respectable organizations that have

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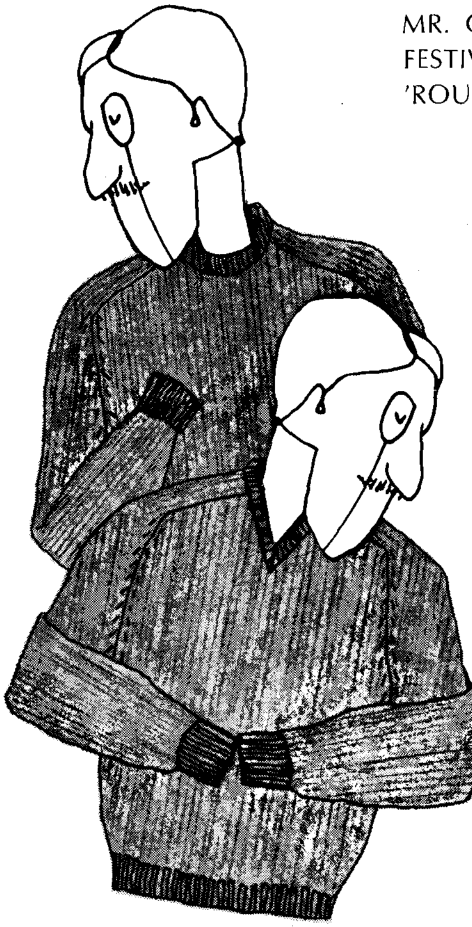
ever existed in the world. We have no desire for private gain. My hope is to save all of society."

Thus loosened up somewhat, Ikeda proved quite willing to discuss any and all aspects of Soka Gakkai's philosophy and tactics, religious or political. Most of what he said merely confirmed the information and impressions that I had already gathered. Certain lines of questioning, however, elicited new, if somewhat puzzling, insights into the organization. For instance, Ikeda dwelt at some length on what made the ideal—that is, the Soka Gakkai—Buddhist way of thinking different from and superior to the socio-philosophical systems of both Communism and the democratic West. In Communist countries, he said, materialism prevails, while in a nation like the United States society is based on what he called "mentalism," meaning a philosophy that emphasizes the spirit, soul, and mind. "In our view, mind and body should not be divided," he said. "We respect the foundation of life itself. We have this body and we stay in this place. The two should not be separated. Nor should life and thought be separated. Only Nichiren Shoshu has this reasonable philosophy." Ikeda went on to equate Nichiren with other great leaders of moral thought. "Like Plato and Aristotle, Nichiren taught a set of principles suitable to his civilization," he said. "Along with other seminal thinkers, Plato and Aristotle developed a Western way of thought, embodying the newest, latest, and truest ideas of their times. Japan must do the same. But whereas in the old days one could go by rickshaw, now the latest-model express train is needed. That is Soka Gakkai."

I suggested that there seemed to be something of a conflict between the strictly national emphasis of Soka Gakkai and its universal aspirations.

His answer was, in effect, that Soka Gakkai's destiny was to fight all Japanese religions but to respect religious systems elsewhere in the world. "However, in the long run Soka Gakkai will predominate everywhere, because even foreign religions suffer from the fatal sickness of jealousy," he said. "By simply following the reasonable way of true Buddhism, Soka Gakkai will survive the antagonism of all other religions."

On specific political issues, Ikeda proved to be far less evasive than I had found most other Soka Gakkai leaders to be. I asked him, for example, if he thought that an amendment to the Japanese constitution would be necessary for his organization to at-



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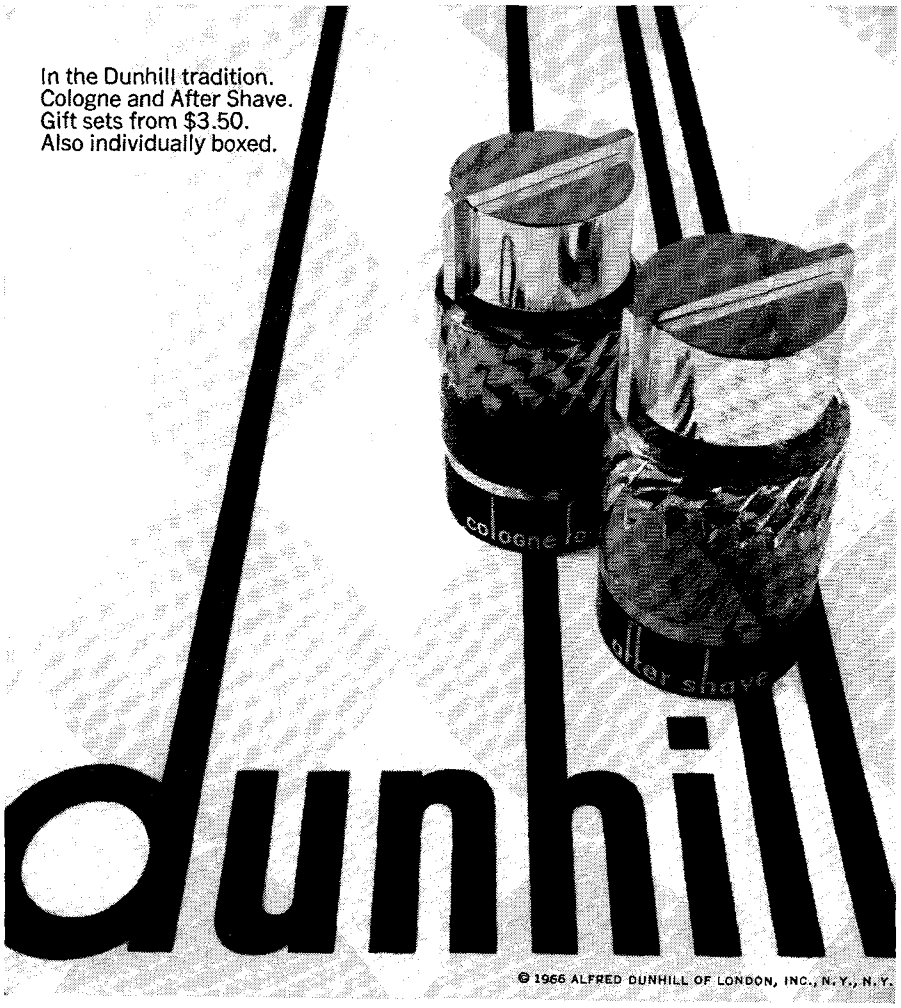

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tain its goals, in the light of the clear insistence in several passages on the separation of Church and State.

"*Nai!*" he said, giving a most emphatic negative. "We want neither to amend it nor to become a national religion."

"But recently a professor who is a member of Soka Gakkai so indicated on a national television program," I said.

Ikeda smiled. "We have lots of members," he said. "Some may have said such things wrongly."

At several points, Ikeda seemed to suggest that there had been a breakdown in communication between him and other Soka Gakkai spokesmen. One discrepancy that interested me particularly emerged when, having advocated higher corporation taxes, he stated that the Soka Gakkai fiscal program envisioned *no* income taxes, although I had heard a number of Soka Gakkai leaders say that income taxes should be imposed quite heavily on the rich. Ikeda did not seem to take such contradictions very seriously, however. From our conversation, I gathered that there was really only one matter on which no divergence of opinion could be tolerated—that Soka Gakkai is uniquely right, no matter what.

The relative ease with which Soka Gakkai's members accept the elevation of rather amorphous and even conflicting beliefs into unassailable dogma became somewhat more comprehensible to me after I had discussed with Ikeda the fact, which had always seemed somewhat curious to me, that truth was not recognized as one of the essential substances of value in Makiguchi's theology. "We have nothing against truth," Ikeda said. "But truth and its converse, falsity, simply do not *belong* to the Theory of Value, the way beauty, goodness, and gain do. Truth and lying are a product of the mental principles, as we call them, of Christianity and the West. To be sure, if only for common-sense reasons, it is important to teach children not to lie. However, as our Book of Propagation says, 'What is truthful does not necessarily bring happiness.' You can't establish prosperity and the good life by mental principles. This can only be done by believing deeply and completely in the higher concepts evolved by us out of Nichiren's thought. From such belief, good experiences will appear, and, furthermore, badness and the lower evils will become impossible. Putting it another way, if people act badly, just as when they become ill or fail to be cured, they are not

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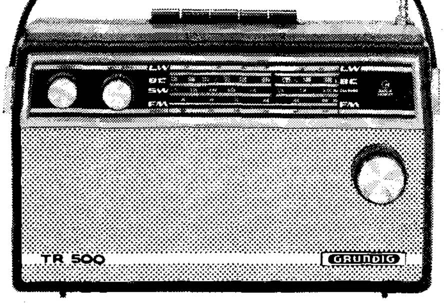

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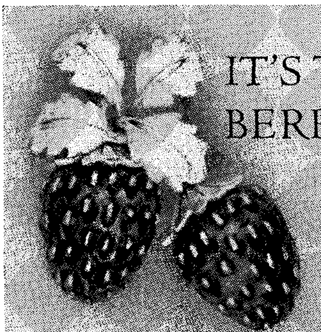

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believing deeply enough, or correctly."

Picking up the suggestion that people are acting badly if they become ill and fail to be cured, I asked, "What can Soka Gakkai's attraction possibly be for someone with an incurable disease?"

Ikeda replied, without hesitation, that conversion can bring "fundamental relief—the figure of enlightenment" even at the hour of death. If one dies believing deeply enough, I was told, he can confidently expect a happy future life.

It occurred to me to say that I supposed this line of thinking applied to Makiguchi himself. After all, I said, the man who had been the very soul of Soka Gakkai-ism had died, ill and broken, in prison, had he not?

And then I received a very interesting piece of information. Makiguchi had *not* died in prison but had been released, because of his poor health and advanced age, and died shortly thereafter, Ikeda explained offhandedly, thus denying one of the most widely broadcast and accepted legends about his organization—or perhaps simply launching a new one. However, Ikeda went on, Makiguchi had been put in prison in the first place because even he, in a previous incarnation, had not observed the true principles of Nichiren. "Makiguchi broke the chain, though," Ikeda told me, nodding with satisfaction as he fluttered his fan gracefully before his face. "The proof is that his family are all very happy now."

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Mr. Barnes said the higher speed has been authorized as part of what he called the "continuing program for realistic limits."—*The Times.*

Where's that road map?

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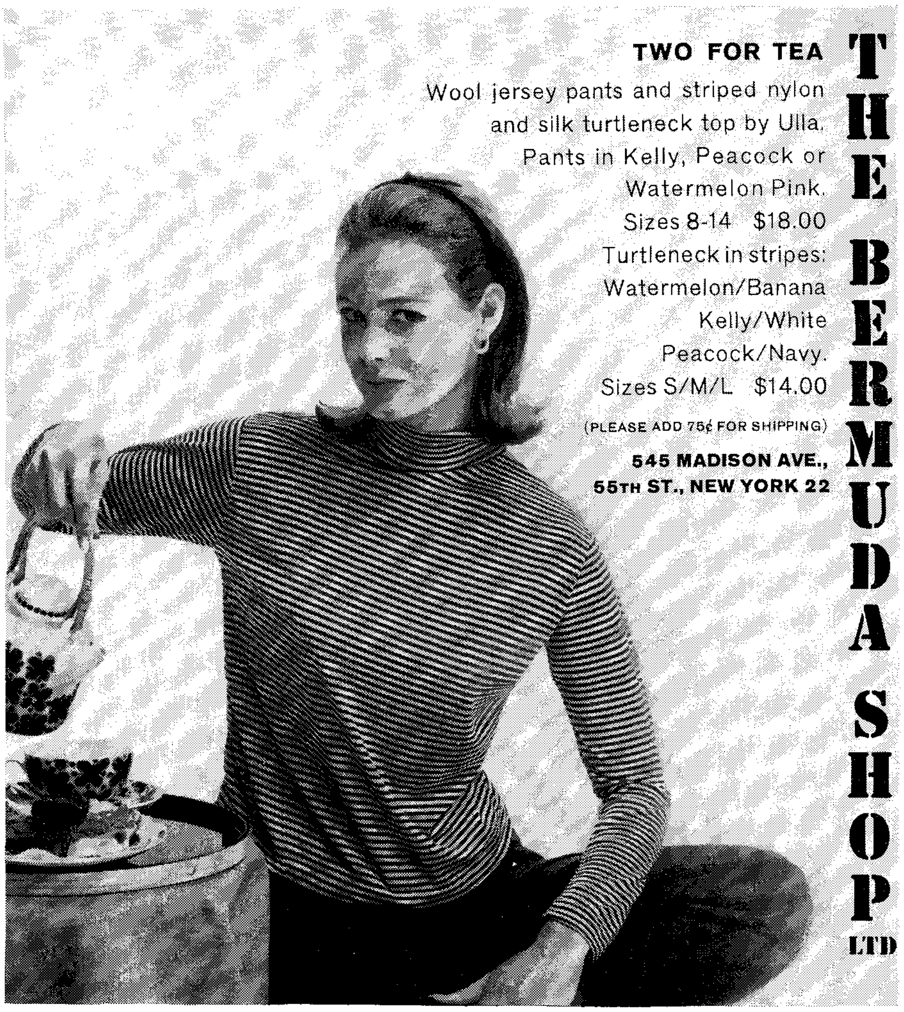
RECIPE CORRECTIONS

P. 73 Oatmeal Macaroons—2 unbeaten eggs.

P. 81 Cheese Balls—Should read 1½ cups grated cheese rather than ground beef.—*McCracken County (Ky.) Homemakers Cook Book.*

Nice save!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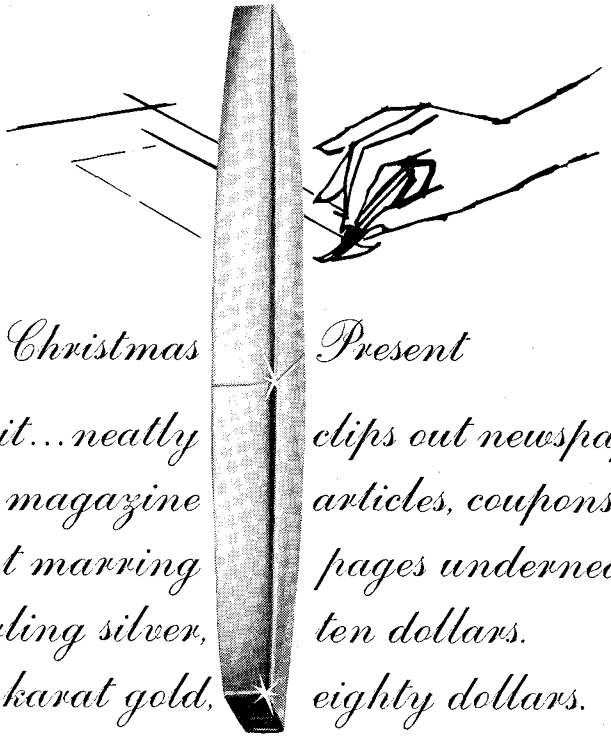
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SLIDES

Mrs. Wilkinson sighed deeply as her husband said, "I'll fix it in a minute, it's only upside down." On a sheet stretched tightly over a painting of grazing sheep hanging high on the living-room wall was Sally Wilkinson, five years old and upside down. She was saluting. Mr. Wilkinson carefully removed a slide from his projector and put it in again. He smiled and said to his wife, "The child was always saluting. In six out of the ten pictures I've shown so far, she is saluting."

Sally Wilkinson, aged eighteen, sitting next to her mother on a couch, said, "That's me. How many more of these do I have to see?"

"You haven't seen them for a long time," Mrs. Wilkinson said.

"I know, but I have things to do."

"All you're going to do is go upstairs and bury your head in a magazine," said her mother.

"I have to go write a letter," Sally said.

Mr. Wilkinson continued putting slides into the machine and taking them out. Some of them were upside down, some right side up. "Notice the fine composition in this one," he said. In the picture, Sally was wearing a Brownie uniform and saluting the first Wilkinson dog.

"Poor Snuffy," Mrs. Wilkinson said. He had died in a hurricane.

"Look at the way I caught his laugh lines," Mr. Wilkinson said.

"Dogs don't laugh, if you'll notice," Mrs. Wilkinson said.

"You know what I mean," he said.

"Mother, I can't sit here all night," Sally said.

"I know," Mrs. Wilkinson said. "It's Saturday, and you have to go up and write letters to people you left on Friday and whom you'll see on Sunday."

"Just a few more, then you can go up," Mr. Wilkinson said.

"Not *letters*—*a* letter," Sally said.

"Hey, you with the fine composition," Mrs. Wilkinson said, "the child's head is cut off, if you'll notice."

"Does Avedon need an assistant?" Sally asked, drumming her fingernails on the arm of the couch and looking at a picture of herself nine years old—missing teeth, a missing head—in a boy's bathing suit. "It seems I never had tops on my bathing suits."

"What's an avedon, Sal?" asked Mr. Wilkinson, pleased at her interest.

"Oh, Dad, you know, he's a very famous—"

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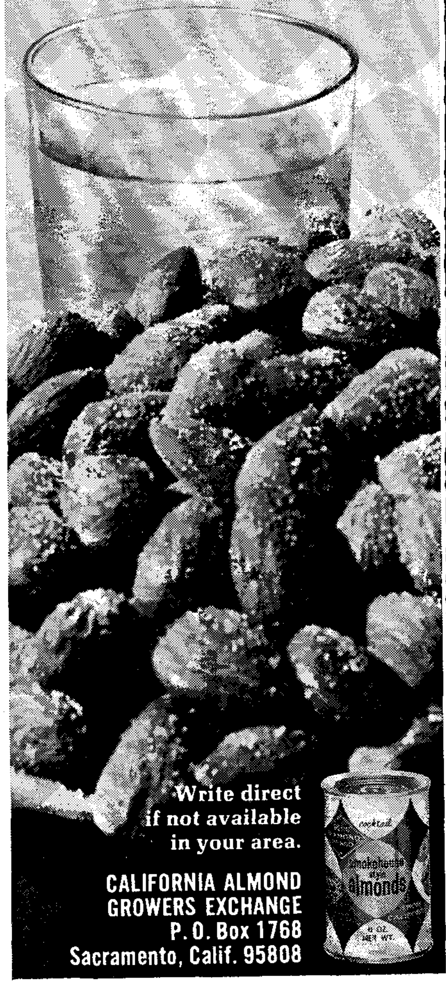

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"You didn't need a top then," Mrs. Wilkinson said.

Sally looked at her, and then said to her father, "He takes pictures. Like you. Listen, I can see the rest of them next time I come home."

"Mother, you're near the light," Mr. Wilkinson said. "Could you switch it on for a second? Whoever put these pictures away last time seems to have messed them up."

"You're the only one who ever touches them," she said.

"I have to go upstairs now," Sally said.

"Upstairs! Upstairs!" Mrs. Wilkinson said. "You come home once in a blue moon from that nutty New York school of yours, and those nutty friends of yours—whom, if you'll notice, we've never seen or met—and you have to go *upstairs!* How can anyone want to be in New York City? It's so far away from *everything*."

"I like it," Sally said.

"Mother, could you please switch on that light over your head?" Mr. Wilkinson said, his voice rising a little in irritation.

"Do you have to call Mother 'Mother'?" Sally said. "It sounds *awful*." She paused a minute, then added, "If you'll notice."

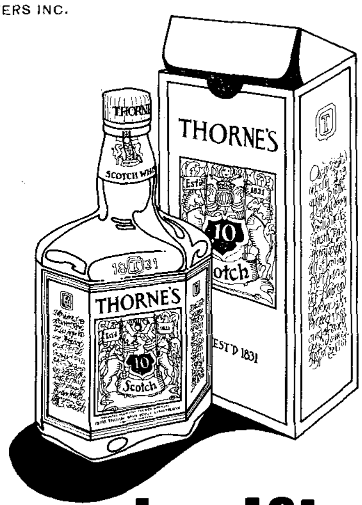
"He can call me anything he wants to," Mrs. Wilkinson said, looking at Mr. Wilkinson.

"I know he can call you anything he wants to," Sally said, imitating her mother's inflections. "But you call him 'Dad,' too—sometimes—and it's so unromantic and awful, and, after all, you're *married*."

"What else is new?" Mr. Wilkinson said.

"Young lady, if you had said, 'Go tell Daddy supper's ready,' and 'Go tell Mommy to change your pants,' and 'Go tell Daddy not to—to'—she sputtered, looking for the right words—'not to leave the lawnmower out in the driveway,' because you nearly killed yourself with your—your bike, for so many years, you'd do the same thing," said Mrs. Wilkinson, calming down as she saw that Sally was nodding, seemingly in agreement. "It's just easier. And it's just a *habit* now, I guess."

"I know," said Sally. "But I wouldn't want James to call me 'Moth-



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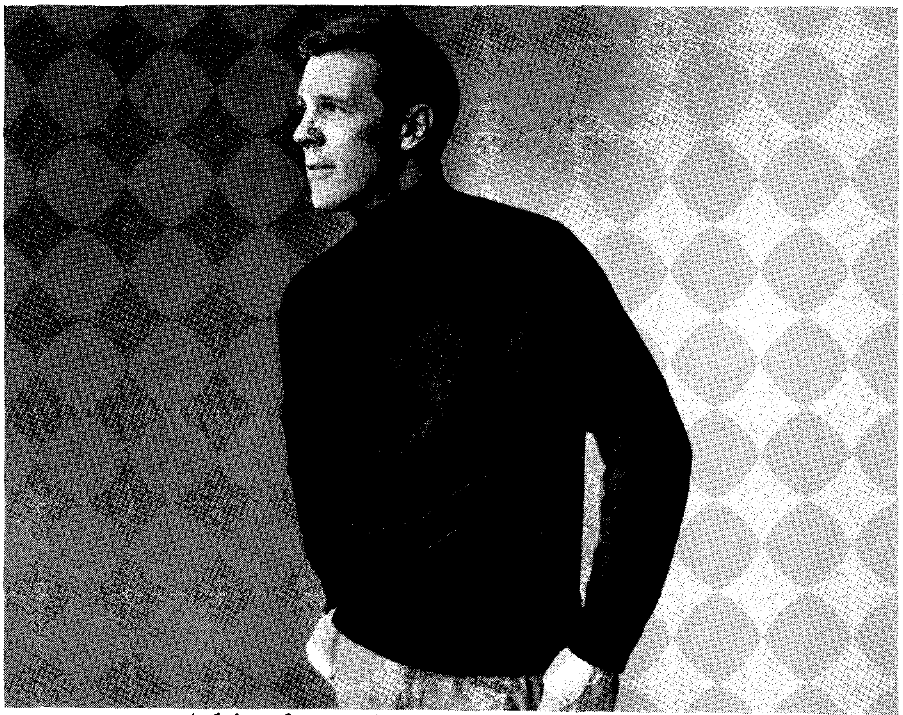

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er.' And I certainly would never dream of calling him 'Dad.' "

"And *who*, may I ask, is James?" Mrs. Wilkinson said.

"He's the person I'm going to marry."

Mr. Wilkinson almost upset the projector as he got up and turned on the light. "How long have you known this person?"

Sally bit her lip and looked serious.

"Well, how long?" Mr. Wilkinson asked again.

Sally shrugged. "I don't know exactly. I think it was four weeks last Wednesday," she said. "It was raining," she added dreamily.

"Oh," her father said, sounding relieved. "I thought it might be someone you knew last year, too."

"I wasn't at school last year," she said.

"Well, last *semester* then—you know what I mean."

"Well, how long I've known him doesn't matter," Sally said.

"I don't know what's the matter with you lately," Mrs. Wilkinson said. "You never tell us things anymore. You used to be so open and so sweet. Like in those pictures with Snuffy."

"Mother, those pictures were taken—" she began. "Mother, that was in a different country, and besides, the dog's dead."

"I don't understand what that has to do with it," Mr. Wilkinson said.

"Do you think I can go now?" Sally asked. "Go upstairs?"

"Is he nice?" her father asked.

"Yes," she said. "He's the most wonderful man in the world." Then she smiled. "Except for you, of course."

"What do you mean you're going to marry him?" her mother asked.

"Well, I don't mean right now, not right away," Sally said. "But I know that he's the *kind* of *person* I'll marry."

"Oh," said Mr. Wilkinson.

"That's a little different," Mrs. Wilkinson said. "Well, go upstairs and write him your letter."

Sally got up quickly. "I'll help you straighten the pictures before the train tomorrow, Dad. I saw one of those Carousel things in the city. I'll get you one. It's to put pictures in, instead of a box. Then they're all sorted and right side up."

"A box is good enough for me," Mr. Wilkinson said.

"But a box is silly."

"That's O.K.," Mr. Wilkinson said.

"You won't help him tomorrow. You'll be up in your room all day, and we won't see you," Mrs. Wilkinson said. "You know, when someone's in the house it's nice to know someone's in the house."

"Winnie," Mr. Wilkinson said, "let her go upstairs if she wants to."

"Well, I'm tired anyway," Sally said. "Maybe I'll just go to bed and write the letter tomorrow before I leave."

"What time's your train?" Mr. Wilkinson asked.

"I don't know. Maybe I'll take the morning one, so I can get back in time to do some studying at night."

"What did I tell you?" Mrs. Wilkinson said. "She won't have time to help you with anything."

"I can go back in the afternoon. It doesn't make any difference," said Sally.

"Well, it makes a difference to us," Mrs. Wilkinson said.

"You know what I mean," Sally said.

"Let her go upstairs if she wants," said her father. "At least she comes home, doesn't she? Some girls don't do that."

"I'm grateful, if you'll notice," Mrs. Wilkinson said. —Jane Richmond

• •

DOUBLE BLUFF

"Sometimes," they said to me,
"when we are sitting on the porch at evening,
hearing the swish of cars from the highway,
we let the oddness of the woods seep in
and, by a stretch of seeming, for a time
we hear the flow of traffic as the sea."

Sometimes I,
restless in my stranded house, at evening,
ears bared to the relentless seethe of waves
winding up to sound off on the bluff,
transform the sound to traffic in my head,
and feel it human, and am comforted.
—Alastair Reid

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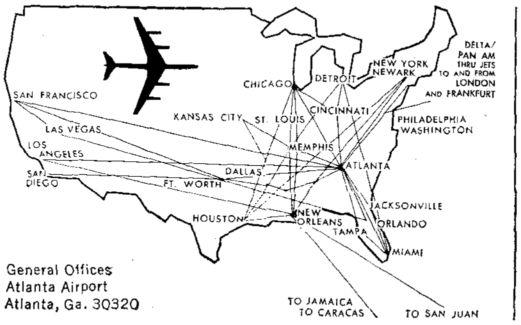
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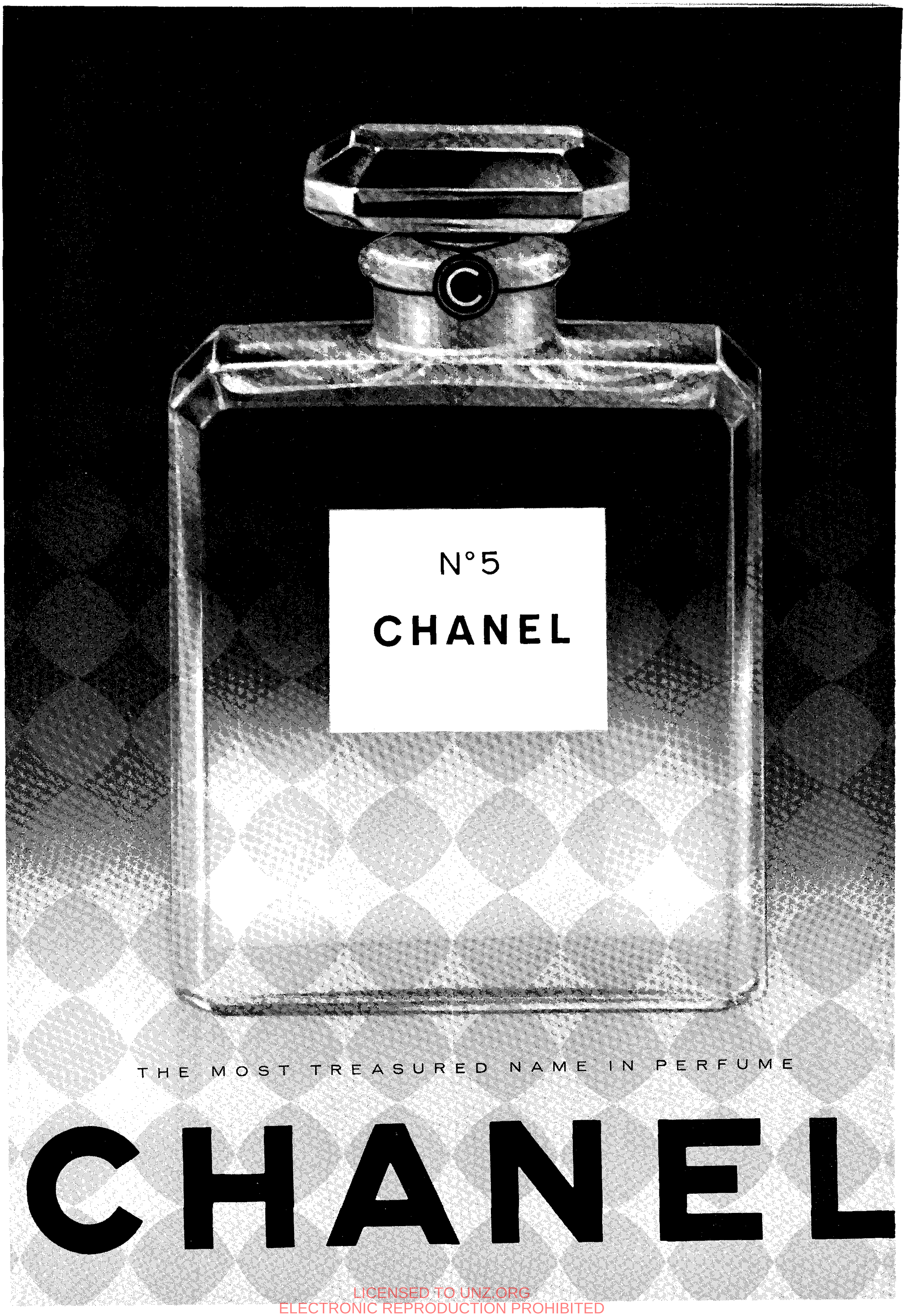
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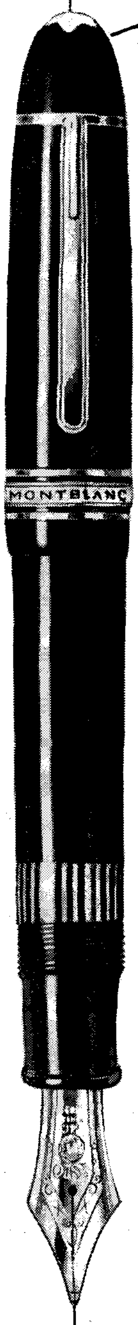
YOU BETTER WATCH OUT, YOU BETTER NOT CRY...

AMONG the many persons who are looking forward rapturously to Christmas, some are less enraptured by the prospect of the weeks between now and then. There are reasons, some of them perfectly valid. During the sly detection that precedes the actual gift shopping, every family finds at least one member who would have you believe he already possesses everything he wants. Suitability, too, may be burdensome: tricycle-sized children want two-wheelers, bicycle-sized children covet Vespas. And before these problems are solved the earliest Christmas cards may drift in, starting with those from acquaintances who were not to be sent any. So wives lose their umbrellas and husbands lose their tempers as the days grow shorter and the line at the post office grows longer. Yet Christmas turns out well—a joyful triumph, often enough, making us wonder whether the chore of getting ready for it is not a psychological and philosophical necessity, a requirement of America's Puritan heritage, which does not permit us to enjoy the happy feast unless it has been quite a lot of trouble. We've no mind to tangle with an old ethic at this very late date, but, even at the risk of spoiling the celebration, we are going to try to ease the pains of preparation. Today we report on some possible gifts for women, along with some clothes for children. In subsequent issues we shall pass along our findings on gifts for the house (December 3rd), toys (December 10th), and children's books (December 17th).

FIRST of all come custom gifts. And first among custom gifts come custom furs. You would do well to order your favorite lady an enchanting tawny French rabbitskin coat at the shop of Georges Kaplan, 730 Fifth Avenue (57th). Two weeks is the time it takes to make the coat, which is gently fitted, with a shawl collar and plump cuffs made of tawny, fluffy Italian lamb; $295. Or, if a tawny coat does not seem exactly right, Kaplan also has rabbit fur dyed and printed in imitation of the rare and horrific snow leopard. A prototype coat is straight in back, ties in front with a narrow leather sash, and closes with three big pearl buttons off to the side; also $295 and two weeks. Or a giant fur hug—a curly white Mongolian lamb stole, seven and a half feet long. The side that isn't furry is dyed suède; $495, and two weeks. In fact, two weeks seems to be the most popular length of time in which to run up fur fancies, so from here on you can assume that everything will take two weeks unless we note otherwise. Henry Greenhut, 781 Madison Avenue (66th), can make a striking something in a bold black-and-white herringbone—*mink* herringbone, that is. A dashing mink-herringbone ascot is $145, and a mink-herringbone stole is $565. Or how about a very pretty moleskin convertible coat? It has a concealed zipper at its waist. Zip! The skirt of the coat is detached, leaving a waist-length mole jacket. You will have to decide whether the lady you have in mind would prefer red mole to navy, brown, gray, black, or olive mole. The price is $895, and the place is Marianne Spottiswoode, 33 East 68th Street. A lady would certainly thank you for thinking of a party wrap, and we found a delightful ranch-mink example—a full, rather than snug, waist-length affair that can be hooked in front or in back. (Back closings look expensive; they imply ladies' maids.) Backward or frontward, it looks nifty; $995, and the man to see is S. J. Glaser, 26 East 56th Street.

Nothing would dress up the happy profusion under the Christmas tree like a raccoon greatcoat coiled there, waiting to be sprung at by the No. 1 lady of the house. By some artifice that involves working the skins horizontally, raccoon is now made to look silky rather than shaggy, and Harold Rubin, 1186 Third Avenue (69th), sometimes has a coat of this transmogrified skin in stock (sizes 6 to 14), but when he hasn't, you needn't despair, because, given your nod, he will be glad to make up one of these marvels. The price is $495. Take a Russian kolinsky (a member of the mink family), raise it in Canada, dye it chocolate brown, and you will have a good thing. Then Allen & Cole, 150 East 54th Street, will make it into an even better thing—an easily fitted, side-buttoned coat, for $995. Kolinsky *au naturel* is the color of butterscotch, and the same shop can make a mouth-watering double-breasted coat of that color with equal dispatch. It has wide lapels, a straight back, and a leather sash in front; $895. Just because men have been wearing pants suits all their grown-up lives, they tend to doubt that ladies want such things badly, but ladies do, no matter how



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chilly a reception they get from the maîtres d. around town. We came upon a splendid pants suit with a long, fur-lined jacket at T. Jones, 1050 Third Avenue (62nd) and 15 West 57th Street. Wool gabardine, either dark brown or camel-colored, is the fabric—for the unlined trousers, too, of course. The fur lining may be beaver-dyed sheared rabbit ($180) or real beaver ($295). And for this you wait only a week. If you know that what is desired above all is a fur-lined ski jacket, proceed to André, 21 West 56th Street, where there are many, among which we were especially taken with one of green water-repellent antique velvet lined in rabbit stencilled to look like ocelot; $200.

WE move indoors at this point, for a consideration of custom-made at-home costumes for a lucky hearth-hugging girl. From Africa, via Khadejha, at 5 St. Mark's Place, comes an arresting coat-and-gown ensemble. The coat—a burnous, with a hood, long full sleeves, and a single button at the throat—is made of a heavy, hand-woven West African cotton, called Kenti cloth, with an up-to-the-minute geometric pattern in simple primary colors. This stylish garment is lined with a riotous, splashy, deep-in-the-jungle silk print, and the long slip dress that goes with it is made of the same material. The coat is $150 and the dress $80, and orders take a week. Does everybody know what a saleslady means by a "shell"? It is what used to be called a sleeveless overblouse. Even if you forget the word, and are reduced to pointing dumbly, Elaine Starkman, 857 Lexington Avenue (65th), can supply you with a most handsome coffee-colored at-home costume, consisting of a suède shell and a floor-length suède skirt. It costs $150 and takes three weeks. If you've a mind, you could add narrow coffee-colored suède trousers for an additional $85. Might your lady like a sportswoman's at-home costume? Crossroads of Sport, 5 East 47th Street, offers a shell of beige wool hopsacking and a matching long wraparound skirt adorned at the hem with appliquéd game birds—your choice of quail, mallard, or pheasant—in lifelike game-bird colors. The price is $85, the wait is a week. Six printed wool challis scarves are the raw—or, rather, delicate—material of a delicious at-home gown at Ashley & Abel, 860 Lexington Avenue (65th). The top is small and something less than sleeveless (bare shoulders), and the skirt, a wonder of workmanship, uses

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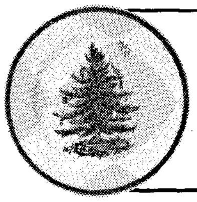

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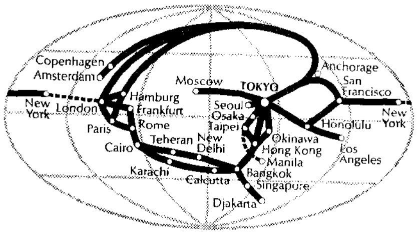
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the wide borders of the scarves to make a geometric pattern; $150, and two weeks. You will find a surprising down-to-the-floor crêpe spill at James Holton, 193 West 4th Street. This at-home gown has a round neck and batwing sleeves that push up and bunch prettily, thanks to undercover elastic. There is one other detail: the color divides up the middle—portside white, starboard black. It's $75, and two weeks. Something demure? A long crêpe shift with a bateau neck and long sleeves that are slit up the sides and caught together with six little bows, to allow a daring glimpse, here and there, of the lady's arms. The shop called Outrageous, at 1299 Second Avenue (68th), makes it in two weeks, in pink or green or toast; $75. A gorgeous Paisley-printed velveteen at-home dress at Mad Jacs, 543 Third Avenue (36th), doesn't bother with sleeves. It can afford to do without because it has an enormous, circular cape collar that hangs down almost as far as the elbows from a high, round neckline. The waiting time is one week, and the price $45. The shop called Kind of Marvelous, at 220 East 57th Street, makes an impressively simple at-home gown. It is sleeveless, turtlenecked, and slightly shaped, and its floor-length skirt is softly flared at the hem. Your only difficulty will be in trying to decide among wool crêpe (coral), wool tweed (gray-and-black), wool plaid (black-gray-mauve-and-olive), and heavy basketweave wool in one of many misty colors; $115, and two weeks.

Do you remember when party trousers and party pajamas were garments that daring hostesses wore for parties at home? Surely you do—that was only last year. Now things have changed. The lady in gold lamé pajamas may be the hostess or she may be a guest. In either case, her dazzling costume may have come from you and from Barra, 445 Park Avenue (57th), especially if it is one-piece, with a delicately pleated standup collar, a halter top, a slim waist, and a flared hem; $150, and three weeks. If lamé is a bit hard-edge for the lady you are thinking of, chiffon—or, more precisely, double chiffon over silk—might be the answer. The Charles of the Ritz Boutique, in the Ritz Tower, is your shop, then. In two weeks' time, it can provide you with a beautiful costume of the stuff: a sleeveless bodice, a soft cowl neck, and culottes as full as a drifty ball gown. The colors—to suggest one of many delightful combinations—could be green silk under two shades of blue chiffon; $195. Here's another charm-

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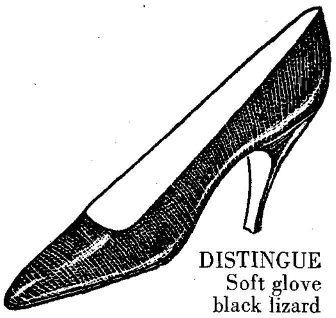

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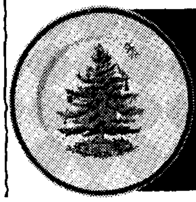

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ing possibility: a narrow, sleeveless top attached to tremendously full culotte bottoms—each leg measuring seven feet around at its hem. With all that fullness, culottes look just like a skirt, which isn't a bit bad. The material is petit-point wool, appliquéd, from about the thigh to the hem, with Paisley-print cutouts. The price is $225, the source is Sportique Unlimited, 816 Madison Avenue (68th), and the waiting time is two weeks. The shop called She, at 1191 First Avenue (64th), is taking orders for a one-piece jump suit (sleeveless, unlike a sky diver's) of lovely patterned black velvet. Tiny blue, yellow, green, and red rectangles—like chips of stained glass—are woven into the material. The time is two weeks, the cost $75.

Gentlemen Civil War buffs all know what Marianne Spottiswoode means when she calls party trousers "Zouave." For those who have managed to avoid reading about that conflict through these centenary years, we explain that the Zouave regiments, imitating Algerian uniforms, wore handsome baggy knickerbockers, gathered at the waist and just below each knee. Spottiswoode's adaptation, like that imitation (not to mention the originals), balloons in a beguiling manner. Your choice of fabric is satin crêpe or silk chiffon; in either case, the price is $95. A trim shell to match is $50. The time factor is two weeks. At Baba, 136 East 61st Street, we found a dashing party costume—a tuck-in top with trousers that are worn low, like hip-rider jeans. No cowboy ever wore anything remotely like this, however. The material—satin-backed crêpe—is a marvel. The colors—one suggestion is a dulcet lilac banded with a glowing cerise—are inspirations. Three weeks, and $60. The prize floor-length peignoir, combining warmth with beauty, at the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th), is made of lightweight challis lined with China silk, and its collar and cuffs are masses of delicate baby lace and tiny satin scallops. The colors are pink or blue, the time is three weeks, the price is $97.75.

This lady you're shopping for undoubtedly wishes, like all other ladies of the Western world, that she had a reasonable excuse, plus the skill, to wear an Indian sari. You can surprise—no, thrill—her with a dinner dress reminiscent of a sari but requiring no instruction to get into: a floor-length gown made of genuine Indian sari silk. It has a slender bodice, elbow-length sleeves, and a mandarin collar. Those glorious sari borders are at the bottom of the

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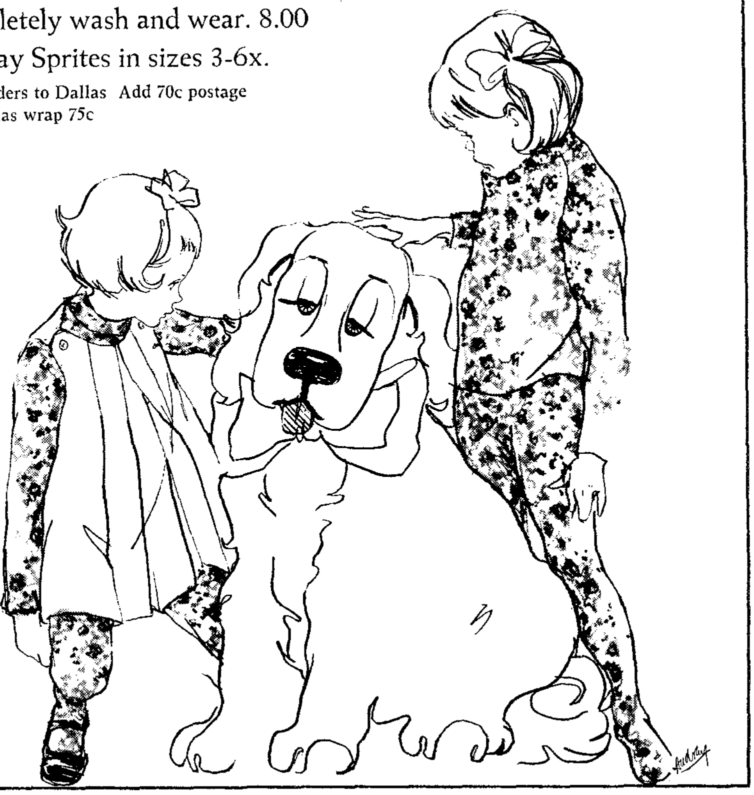

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fairly full skirt and at the bottom of the sleeves. The dress costs $250, and you can order it from Knobkerry, at 19 East 7th Street; two weeks. Less familiar but no less beautiful is the black Indian silk that is woven with narrow stripes of emerald, garnet, sapphire, and gold. It makes a proud, rather mysterious, floor-length, low-necked party dress, with flaring sleeves that reveal its moss-green silk lining; $60 and two weeks, the shop being Poor Pearl, 65 St. Mark's Place.

WE hope that all our attention to floor-length skirts hasn't led you to suppose we are anti-miniskirt. The little things are attractive, of course. Well, let's say they are popular. If the lady is that young, and wants a miniskirt, she would surely love this ensemble: of three pieces, all wool knit, with horizontal panels of tan and khaki separated by a strip of orange. The sweater is sleeveless and has a stand-away oval neckline; the skirt is a mere nothing that sits on the hips (it closes with a drawstring) and does not even approach the knees; and the cap is a grownup-sized version of a baby cap. The set is $65. It's made in ten days at Studio Del, 19 East 7th Street. The same shop makes a to-order whimsey that any lady on your list, young or not so young, might delight in. It's an evening-party head covering—a net kerchief embroidered with wool flowers (you have a wide choice of colors) whose stamens are of gold or silver lamé (as you choose); $25, and ten days. While we're on the subject of headgear, we'd better not forget that the Sally Victor Boutique, 18 East 53rd Street, makes great big butterfly bows, ideal for ladies whose long hair is pulled back and tied at the nape of the neck. There are bows of taffeta and bows of tulle, bows sprinkled with rhinestones or paillettes, bows studded with colorful fake jewels and goodness knows what all. Pretty bows! The prices range from $16.50 to $24, according to wingspread, and the wait is one week. A woman needs something to keep her ears warm, especially if her hair is pulled back, so a windproof wool helmet at Kind of Marvelous might be the ticket. You are obliged to choose one fabric from among a splendid assortment of tweeds, checks, plaids, and stripes, but that will be a pleasant chore; $20, and one week. Matching demi-mittens—both the thumb and the index, or trigger, finger are free—are $10, and can be ready simultaneously.

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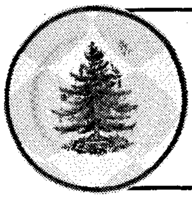

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$27.50, and three weeks' waiting time, from Princess Obolensky, 417 Park Avenue (55th). An elegant alligator bag, a ten-by-seven-inch rectangle, made by Henri Bétrix, 702 Madison Avenue (63rd), costs $435, and the wait is two weeks. A calfskin dust jacket and a stiff marble-paper slipcase to protect a cherished volume; $50 for the five-by-eight-inch size, and a wait of three weeks, at the St. Crispin Bindery, 888 Madison Avenue (72nd).

SO much for tradition. Now for innovation: A small, round vermeil pillbox (it's an inch and a half across) has an even smaller alarm watch in its lid. The alarm consists of a ten-second buzz just loud enough to catch the attention of a distracted lady who needs to be reminded to take her medication; $275, and two weeks, from Cartier.

A little lady (from toddler size 2 up to girls' size 10) could hardly help liking an Empire-style party dress with yoke and sleeves of muted, swirling, Persian-printed cotton, and a dark red (or blue, or green) wool skirt; it costs from $12.95 to $15.95 at Yurgal, 172 West 4th Street, and the wait is ten days. A little gentleman, or even a progressive-school boy, would think well of a checkerboard cotton bedspread like the bedspread made by the Elder Craftsmen, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th). Every second square has a zinging appliqué—a man selling balloons, for one, and a cat swatting at a butterfly, for another. The junior-bed size is $22, and the wait is three weeks. As for Grandma, she would love a sample of her grandchild's art. A clever mail-order house, Young Rembrandts, whose address is Loch Lane, Port Chester, New York 10573, can take a poster-paint or crayon or pen or pencil work, whatever size it may be, and, by a special color reproduction process, reduce it (if necessary) to slightly less than postcard dimensions. This reproduction is preserved, for display, in a Lucite block—a paperweight. The price, including postage, is $7.45, and the time is a week.

IF you have let the days go by and haven't time for anything made to order, be of good heart. Ready-to-wear can still save the day. "In stock," as you will soon see, does not imply inferior. But please don't dawdle. When an in-stock item is out of stock, the reorder time may be forever.

And so, on to ready-to-wear furs. An evening coat of bleached white rabbit, splendid enough to go wherever

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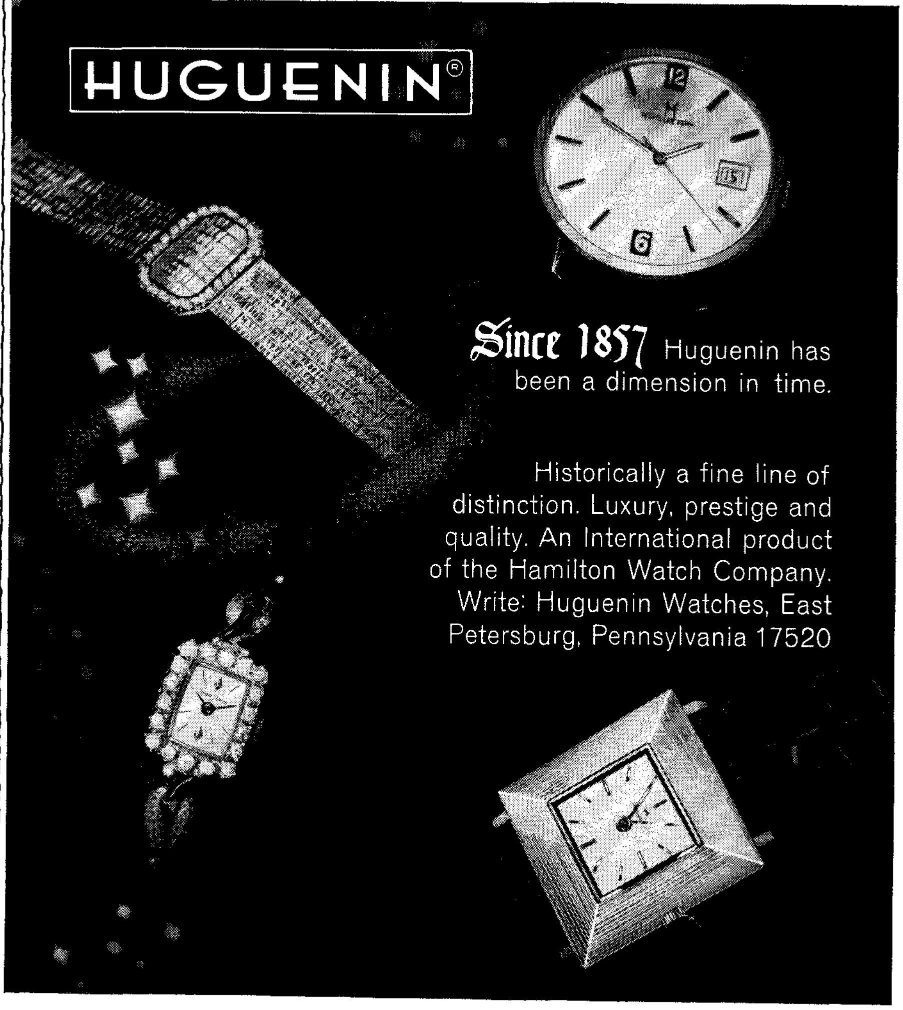

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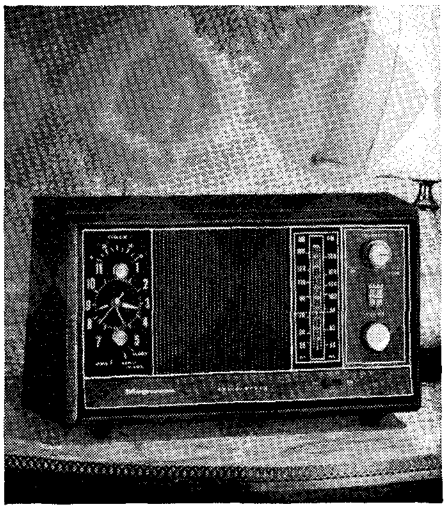

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ermine goes, is waiting at Henri Bendel. It's long—ankle-length—and it fastens with three white ball buttons high on the left side; $595. A daytime, street-length raccoon coat for all over town turns up in beige (bleached), with handsome, moody brown streaks; $725 at Lord & Taylor. A striking coat to wear in real country is made of burly natural wolf and has a shawl collar that can be pulled up over the head and ears, and its length is that new—or old, depending on your memory span—notion, below the calf; $460 at Abercrombie & Fitch. A sumptuous all-purpose—day or evening—street-length raccoon coat is on hand at Kuku, 127 East 60th Street. It is not the familiar raccoon fur but the skins of a strange beast, the Chinese raccoon, which are honey-colored, fluffy, and lovely; $595. At Antartex, 139 East 76th Street, you will find a no-nonsense double-breasted sheepskin sports jacket. The fur is inside—except for the lapels—and it is sheared, not shaggy, and bleached white. The leather outside is brown, and so are the leather buttons; $95.

There is a glamorous party jacket, warm enough for a gala winter evening (a girl in a long dress is going to travel by taxi anyhow, and she can wait indoors till you've found one), at Bonwit Teller. It is made of black crocheted wool covered with two-bit-sized silvery discs. The price is $70. Jax, 7 West 57th Street, has a stunning short (above-the-knee) party coat that makes reference to the secret agent's trenchcoat. Inconspicuous? Well, not exactly. The material is a silvery flowered satin brocade; $195. In the same quotation-marks mood, Jax offers a dress to wear beneath this coat—a plain white T shirt made of satin; $75. The biggest size at Jax, by the way, is 12. We don't suppose you've given much thought lately to Greek bedspreads. Nonetheless, one handsome variety of Greek bedspread, a beige-and-white wool-and-cotton mixture, woven in scroll or flower patterns, is in evidence at Greek Island, Ltd., 215 East 49th Street, in the form of a street-length party coat ($125), a floor-length evening skirt ($50), and a double-breasted, collarless evening jacket ($55). And this transformation, it turns out, was a first-rate idea. Some years ago, Brooks Brothers began copying the winter greatcoat worn by British Army officers, and known in Blighty as the British Warm, for American civilians and gentlemen. Now they are doing the same for American ladies. The color is taupe, and the fabric is heavy English

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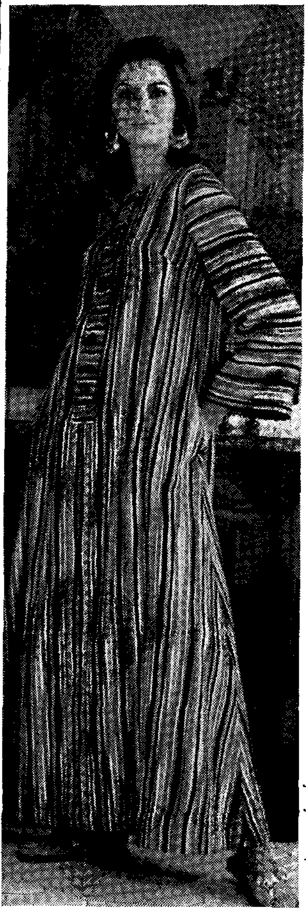

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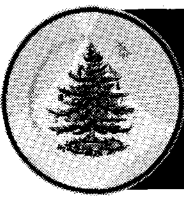

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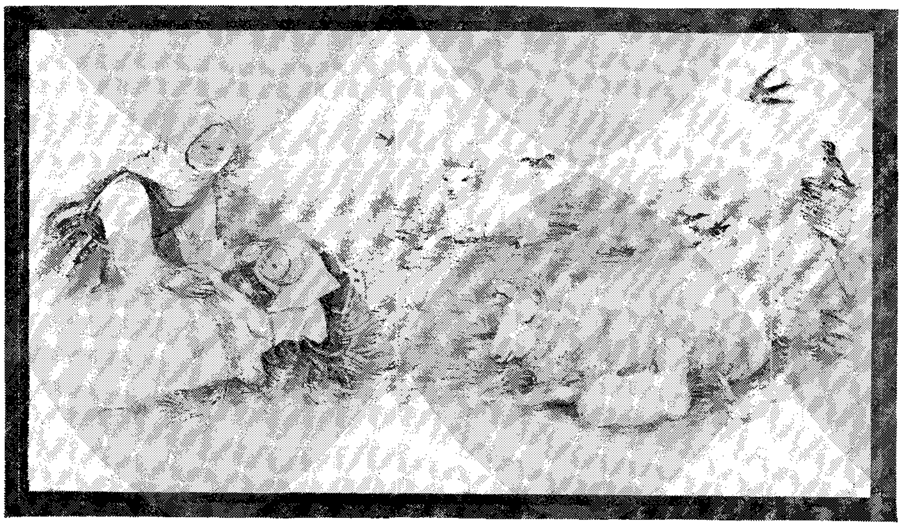
wool. The coat is double-breasted, vented in back, and furnished with two side pockets and a breast pocket. It really is warm, and, more to the gift point, it is very good-looking; $145.

We like to think we have a gift suggestion for nearly every circumstance. For example: It is pouring. It is nighttime. You are taking a lady to a ball. Her ball gown is ravishing. She would rather not get it wet. The solution: A floor-length evening raincoat made of transparent vinyl, to keep her dress both dry and visible. This brilliant invention fastens at the waist, which is fairly high, with a black velvet sash; $65 at Splendiferous, 1312 Third Avenue (75th). By day, the lady would enjoy the protection afforded by an all-weather cotton whipcord raincoat—pale beige in color, double-breasted in style—with a brown opossum lining to zip in or zip out, as the thermometer suggests; $265 at Altman's. Might she like a raincoat to wear over slacks? At Jam Today, 189 West 10th Street, there's one that is seven-eighths length, which turns out to be just the right proportion for that purpose. It's a treated cotton covered with cheerful polka dots, it zips closed, and it has a drawstring hood; $7.50. One splendid umbrella: black-and-white silk printed in an eighteenth-century *toile-de-Jouy* pattern. The handle is black leather, the case is natural burlap, and the designer's name is Balmain. Bendel sells it, for $30. To keep a lady's feet dry, nothing beats a pair of well-constructed vinyl rain boots, almost but not quite knee-high. For instance, the modish taupe (it goes with most shades of mink) boots, with rubber soles, at Lafitte, 8 East 54th Street. They cost $45.

WE are out of the storm now and thinking of at-home costumes once again. Among ready-to-go concepts, nothing could be readier than the impressive one-size-fits-all caftan at Jam Today. The fabric is silk upholstery brocade—either black or white. The V neck is trimmed with both silver and gold braid, and the sleeves and the side seams are trimmed with silver braid. The price is $70. Caftans can confuse a person. In the shop, they look as full as a tent, but a lady wearing one looks even more slender and regal than she really is. Sona the Golden One, 11 East 55th Street, can show you an Indian caftan, which she calls a "choga," because that is what they call caftans in India, where it comes from. It's made of a glorious iridescent apricot-and-gold slubbed silk, and it's trimmed with an extravagance of gold braid, satin

This is the card the Thurstons are sending. They'll be at midnight service Christmas eve.



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scallops, and bobbing satin balls; $140. While you're on the premises, take a look at the lovely, funny earrings. They are fine gold-metal wires strung with a few fake turquoise and carnelian beads. These magical concoctions of interlacing wires can be pushed into any number of three-dimensional shapes, including a globe; at their flattest, they make airy discs about the size of a demitasse saucer. They're $7.50 a pair. At Gavroche, 827 Madison Avenue (69th), the caftans come in two lengths—down to the floor and part way down to the knees. They call the shorter version "mini" length. The fabric is a substantial cotton, in any one of six hot shades, and the trim is multicolored cotton braid; $18 for either length. At Baba, you will find a semi- rather than a mini-caftan. It's loose and flowing in back, and it has the traditional large caftan sleeves, but the front is fitted to the body—the wearer attends to that by adjusting some snaps inside the waist. A charming effect. The fabric is matelassé—green or orange, for instance—and the price is $89.50. For simple splendor, consider the long, wandlike, sleeveless hostess gown at Matthews, 22 West 57th Street. It is sheer wool, and its only trimming is a soft ruffle from the round neck down to the hem. The color choice is four pale shades, and you might choose one with a woman's jewelry in mind (the pink, for instance, would look nice with garnets); $195. Our next suggestion is a short-sleeved, long-skirted Empire gown. It's peacock-blue wool challis with a lovely woven pattern of multicolored medallions and, at the hem, a broad woven border of yellow and purple wheat sheaves tied with red ribbons; $75 at the Shop for Pappagallo, 11 East 54th Street. If you prefer flowers to cereals, you might give somebody Saks Fifth Avenue's plushy long gown covered with scrolls and huge orange, purple, and pink blossoms. There is a three-button closing at its collarless neck, it's drip-dry, it's on the seventh floor, and it costs $23. Praises—including your lady's, we'll bet—naturally accrue to a witty sleeveless floor-length sweater dress, wool knit in a giant pink-and-white Argyle pattern. It's bold but flattering, and The St. Mark's General Store, 13 St. Mark's Place, sells it for $29.95.

Now for a scattering of in-stock at-home pants. Does the lady like lamé? Try Bergdorf Goodman. There's a one-piece lamé costume there consisting of a close-fitting sleeveless top, full pants, and a satin sash to secure the waist. In

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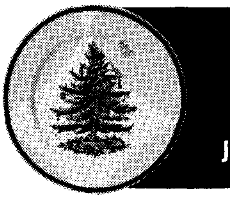

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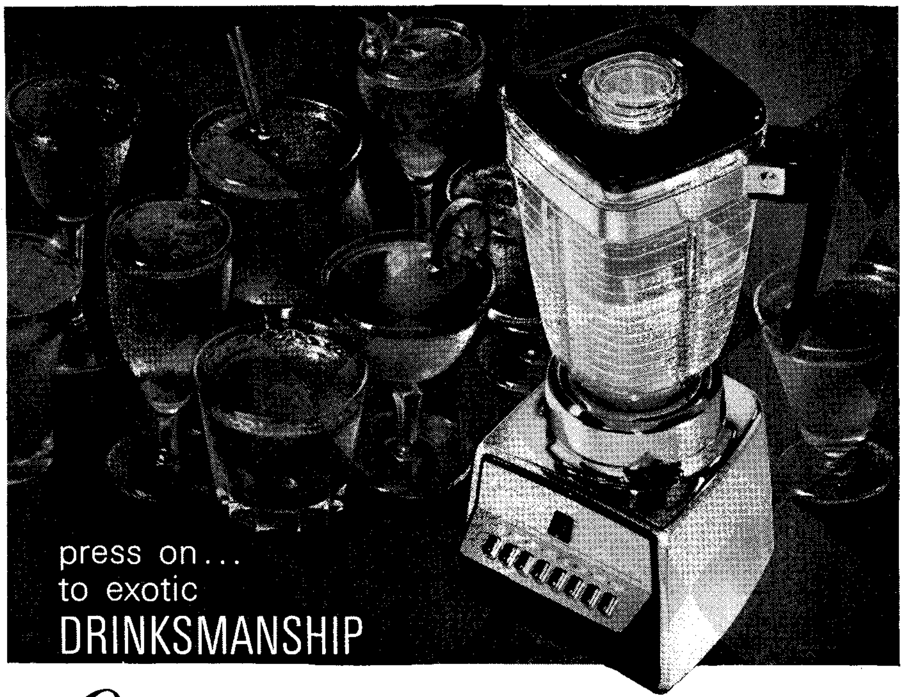
either silver or gold, it looks like a million; the price is really $65. Velours? See Robert Leader, 146 East 54th Street, for a two-piece cotton velour hostess set whose top is a long overblouse and whose bottom is straight trousers. There's no mistaking the holiday it's meant for; the colors are Christmas red or Christmas green, and the price is $50. Beads? See Elizabeth Arden, 691 Fifth Avenue (64th), whose two-piece black wool crêpe pajamas—a V-necked, sleeveless overblouse and bell-bottom trousers—are solidly beaded with jet paillettes; $195. (For the boudoir, Arden has a charming dress-length robe of quilted nylon tricot. It's printed with a sweet, cloudy, multicolored swirl—apricot, yellow, and pale green—and one yellow and one green streamer tie at the throat; $18.) Challis? See Splendiferous. The tops of its floor-length wool challis culotte costumes are cut like prim little T shirts, and tops and bottoms alike are striped up and down in pink, purple, green, and brown; $45. Corduroy? At Le Sorelle, 137 East 56th Street, the wide-wale corduroy culottes tie at the waist with a floppy, artistic bow. Of the five good colors, we like olive best; $25. A hand-crocheted wool capelet that ties at the throat is what a girl needs for reading in bed. She may read gossip columns mostly, but she'll appreciate the cozy warmth all the more when she turns to "Der Untergang des Abendlandes" in the original Spengler. Studio Del has such a capelet, and it is $8.

AN at-home costume calls for at-home footwear. Black velvet moccasins, like the ones at Belgian Shoes, 60 East 56th Street, are a suggestion. These particular black velvet moccasins have black patent-leather piping, tiny patent-leather bows in front, and black patent-leather soles; $29.50. Bloomingdale's Place Elégante can provide flat felt mules adorned with pretty felt flowers. A pink pair, for instance, has an orange daisy atop each vamp; $9. Lord & Taylor has low-heeled mules of Santa Claus-red moiré, trimmed with pine-needle-green velvet bows; $8. And at Bonwit Teller you will find a pair of low-heeled gold kid sandals, slight and very stylish, with tiny fake gems sparkling on the strap that runs up the instep; $10.

AT this season, when some ladies are wondering if last year's Flexible-Flyer is big enough for a child who has doubled in length over the summer, other ladies are making snowy plans of their own. If a lady you know is look-



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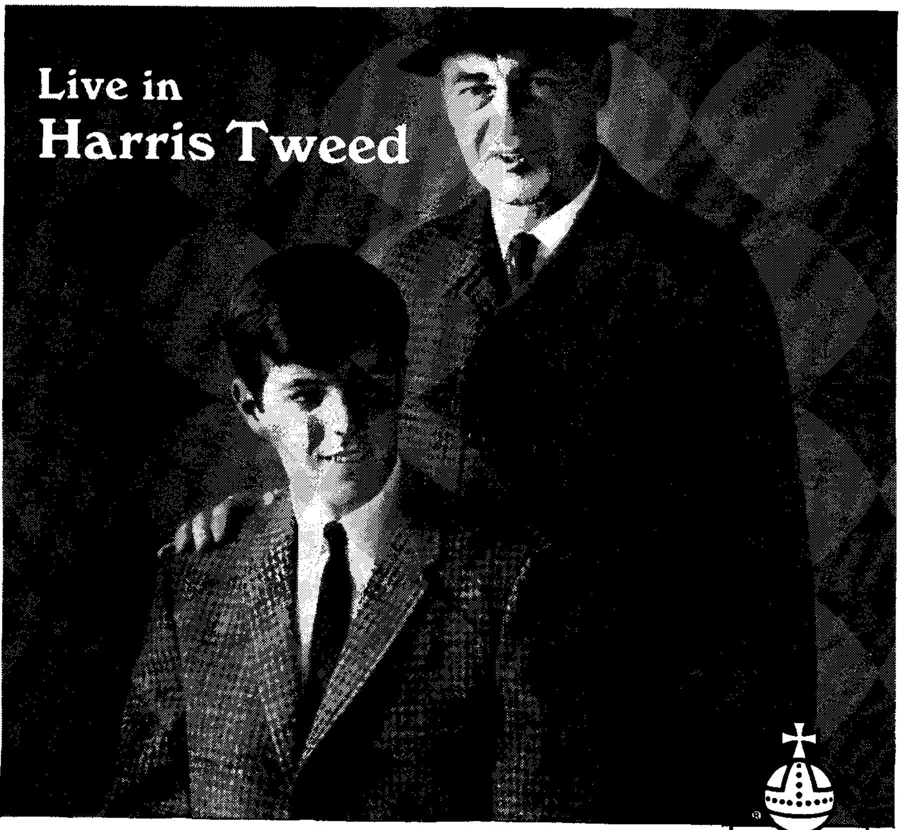

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ing forward to skiing, she would doubtless like a prim but efficient ski suit, all pale blue, at Altman's. The jacket, which is double-breasted, is of Orlon pile—something like the texture of seal fur—and costs $60. A wool-knit pullover, at $35, and stretch trousers, at $50, complete the outfit. At Design Research, 53 East 57th Street and 866 Lexington Avenue (65th), there's a terrific hooded ski sweater that was hand-knit in the Andes of undyed alpaca wool. The hood, the cuffs, and a band at the hem are tan-and-brown alpaca, knit in an Andean stitch that makes yarn look furry; $72. Fancy That, 1006 Lexington Avenue (72nd), has a ski jacket that looks rather like a shirt. It is tailored of water-repellent pink oxford cloth (the treatment makes the fabric quite shiny) and lined with maroon nylon quilting. It has shirt buttons, like a shirt, and also a hidden zipper, to keep the winds out; $20. Sig Buchmayr, 18 East 53rd Street, has enormous French ski goggles named Paraski. (It does sound like a Russian hors d'oeuvre, but that's how to ask for them.) Their plastic frames are lined with foam rubber for a snug fit, and they have two sets of snap-in lenses, one dark, for a sunny day, and the other yellow, for a foggy day; $4.50.

Does a lady on your list want a perfect pair of ice skates? Well, then, why not give them to her? Such skates cannot be a surprise, since perfection requires a thoughtful job of fitting. So you might take her along to Peck & Goodie, 225 West 52nd Street, where fitted skates range in price from $21 to $120, depending on how special a blade is required.

For warmth, pure and simple, there is Design Research's adaptation of a Danish fisherman's undershirt—a long-sleeved, nearly knee-length garment of ribbed-knit cream-colored wool; $15. Abercrombie & Fitch has an excellent heavyweight wool pullover, hand-crocheted in Ireland, with horizontal bands of cream, copper, and bottle green; $35. At Gavroche, the ranking pullover is Shetland wool. It comes from Scotland, and its horizontal bands go tobacco-cocoa-pink; $15. If you are shopping for a lady who is not a snow bunny but a cruise kitten, she would almost certainly like a pair of Brooks Brothers Bermuda shorts. Among the many available materials, two authentic wool tartans—Ancient Cameron and Dress Gordon—are new, and splendid, too; $22.50. Or how about a sporty hemp skirt made by Gucci, 699 Fifth Avenue (55th)? It's the same diamond-weave

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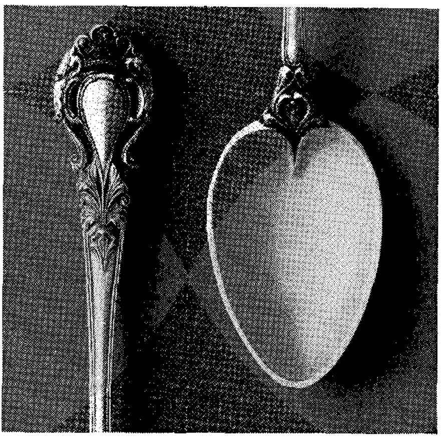

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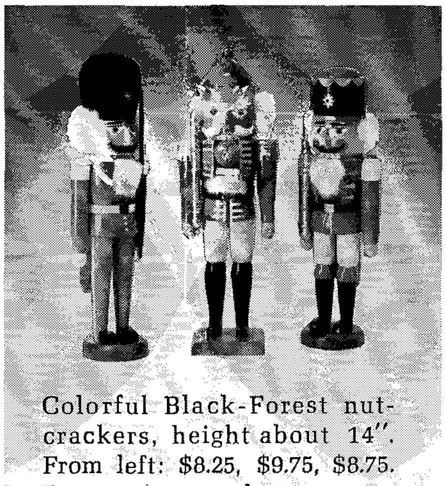

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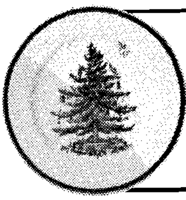

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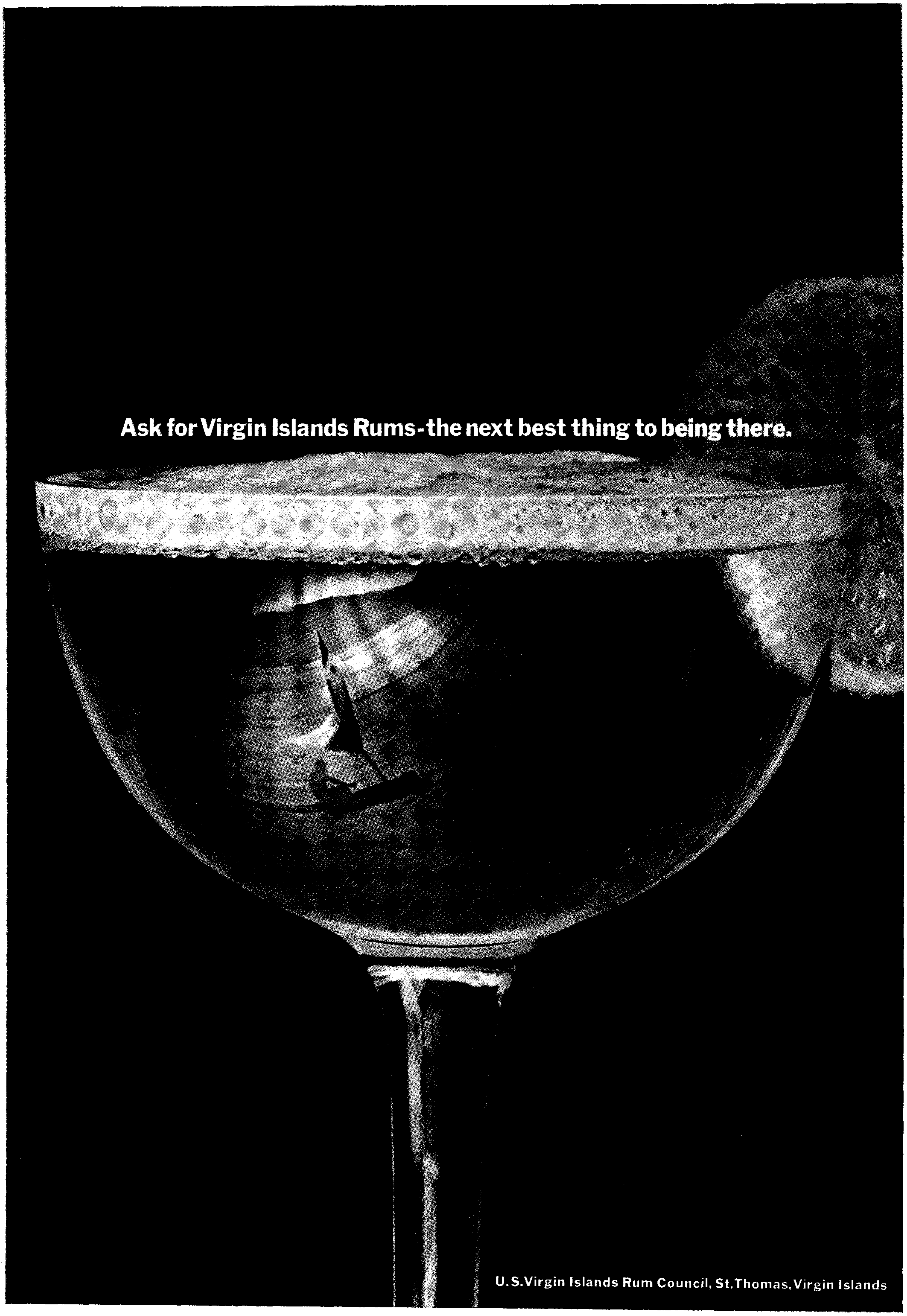
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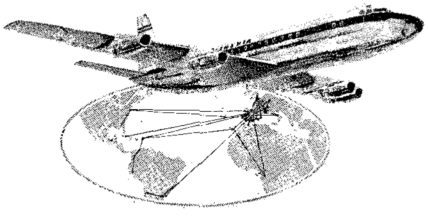

IBERIA
AIR LINES OF SPAIN

fabric that the establishment uses in its luggage, but that is neither here nor there. The skirt is lined with silk, and its pockets are piped with leather that matches its leather belt; $82. A suède skirt—mini but more than minimal—might be somebody's heart's desire, and, as luck has it, Concepts, 179 West 4th Street, can show you a beauty, for $37.95. What goes with a short short skirt? Tights. Capezio In The Village, 177 Macdougal Street (8th), calls them leotites, which is fair enough, since the fabric is the same stuff that dancers' leotards are made of. The shop has five colors, including black, on hand; $3. A long-sleeved, turtlenecked top made of the same silky, stretchy material is $7.

Suzy Simpson, who has three addresses—1034 Lexington Avenue (74th), 220 East 60th Street, and 167 West 72nd Street—also has a number of knockout party overblouses, one of a kind. Their style is simple—a boat neck and three-quarter sleeves. The punch is in the material, which is patchwork. It takes as many as twenty-five different patches—a tasteful medley of silks and velvets, stripes and prints—to make one blouse. And then it is quilted, like a patchwork quilt. The price is $60. At Bonwit Teller, a ladylike white cardigan, knit in Hong Kong, bears white embroidery around the neck and along the closing; $26. Another party-top success is to be found at Tomas at the Penthouse, 743 Madison Avenue (64th). Here the idea, fundamentally, is to tailor a man's shirt for a lady. The fabric is the stuff Viennese window shades are made of—fine white cotton with alternating bands of pucker and embroidery—and the hem is finished (no tails), so that it can be worn outside a long skirt or party pants; $35. If a girl had a stylish belt, she could tuck the shirt in. One stylish belt you could buy the girl is St. Laurent's chain of circlets, which has been the rage of Paris. Lord & Taylor's first-floor belt department has a nighttime version of this one (rhinestone-studded rings, two inches in diameter, joined by silver-metal links, for $25), and a daytime version (slightly smaller mock-tortoiseshell rings with brass-colored links, for $8).

And don't forget luggage. For instance, an imposing brown cowhide duffelbag at I. Miller's Galleria, 734 Fifth Avenue (57th). This sizable carryall—it's twenty-seven inches tall and thirteen inches across—is lined

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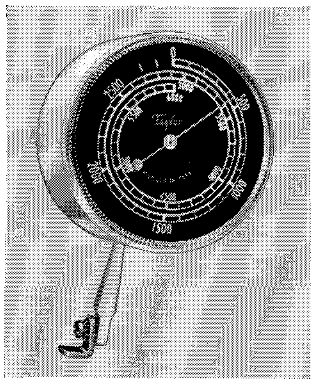

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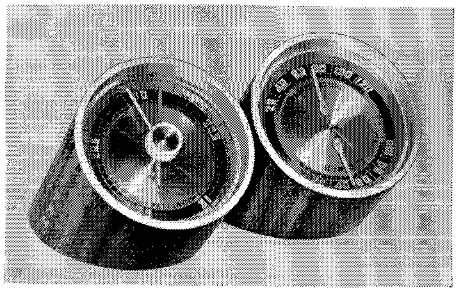

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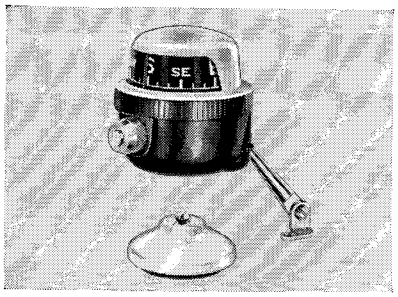

Navigator Compass keeps motorists on the track when off the beaten path. Finger-tip compensation. With push-button lighting, **#2976, $6.95;** or without, **#2977, $5.95.** Suction cup mount, $1.00.

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Taylor Instrument Companies, Consumer Products Division, Asheville, N. C.

with plastic, and its closing is a brass bar that threads through brass loops, serves as a comfortable handle, and looks stunning; $145. Among special-purpose carriers, contemplate the new Louis Vuitton tennis case. (Some people are born to Vuitton, others acquire the knowledge from John O'Hara's novels.) Like all other Vuitton cases, the tennis case, made in France, is leatherbound brown canvas, flecked with small tan flowers and the entwined initials LV. (If your tennis-playing girl is named Lila Venner, it's double luck.) The lady's racket goes on one side. The other side holds a tennis costume, socks, sneakers, tennis balls, and her round-trip ticket to Forest Hills. Saks Fifth Avenue has this beauty, and it costs $100. T. Anthony, 772 Madison Avenue (66th), produces a fourteen-inch-long red overnight pouch of a meritorious nylon acetate. Its interior is divided, half and half, between three small plastic-lined pockets, for cosmetics, and a single pocket big enough for nightclothes and lingerie; $25. A young American, Ken Scott, who has worked in Italy and thinks well of brilliantly printed fabrics, has designed a lovely suitcase trio at Altman's. The cases are made of white canvas splashed with large blue morning glories and their tangly green vines, the binding is white leather, and the prices are $95, $110, and $125. You will come upon some really Italian printed luggage at Macy's Little Shop—olive-green canvas illustrated with giddy pink butterflies and dogged brown beetles. Two suitcases ($49.99 and $59.99) and one three-dress carrier ($49.99) make the set. For a girl who isn't going very far, a versatile short-haul tote would be an open-topped, plastic-lined canvas container, a foot high and seventeen inches wide, with two canvas handles. It comes in a number of bright solid colors—orange, for one—and it costs $5 at the Pink Balloon, 971 First Avenue (53rd).

THIS year's evening and party bags blaze and dazzle, or, at the very least, gleam. At The Green Box, 1022 Lexington Avenue (73rd), there is a collection of antique brocade envelope bags, most of them one-of-a-kind, at $49.50. The materials were woven in the eighteenth century, but time has hardly dulled their brightness. One swatch, with shining silver peacocks posing on purple silk, has been made up into a couple of beautiful clutches. There's a whole shining family of evening bags at Bonwit—a clutch purse ($18.50), a wallet ($18.50), and a

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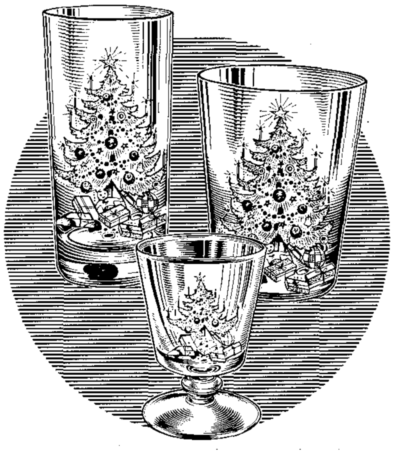

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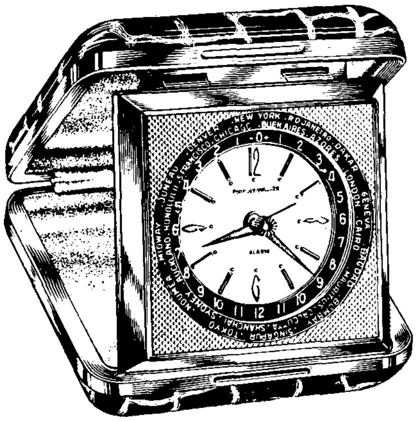

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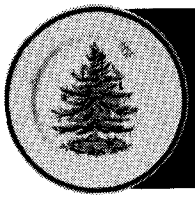

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cigarette case ($10). They're of ruby-red velvet striped with ruby-red satin and embroidered with gold thread. Bergdorf Goodman's square black silk bag depends from two twinkling handles of silver metal set with fake diamonds. The bag itself has a central compartment that closes and two open pockets that can hold a theatre program and a pack of Kleenex, if it is going to be a sad play; $43. Do you know a young, maybe even giddy partygoing girl? She would adore Bendel's tiny lizard tote—no more than four and a half inches high. It goes over the shoulder on a fine gold-metal chain spangled with phony little gems; $21. Shiny and tidy is what we'd call three little kid pouches stitched together. They are, collectively, one evening bag, and they share one metal chain that goes over the wearer's wrist. The choice is gold or silver, and the price is $15 at Bloomingdale's Place Élégante. We've found another delightful Siamese-triplet bag—this one for day wear, and composed of three plump sewn-together pouches sharing two handles. They are (or it is) turtleskin, which looks like alligator, and Macy's Little Shop sells them (or it) in alligatorish colors—black, brown, green, or wine—at $50. There's a striking pale-green pigskin accordion-with-handles at Jacomo, 25 East 61st Street. It's seven and a half inches long and six inches high, or too big for long-dress occasions, but any lady would be pleased to carry it to any other sort of after-five fête. The handles are silver-metal chains, and the closing is decorated with a jade-quartz rose; $179.50.

When a girl carries a large handbag, and the organization of its interior needs help, she longs for an all-encompassing fold-over wallet-purse to separate the money from the litter. We've seen such a one with room for a passport as well as for folding money and change. The leather is cross-grained morocco, and the price is $22.50 at Henri Bétrix. The House of European Specialties, 22 East 56th Street, has a dear little double purse covered with

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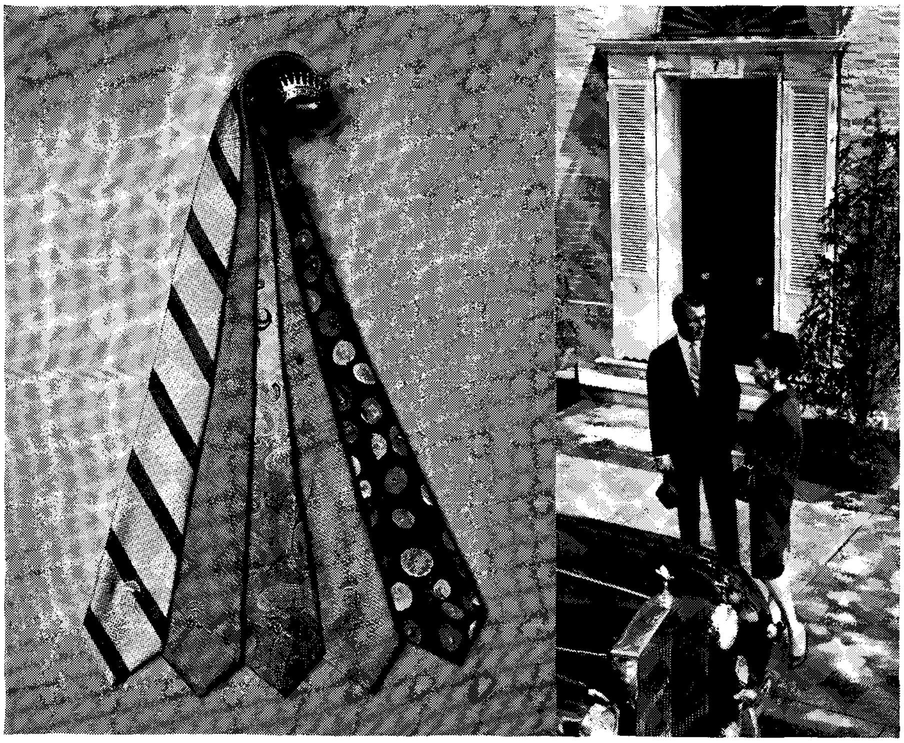

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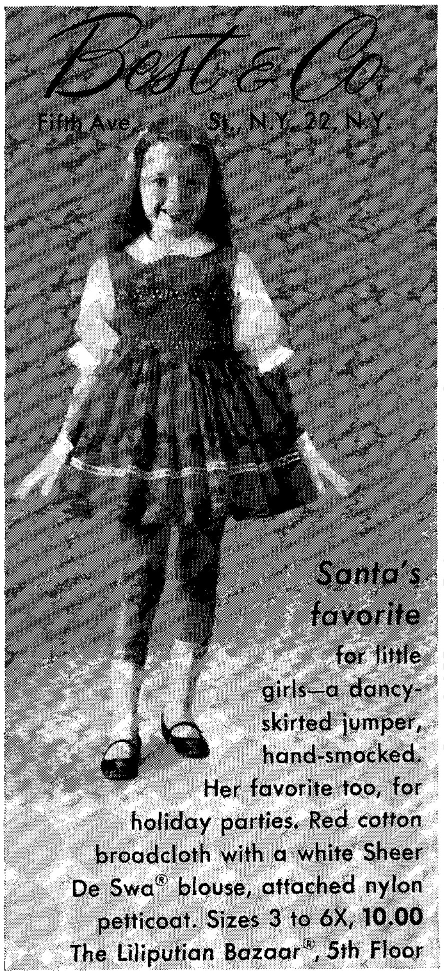

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gros point—Unicorn Tapestry-type French flowers—and lined with leather, for $13.95. Today's woman, not having been raised, like her grandma, on Omar Khayyám, is apt to take the credit and let the cash go. Bloomingdale's Place Élégante, then, has an appropriate gift—a leopard-stencilled calf-fur case for credit cards, at $8.50. In the New York City enclave of Hermès of Paris, on Bonwit Teller's ground floor, you can buy a charge-and-send girl a sleek calf charge-card case that also holds a memo pad and a pencil, so she can make a note of what she has spent; $18.

Hermès at Bonwit's, like its parent shop in Paris, sells magnificent printed silk scarves. Perhaps the best of the glorious lot is a thirty-four-inch white square that reproduces, in gold and brown, a sixteenth-century French astronomical woodcut; $25. In Bergdorf Goodman's second-floor boutique, there's a pretty thirty-four-inch marbly-printed silk chiffon square scented with Lubin's Nuit de Longchamps; $25, and the Nuit de L. lasts for about a year. If you feel that a lady you know would prefer a scarf hat to a scarf, we noticed a good-looking one—an outdoor girl would be especially pleased to have it—made of gold suède, at the House of European Specialties; $16.95. Are you looking for something for a short-haired miss who has been scissored by Sassoon? Try earmuffs. Marianne Spottiswoode makes glamorous giants, seven inches high, out of coq feathers. They're available in black, white, brown, pink, or yellow, for $10.50. A long-haired girl might do better with a headband, on the order of the one that Alice wears in Wonderland. The Nigeria Boutique, 75 East 55th Street, has one an inch and a half wide, or wide enough to show off the El Morocco effect of the genuine zebra it's made of; $10. (You can pick up a zebra watchband at the same shop. There is one to fit a lady's watch of any size, and to gratify just about any lady; $5.) Lafitte has a bewitching evening kerchief—of net covered with fluffy ostrich feathers. The choice of colors includes black, white, gray, and natural ostrich; $65. Have you, dear reader, been aware that ladies are wearing hairpieces? After dark, many a coiffure has a dangling addition that fastens at the back of the head and is called a "fall." Now that you know, you can see the wisdom of giving a girl a decorative fall-fastener. Bendel's sells affluent-looking barrettes, paved with imitation jewels, for $8.50. Descartes Nouveaux, 244 East 71st Street, has

Crompton cotton velveteen coachman robe. Pink, blue or yellow. Sizes 4 to 10, $20. At Bonwit Teller, New York; and other fine stores everywhere.
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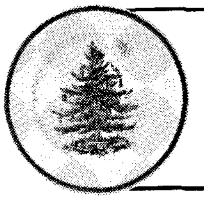

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a collection of combs from the first decades of this century, the most recent fashion era previous to ours in which such masses of hair were stylish. Several of the tortoiseshell combs, which cost $15, are most attractive, and one carved-ivory comb, at $20, is almost as large and elaborate as a tiara.

Have you thought of brightening up somebody's Christmas with a hood? The fetching hood at the Village Store, 822 Lexington Avenue (63rd), is of curly natural lamb, white with gray markings. It ties under the chin with black grosgrain ribbons, and costs $18. Abercrombie & Fitch can provide a hand-crocheted woollen hood with attached plastic sunglasses for a girl who must preserve her incognito; $8. For a girl who wants attention, Bedlam, at 817 Madison Avenue (68th), sells a gaudily striped long woollen stocking cap, at $4, and matching mittens, at $3.75.

GLOVES are nice. We can direct you to some that are both warm and spotty: leopard-fur backs, brown kid palms, beige rabbit lining, and $85 at Bonwit Teller. Warm and dressy? Well, Bergdorf has some eight-button-length white kid slip-ons lined with white rabbit, for $25. Warm and functional? Bendel has driving gloves with crocheted string backs, pigskin palms, and, on the back of the left hand, a pigskin purse to hold the change for tolls; $13.50. Lederer de Paris, 711 Fifth Avenue (55th), stocks washable glacé kid gloves in forty colors. The prices, depending on length, go from $5.95 to $14.95, and the chances are good that you, you miracle man, can match the esoteric color of a girl's favorite scarf.

THERE will be occasions during the holidays on which the younger members of the family will be going out or receiving, and it's time we thought of dressing them. A brother and sister might wear matching outfits from F. A. O. Schwarz. The boy will sport bib-topped blue chambray shorts, and the girl a blue chambray A-line pinafore; he will wear a white shirt and she a white blouse. The shorts and the pinafore both bear an appliquéd jack-in-the-box popping out of a pocket; $13 each, in toddler sizes 2 to 4. Jean Gale, 535 Madison Avenue (54th), has a brother-and-sister set of white cotton broadcloth decorated with four appliquéd and embroidered owls—one red, one blue, one green, and one yellow, each on his separate perch. The

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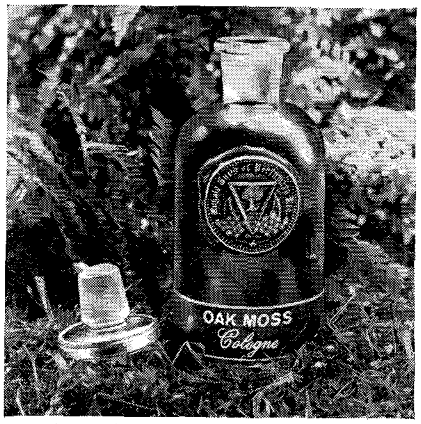

Nice, clear thinking there, Mrs. Reik. Figure there are maybe a few dozen men who want a cologne that smells like the outdoors. That's what makes Oak Moss not just another cologne for men. 4 ounces, $4.50.

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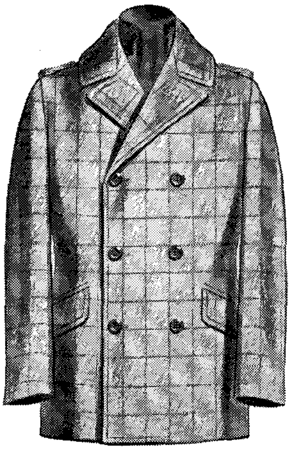

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boy's outfit, which comes in toddler sizes 1 to 3, is $14, and the girl's, in toddler sizes 1 to 4, is $17.95. A six-month-old girl's first Christmas requires something in the nature of a coming-out dress. Ingeborg Kuppinger, 22 East 65th Street, has it: the time-honored smocked baby dress with puffed sleeves and a round neck. The dress is white cotton broadcloth, with exquisitely fine pink stitching; $10.95. A very small boy would look more than presentable in a one-piece, snap-bottomed cotton-knit shorts suit from Prissy Miss & Perky Mister, 1138 Madison Avenue (84th). The suit is blue with white piping, and low on the right there stands an embroidered guardsman guarding his little guard hut; $6. At Little Bits of the Sixties, 1036 Third Avenue (61st), you can buy a girl (if she wears a size between 1 year and 6X) a delightful velveteen party jumper. A couple of snaps at the shoulders adjust to let the jumper down as its owner shoots up, and it's reversible besides, with pale-blue velveteen reversing to pale-green cotton, pink to orange, or gold to pink; $13. At Ohrbach's Young Imports Shop, on the sixth floor, where all the children's clothes come from abroad, you may buy a partygoing young Fauntleroy (sizes 2 to 4) a black velveteen suit from France. The jacket has narrow black braid edging the neck, the cuffs, and the breast pocket; $9.99.

A toddler (3 to 6X) who is going out to the snow-filled park would feel warm and look trim in a hooded duffel coat made in England of mustard-colored Loden cloth. It's $33 at Altman's. And an active child of either sex (up to 6X) could make good use of several of the Swiss cotton-knit shirts that abound at Arlette's Baby Boutique, 1024 Lexington Avenue (73rd). These have long sleeves and stretchy turtlenecks, so they pull off and on with ease; five colors and black, at $3.50 each. A black velveteen skating skirt with Tyrolian-flower-embroidered suspenders comes from Prissy Miss. The smaller ladies—sizes 2 and 4—may just wear it to whirl themselves around in, but by the time a girl gets up to size 6, she'll probably want to show it off at the Wollman Rink; $12. At Teeny Weeny, 1 Charles Street, there is an admirable brisk-weather set suitable for either a boy or a girl. It's an Orlon or wool turtleneck pullover ($16) with a matching cap ($5) and mittens ($2). The color choice includes several flecked, tweedy mixtures and some sound solids, like blue. The sizes are 2 to 6X. The New York Ex-

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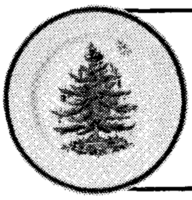

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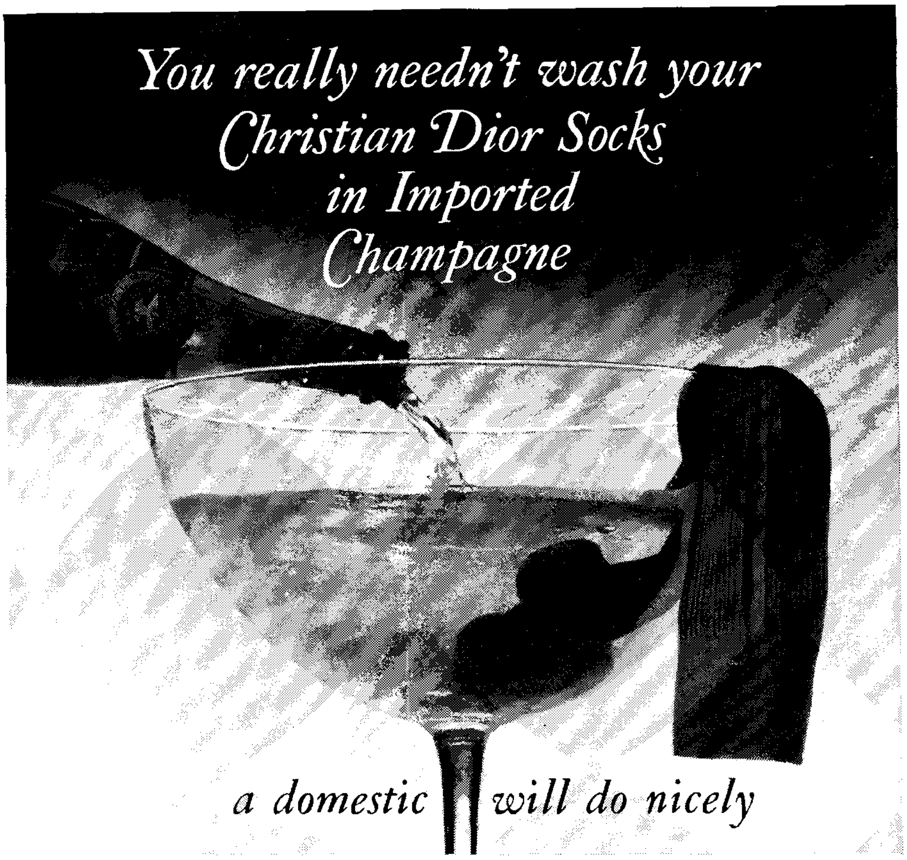
change for Woman's Work has created a waggish pair of mittens. They are hand puppets, all set to act the parts of funny fish. Depending on size, they cost from $1.75 to $3.75.

With one garment, Henri Bendel has found the solution to a common child-care problem. Steam heat or no, a mother wants her young dry and dressed immediately after they step out of the tub, but lots of children are so refreshed by a bath that they are impossible to catch, let alone dry. The peppiest of them, though, would be thrilled to pop into Bendel's terrycloth Batman suit and wriggle himself dry. The Batsuit comes in two combinations of colors—yellow-and-orange and pink-and-blue—and the Batsizes start with toddlers and go up to 12; $9, $10, and $12.

WE'VE joined the ladies once again, this time with a few suggestions for easing their domestic chores. An apron, for instance. One at Splendiferous is meant to protect a trousered hostess outfit; its long skirt divides and ties in back, making legs that are fastened in place, like catchers' leg pads. The fabric is cotton, in a choice of solid colors, stripes, and flower prints; $7.50. Aprons suggest cooking, and here is a cast-your-bread-upon-the-waters gift suggestion: cooking lessons. Starting on January 17th, and continuing for the four succeeding Tuesday mornings, from ten-thirty to twelve-thirty, five of this area's most distinguished cooks and cooking teachers—Rudolph Stanish, Joseph Hyde, Maurice Moore-Betty, Grace Chu, and Anne Roe Robbins—will teach one class apiece, in a series for the benefit of Irvington House. The place is the Tavern-on-the-Green, just inside Central Park at West 67th Street. Further information may be had from Irvington House itself; call OR 9-3200 and ask for extension 2929. The subscription, $75, is ninety per cent tax-deductible.

A sewing box for a conscientious mender? Bloomingdale's Place Élégante has a two-story box of quilted plaid Thai silk, the top divided into several compartments, the bottom into two pull-out drawers; $14. Mark Cross has an eight-sided suède sewing box with a cut pattern of small maple leaves and a suède lining. In its attached lid are little leather loops to hold a packet of needles, a thimble, and scissors (all three come with it), and the bottom (which comes empty) is divided into four sections; $50. And a lady who tends both fine furniture and flourishing



If there ever was a sock that deserved the champagne treatment, this is it . . . Doeskin hose from the Christian Dior vintage collection. In Navy, Dark Brown, Dark Grey, Dark Olive, Sparkling Burgundy, and Black. Stretch nylon fits 10 to 13. Hi-Rise $2.50, with embroidery $3, Anklet $2, with embroidery, $2.50.
The Higbee Co., Cleveland, Ohio
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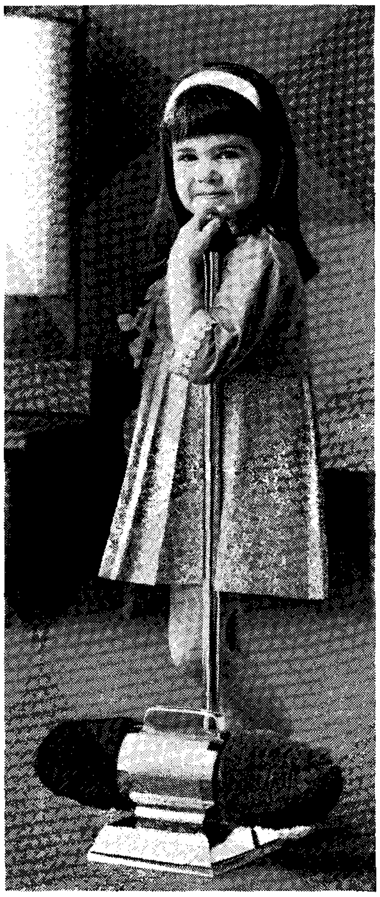

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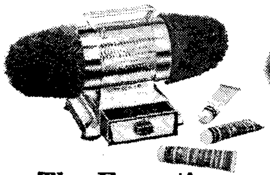
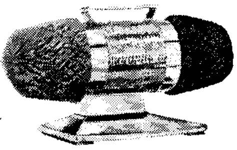


The Executive
complete shoe polisher-grooming kit with drawer and polish. $35.00



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house plants would appreciate a pair of flowerpot coasters from The Green Box. They are flat, round brocade-covered or silk-covered trays, one five inches in diameter and one six, and both topped with glass. The set costs $8.75.

BY now, our cooking, party-giving, mending, plant-raising lady must need a nap. In Saks Fifth Avenue's Revillon fur department, you can find her a big pillow of soft-beige guanaco fur to snooze upon ($60) and a large guanaco lap robe lined with brown wool to snooze beneath ($425). Serendipity 3, at 225 East 60th Street, sells inflatable (or deflatable) plastic pillows for leaning against while soaking in a hot, perfumed tub; $2 and $4, depending upon size.

After a rest, the lady may be ready to go out, and if so, a good electric-lit makeup mirror is called for. Mirror-Go-Lightly comes in a travelling case, but it is an excellent home mirror, too; indeed, some of its assets—for instance, its readiness to be adjusted to any angle—are rarely found in permanent mirror installations. The glass, which is rectangular (six inches by eight), is flanked by two bulbs on each side, and the mirror turns easily from its plain face to its magnifying one; $30 at For Her/For Him, 910 Madison Avenue (73rd). If your friend intends to wear a day-length dress, she might like a pair of Glitter Knit stockings. These combine a number of miracle fabrics—nylon, Lurex, and others too miraculous to mention—with the result that the stockings shine (silver, gold, or bronze) and also stretch, so one size fits all; $5 at Act III, 1079 Third Avenue (63rd). If, on the other hand, the party is to be formal, she might want a perfume atomizer tiny enough to fit into her tiny evening bag. Proceed to Alfred Dunhill, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th). The small atomizer here is brushed silver plate. It is easy to fill and easy to use, and, in thoughtful deference to the fact that ladies do not wear watches with evening clothes, it has a small watch set into one side; $25. If the lady expects to make her own way through dark places, you can get her an illuminating cane at Altman's. A push of the button in the crook handle lights a little lamp in the stick, about four inches above the ground; $25. One of Tiffany's handsome silver key chains also carries a miniature flashlight, hidden inside a pretty silver box; $10.

Before we leave flashlights, are you looking for something for a woman

Myers is no hum drum rum.

It's the one that puts real Jamaican Rum flavor into the holiday eggnog. Here's how you do it: beat 12 egg yolks until light. Add 1/2 lb. sugar. Beat until mixture is thick and pale. Gradually stir in 1 qt. milk, 1 fifth Myers. Chill 3 hrs. Put in punch bowl, fold in stiffly whipped cream. Refrigerate 1 hr., sprinkle with nutmeg. Serves 20.

Myers—the true Jamaican Rum. 84°

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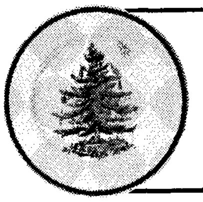

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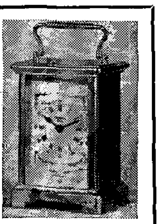


In April, Norma Wick's kitchen was sunburst yellow in May apple red in September spring green. But for the past six years her cars have been Ford, Ford, Ford. Why? Because her Fords stayed strong, quiet and out of trouble. It's a trend Ford owners are coming back for more Fords in record-breaking numbers. Norma's '67 is the best yet—the strongest, quietest Ford ever built. It has a stereo tape player, automatic speed control, front power disc brakes. (And you get a choice of 15 colors.)

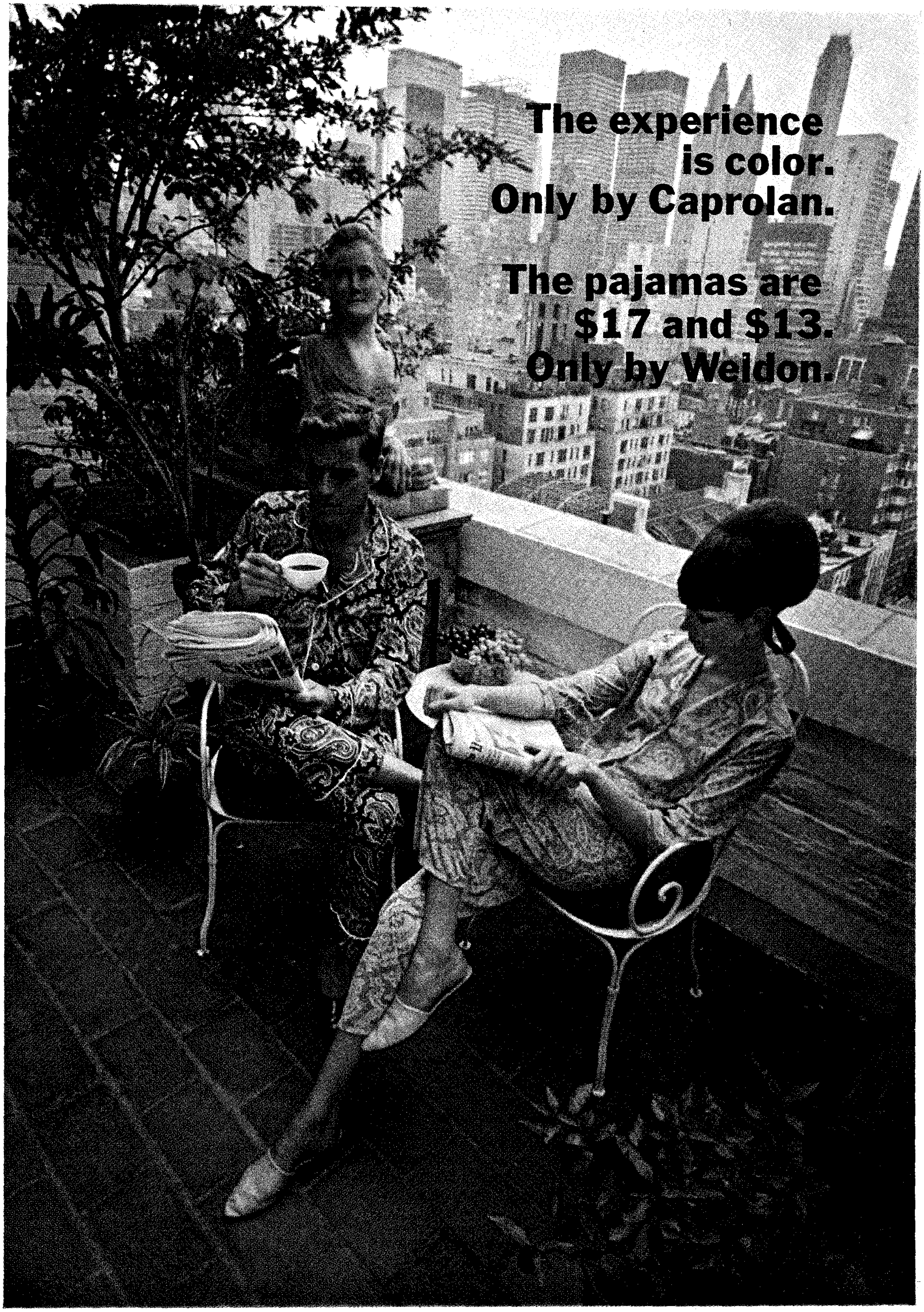
STRONG CARS MAKE STRONG FRIENDS
FORD
XL

'67 Ford Galaxie 500/XL 2-Door Hardtop

New ideas from Ford for '67: ☐ All Ford automatic transmissions are now SelectShift, can be used automatically or manually, according to the driving situation. ☐ Front power disc brakes (available on all models). Run cooler. Resist fading. ☐ Convenience control panel option has lights to warn when fuel's low, door's ajar. One switch locks all doors. ☐ Stereo Tape/Radio system comes as an integrated unit, smartly styled into instrument panel. ☐ Magic Doorgate for wagons (standard) swings out like a door for people, down like a tailgate for cargo. ☐ Ford Motor Company Lifeguard-Design safety features are standard equipment on all 1967 Fords.

YOU'RE AHEAD IN A FORD

FORD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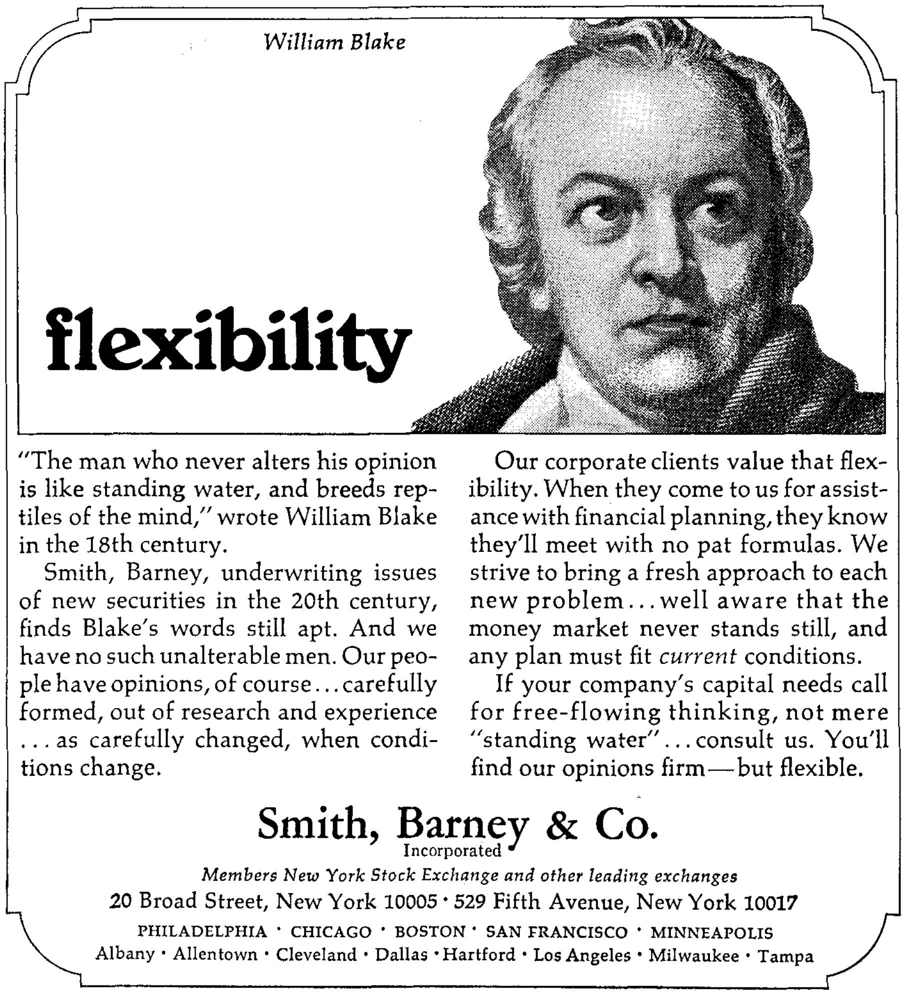
Happily...it's Caprolan

Allied Chemical

who is worried about another Big Blackout and is particular about her décor? At The Green Box you will find a flashlight disguised as a candle. The bulb is flame-shaped, of course, and the pretend candlestick is covered with toile. It stands seven and a half inches and looks as if it belonged on her night table. When, or if, the grid fails, the flashlight can take over, if somebody remembers to keep the batteries alive; $6.50. The same shop carries a fine gift for a serious needle-pointer—a tie-up roll, like a roll for flat silver. It is made of moiré silk, and there are pockets for yarns, eyeglasses, a thimble, and a needlecase, and the set comes with a hook for separating yarn; $14.50. If such a needlewoman is looking for something to work on, you can find it at Woolworks, 783 Madison Avenue (66th). The shop designs and prepares needlepoint canvases in a multiplicity of styles, Op and Pop included. We admired an Art Nouveau canvas of fat white roses in a cylindrical bowl, which could cover a large rectangular pillow (it's eighteen inches by twenty-four); the price, $50, includes the yarns. If you are shopping for a lady artist who would be glad of a businesslike easel, Grumbacher's aluminum sketching model is lightweight, portable, easy to adjust, and usable indoors (its three feet have rubber caps to protect the floor) or out; $15.95 at United Artists Materials, 32 West 53rd Street, among other places. If a lady's interest in art is limited to viewing it, she would enjoy a pass to the Whitney Museum. It costs $10. A pass holder is granted unlimited admissions to the museum and discounts on all its publications for one year. If your friend's interest is in collecting Pop Art, you can buy her an instant collection of Pop Art sculpture, called "Seven Objects in a Box." It contains seven sculptural objects by seven well-known Pop artists: Allan D'Arcangelo, Jim Dine, Roy Lichtenstein, Claes Oldenburg, George Segal, Andy Warhol, and Tom Wesselman. The pieces were created expressly for this collection, in limited editions of seventy-five, and each object is signed. The varnished-wood box—twenty-one inches long, sixteen and a half inches wide, and twelve and a half inches deep—in which they come will not only store all the objects like a toychest but, with its top closed, serve as a display pedestal for any one of the lot. The price, complete, is $750 at the Fischbach Gallery, 29 West 57th Street. Bought separately, the individual works start at $125.

One fixture in a lady's life that is


William Blake

flexibility

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sure to come in for attention around the holidays is her desk. As she sends out cards and invitations, answers invitations, and writes thanks, a woman cannot help noticing her desk appointments, and, as often as not, wishing to improve them. First of all, she wants some better writing paper. Cartier will deliver an unengraved die as the start of a Christmas present. The lady who gets it takes it to the shop and selects a three-letter monogram and writing paper. Two weeks later, she has a box of fifty sheets and fifty envelopes, all monogrammed to her taste; $30 and up. Antica, on the second floor at 768 Madison Avenue (66th), has a collection of elegant boxes that would grace any desk as containers of such impedimenta as stamps and paper clips. There are boxes of agate, ivory, silver gilt, papier-mâché, and tortoiseshell, at prices ranging from $25 to $65. There is a round horn box (English, Georgian), about three inches in diameter, at $25, and a rectangular mother-of-pearl box (French, nineteenth century), at $35. Tiffany has a small (three-by-four-inch) desk calendar in an exquisite silver bamboo frame with an easel back. At the end of 1967, a woman may order 1968's calendar, or she may not, in which case your gift becomes a modish desk-size snapshot frame; $12. If the lady has a picture that needs framing now, Lar, 1001 Madison Avenue (77th), has a group of antique picture frames ready for immediate service. They all date from the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and all have easel backs. A pair of particularly handsome Louis XVI bronze doré frames, with chaste garlands on top, are $165 apiece. A small, delightful English double silver frame is $25. And, with all the foregoing, we hope, your lady will look, come Christmas, the picture of contentment.

•

NOSTALGIC SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Detroit Free Press*]

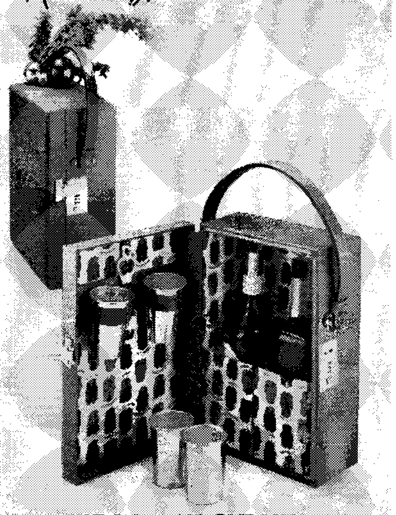
News of the sale of the beautiful furnishings of the late Mrs. J. Henry Pichler's estate calls to mind the palatial estate she and Mr. Pichler had near Rochester and to which their numerous friends were bidden so frequently.

One Sunday, brunch was the order of the day and popovers were featured.

So intent were the be-dazzled guests that when it was announced that the place was a-fire, almost everyone beamed and said "How nice," or something akin, with only pleasing the palate in mind.

Later in the day, Mrs. P. slew a snake.

Saks Fifth Avenue



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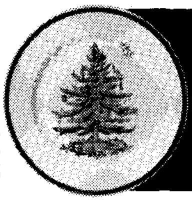

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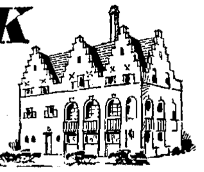

THE AIR

Peter Hackes Tells Us About the Hand-Over-Hand Restraining System, & Other Stories

BEFORE everybody has quite forgotten about the elections and the last Gemini space flight, I want to put in a brief and generally admiring word for the way the television networks have been covering events of this kind. I don't mean all those vote-analyzing computers and space-capsule mockups and reportorial task forces and assorted hoopla, although that's part of it. I mean the networks' at least partial willingness to set up their cameras at important events and then let them run; to provide, so to speak, cameras of record, despite a fairly universal fixation (which television usually abets) on entertainment and entertainingness—to take the risk, albeit occasionally, albeit very occasionally, of being *boring.* I certainly don't claim that television covers space and Election Nights perfectly—especially not Election Nights. And I'm aware that the networks still show an unremarkable preference for installing their cameras of record at Cape Kennedy instead of, for example, at Senator Fulbright's celebrated Vietnam hearings, during which the C.B.S. and A.B.C. cameras of record pleaded a sick headache, or something, and stayed home in bed. Even so, two Sundays ago, during the Gemini flight, I turned on N.B.C., and there on the screen was a little replica of the Gemini capsule, with a model of a man hovering above it, and in the background there was the sound of a couple of voices—the voices of the two astronauts. What they were saying to each other was indistinct, broken up by static—unrecognizable sentences delivered in engineers' flat monotones, the whole effect being a bit like what you hear from the back seat of a radio-controlled cab. Was it boring? In some ways, it was very boring. The voices spoke on and on, and on and on. How many people were paying attention to them, anyway? But it was marvellous just to have it there like that, and rather nervy—the way the *Times* is nervy when it suddenly erupts with twenty-five thousand words of a Papal encyclical, running in an unbroken, unreadable torrent of gray across three pages. Now and then, an N.B.C. correspondent named Peter Hackes, accompanied by an aerospace-company engineer, would break in to explain what the astronauts were doing. "Now, this here," he would say, picking up something that looked like a steam iron and gazing at it hopefully, "is part of the hand-over-hand restraining system . . . isn't it, Harvey? Harvey, perhaps you would tell us what *precisely* this is used for." And then Harvey would—great stanzas of arcane, strangely soothing technical description that could have been of interest only to other Harveys or to fourteen-year-old boys. I'm all for it. I think the networks do all right by us when they record, and don't get too twitchy about entertainment, and I wish they'd do it more. I wish they'd do it more on Election Nights, for example, instead of having all those straight-talking, straight-shooting reporters interviewing each other all over the nation and all over the networks' vote-counting rooms.

Speaking of vote counting, there have been a number of complaints recently about network computers' tabulating and announcing the results of elections in states where people are still standing in line at the polls, and, in general, about network computers' taking all the fun out of Election Nights. I think the first complaint is serious and valid, and one hopes that by 1968 the networks will arrange things so that they don't start releasing California "projections" from New York while the California polls are still open. As for the complaint of taking the fun out of elections—well, I don't want to sound too much like one of these Age of Communications swingers who find something just a little wonderful in every technological lurch forward, backward, or sideways, but I can't see that there's any absolute, intrinsic quality of fun in staying up all night to hear who's governor of Vermont, any more than there was in taking a horse and carriage six miles down to Boston Harbor to find out last summer's news from the Mother Country. Besides, it isn't as if the elections lasted all night long and the computers had somehow prevented them from running their full length. The elections, surely, are over and decided the second the polls close; after that, it's just a matter of counting. I do feel considerable sympathy, though, for campaign workers who slave like navvies for months and months, are finally

Is this a typical Englishman?

No. It's a typical Jaeger man. In a typical Jaeger sweater. Typical? It's not classical! No, it's a new trend-setter. But classic or avant-garde, you can tell a Jaeger sweater, where ever they are. Like this one. The fit! The feel! The colours like no others! That English craftsman thing! Typically Jaeger.

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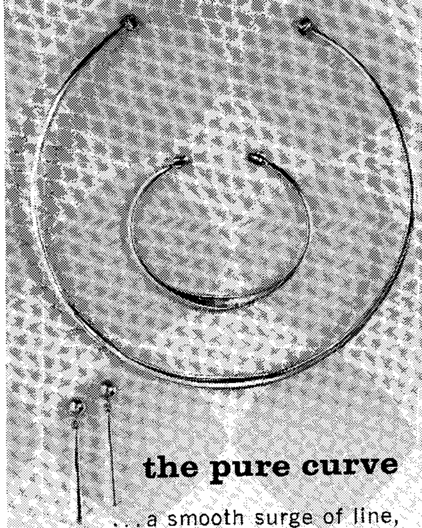

the pure curve

. . . a smooth surge of line, drawn into an open-ended circlet to provide that touch of elegant flattery. Drop earrings, for regular or pierced ears, supply the glimmering accent. Handcrafted in gold: the necklace, $135; the bracelet, $70; earrings, $50. In silver: necklace, $22.50; bracelet, $15; earrings, $12. Add $1.50 for shipping and insurance beyond regular delivery area.

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assembled in the ballroom of the Hotel Van Meter with their hopeful smiles and their new hairdos and all those ribbons and paper cups, and are then told by Walter Cronkite twenty minutes after they get there that on the basis of 167 votes in the Upper Lompoc District their candidate has just fallen in the dust and everything's over. To wind up an election campaign at seven-thirty in the evening with the Old Tanbark bottles still unopened, the pressed-ham sandwiches still untrodden upon, the hairdos still in place seems a sorry, sad, un-American situation, and one that deserves a lot of attention from everybody, or from somebody.

YOU'D think that "Alice Through the Looking Glass" was so evidently a special piece of writing that even the most exploitative of television-entertainment moguls would be just a little diffident about pulling it apart at the seams and then stamping it slowly to death. Apparently not. A few weeks back, N.B.C. hauled "Alice" in out of the public domain, flung her before one Albert Simmons, adapter, who was kind enough to straighten out some of the wrinkles in the story line (adding a character called Lester the Jester, making a light-opera villain out of the Jabberwock, and pretty well messing up everyone else), then dragged her off to Tony Charmoli, who provided some slick, "attractive," out-of-place choreography, and left her, doubtless with a peculiar smile on her face, at the feet of the N.B.C. casting director, who instantly produced the likes of Nanette Fabray, Ricardo Montalban, Jimmy Durante, and the Smothers Brothers for the key roles. Believe me, I don't think that classics should be kept under glass and not touched by human hands. But there aren't, really, very many things in the world like "Alice," and it's just strange to think that there are all those highly placed people (such as everybody who had anything to do with this show) who have such a dim idea of what it's about, or who know and just don't care. Even Hollywood in its More Awful Days when it barbarized the classics barbarized them with at least some kind of lunatic style of its own. There wasn't any style in N.B.C.'s "Alice"—only ninety minutes of show-bizzy cuteness. It was a rotten show.

On the subject of Hollywood, the more I watch television the more it seems that TV "drama" is settling in at a level that the movies had reached around the nineteen-forties. Then, as I remember, the "classic figures" of the

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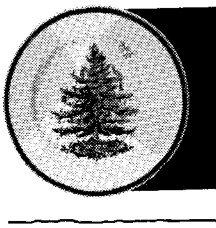

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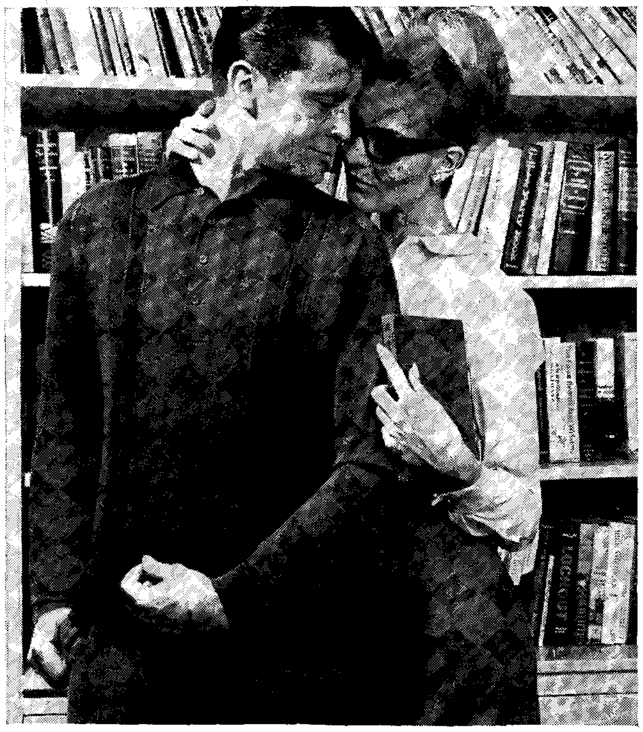
old Hollywood, such as Griffith, Sennett, Lloyd, and Chaplin, had all died, retired, or disappeared; the best stuff, really, was being done by contract actors and directors who turned out genre private-eye movies, genre war movies, genre weekend-at-the-Waldorf comedies by the board foot for the old studios, and if you truly wanted to see a "serious" film you saw something with Ingrid Bergman in it, or "Mildred Pierce" (very serious), or, better still, James Mason and Ann Todd in "The Seventh Veil," which was about as serious as one could get. Nowadays, in TV, the situation seems to be that the "classic figures" of the old "Playhouse 90" era—the Roses, Chayefskys, Frankenheimers—have all disappeared (to Broadway or to Hollywood); the best stuff, really, is being done by contract people who are turning out spy series, Western series, comedy series, etc., by the board foot for the same old studios, and if you want to see something "serious," and now "cultural," well, sometimes you can still see Ingrid Bergman on a "Hallmark Hall of Fame" spectacular, or a few evenings ago you could have watched Peter Ustinov in "Barefoot in Athens," which was bad Maxwell Anderson in 1951, still is, and wasn't helped much by Mr. Ustinov's playing of Socrates as if for the benefit of the "Tonight Show" audience. Actually, the best dramatic show I've seen on television in several weeks was an episode in "Shane"—a simple story about Shane and the Starett family heading off to a dance in a faraway town that the girl has read about on a poster; they have a run-in with a small band of gypsy Indians (no shooting, though), and finally, when they get to the town, they find that there isn't any dance, the dance was last year, the town is deserted. But it all works out, and not in the usual, mechanical problem-solving way, either. It's foolish my trying to tell you about it. It was really very nice—a good story, told with feeling and skill and a minimum of slickness. And the performances—especially David Carradine's, as Shane—were fine. It was so nicely done, in fact, that I called A.B.C. the next morning to ask when they were going to discontinue the series—a fresh question, I admit. December 31st, they told me. Too bad. Too bad.

—M. J. ARLEN

•

His big, red face was colorless, almost merging with his hair.—*From "Springs of Violence," by Edward Lindall.*

Is he in any pain?



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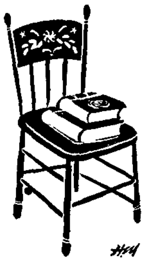
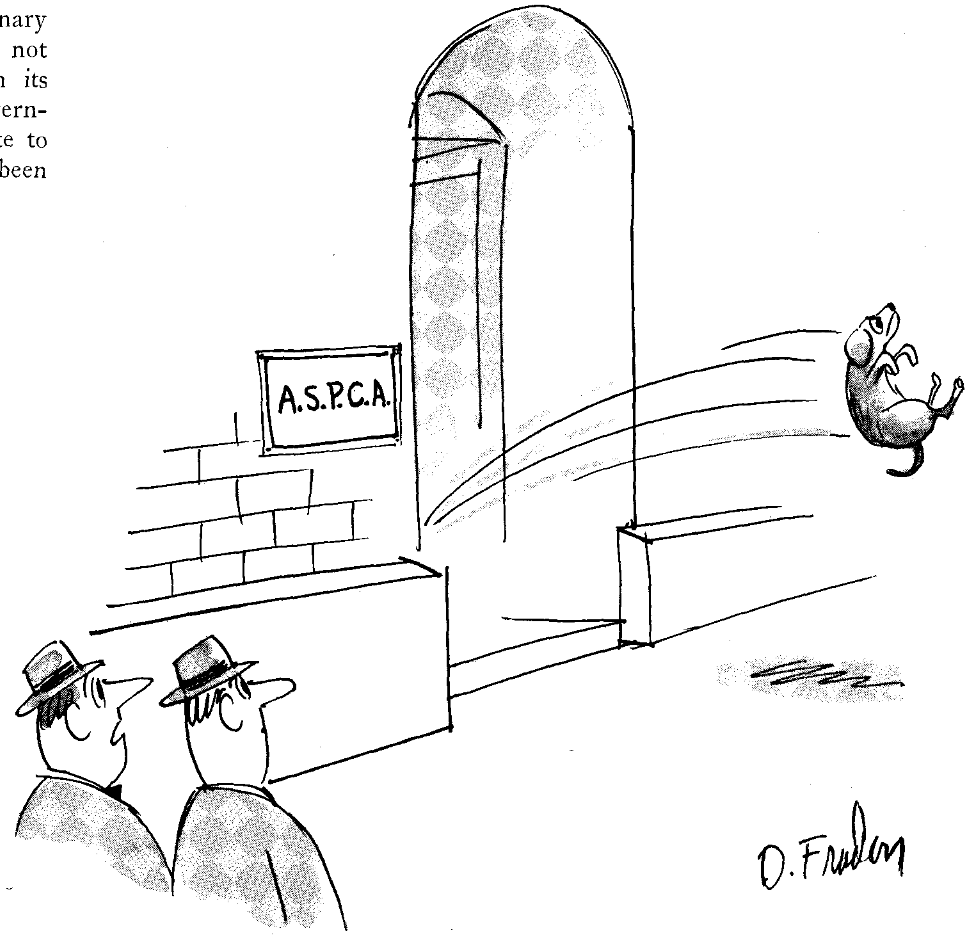


John Bartlow Martin's "Overtaken by Events" (Doubleday) is an account of three missions to the Dominican Republic, one as United States Ambassador, that he undertook for Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. It is surely the finest as well as the frankest diplomatic memoir ever written by an American. This may be faint praise; the genre has never flourished in this country, and among the memoirists we have had frankness has not been the rule. But Martin's book would be distinguished in any company or category. Few historians have managed to describe social and political chaos, absurdity, and disaster as movingly and as compassionately as Martin has. Few novelists, for that matter, have done as well in portraying a society as spent and disoriented as the Dominican society he describes—though not without asking himself whether it was a "society" at all or "just a collection of people who happened to inhabit the same island and were trying to scratch out a living from it." All in all, it is an extraordinary piece of work and one that will not soon suffer the fate described in its title—the fate, that is, of those government position papers that, en route to the archives, are judged to have been "overtaken by events," rendered irrelevant by the antic workings of history. In the Dominican Republic, when Martin served his time, it was a case of everything and everybody being overtaken—often several times in the course of a single day—by the appalling rush of generally appalling events. In one broad and ancient category, the literature of human folly and misunderstanding, his account of it all should have an enduring place.

Martin's first mission, one that lasted for only a few weeks of 1961, was undertaken by him not as an amateur diplomat but as a professional journalist. It had its origin in a fortuitous event much earlier in his life. In 1937, seeking a cheap and attractive place to live and write, he shipped out on a Caribbean freighter and beached himself for several months in the Republic, which was in the seventh of its thirty-one years under the unspeakable tyranny of Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina. (It must have been one of Trujillo's more gratifying years, for in addition to torturing and killing a large number of his countrymen he presided over the massacre of ten thousand Haitians near the border.) Martin liked the country and the people, but since he had published a scandalized account of the regime in an American magazine, he did not go back until he was requested to by Kennedy, in 1961, a few months after some brave and patriotic men had tried to end their country's agony by conspiring to kill the tyrant with men whose motives may have been less worthy. Unlike most Dominican conspiracies, this one worked. But, as always, things were not much different afterward. Trujillo was gone but the Trujillistas were not. Kennedy wanted solid information on what was happening. He didn't think he was getting it from the American *apparat* there—mainly the C.I.A.—or from desk men in Washington, and he was under heavy pressure from his father and other people to consider the warnings of Igor Cassini (a Hearst gossip columnist and a meddler in politics who was later convicted of not having registered as a Trujillo agent) that any American pressure for the removal of the surviving Trujillistas would insure a Communist seizure of power. Kennedy wanted intelligent and disinterested estimates. Martin had spent his life providing such estimates in newspapers, magazines, and books. In other circumstances, his stay in the Republic would not have counted for much; a man who spent a half year in Paris twenty-five years ago is hardly an expert on the affairs of France. But there aren't many Dominican experts, and Kennedy, for whose campaign Martin had worked the year before, had, in the aftermath of the Bay of Pigs, become persuaded that there are times when a little expertness is better than a lot. He asked Martin to go down to the Republic as his personal reporter. Martin wrote what must have been a persuasive evaluation; he was subsequently appointed the first post-Trujillo Ambassador. He served through the twelve months that pre-



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ceded the election of Juan Bosch as President and through the seven during which Bosch—with rhetoric as his principal aid to navigation—stood at the helm of his frail, leaky ship of state, pitching and tossing in treacherous waters, almost always in the vilest of weather, and with a crew at once incompetent and mutinous. The inevitable came to pass in September of 1963; Bosch was pulled down by thugs and grafters in the Dominican military. Martin was recalled to Washington and began writing this book. The work was interrupted by the civil war that broke out in April of 1965, for after—not before—the United States Marines had landed, Johnson asked him to go to Santo Domingo to negotiate a cease-fire and form a provisional government. He succeeded in the first errand, failed in the second. Last July, the Republic, after fifteen months of American occupation and trusteeship under the Organization of American States, held another Presidential election. Juan Bosch lost to Joaquin Balaguer, the last "President" appointed by Trujillo before he was gunned down in 1961.

Martin can never settle to his own or anyone else's satisfaction the question of how much responsibility for all the failures should be borne by him, by Juan Bosch, by Fidel Castro and other Communists of various kinds and foreign allegiances, by the Dominican rightists and military, and by the Dominican people themselves. Nor could a Cosmic Supreme Court with every judge a Solomon. Nothing has ever really gone right on the island of Hispaniola in the half millennium since Christopher Columbus saw it and turned it over to his brother Bartholomew. No just or rational cause has ever really prospered there. Martin says that the years between 1906 and 1911, when a decent and capable man, Ramón Cáceres, managed to become President, were "the longest unbroken period of orderly, stable, free government the Dominicans had enjoyed in all their history up to that date—or, as it has turned out, since." Trujillo was only the last and worst of a long line of butchers, and history may yet record that the man at present running the obscene show at the western end of the island—François Duvalier, the President of Haiti—has outdone even Trujillo in bestiality. Ravaged and savaged by foreign overlords and indigenous despots, the Dominican Republic in 1961 possessed, Martin says, almost "nothing here to build on . . . no government, no labor unions, no free civic associations . . . no money, no work, no

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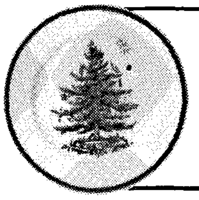

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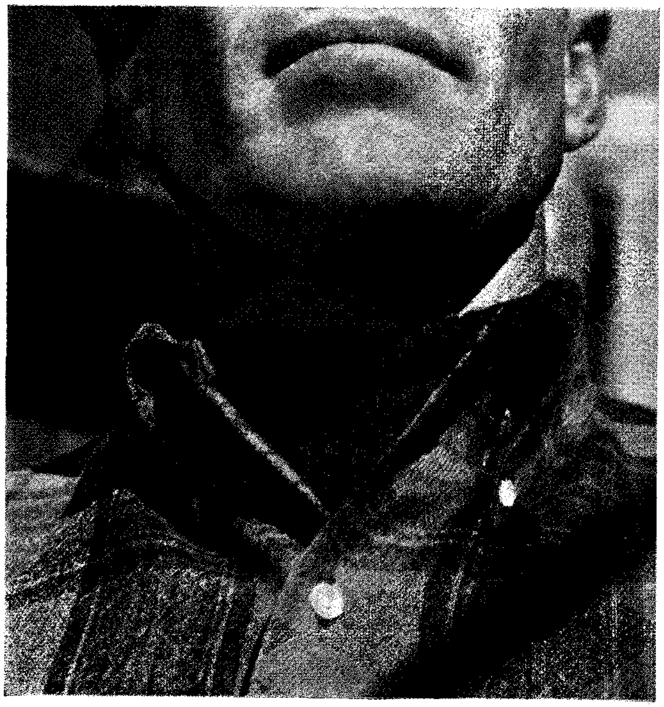

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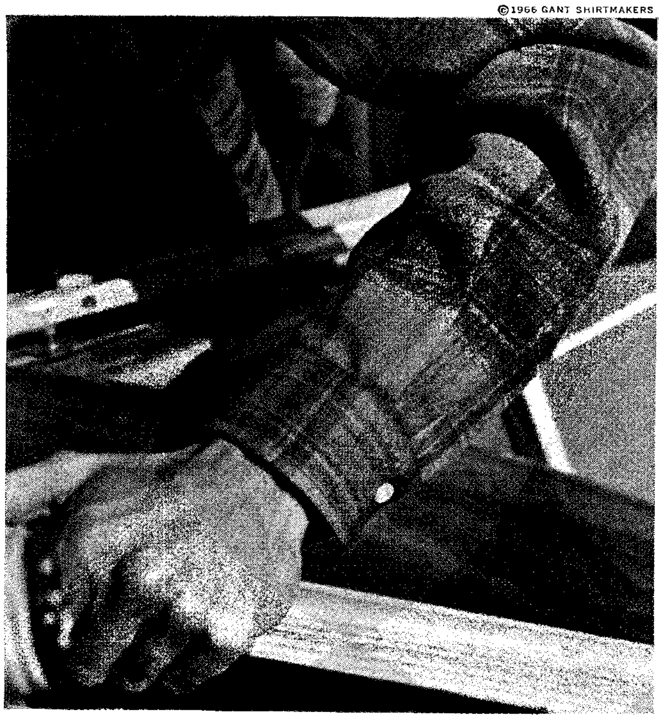

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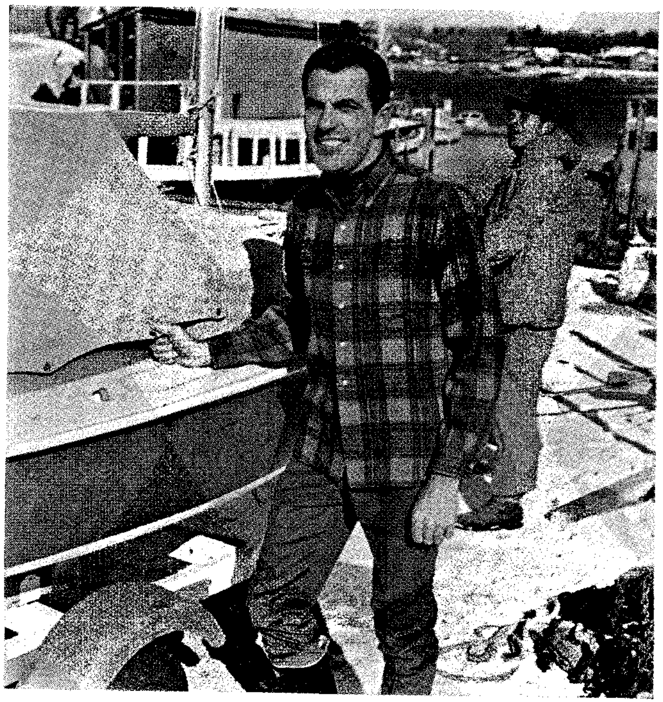

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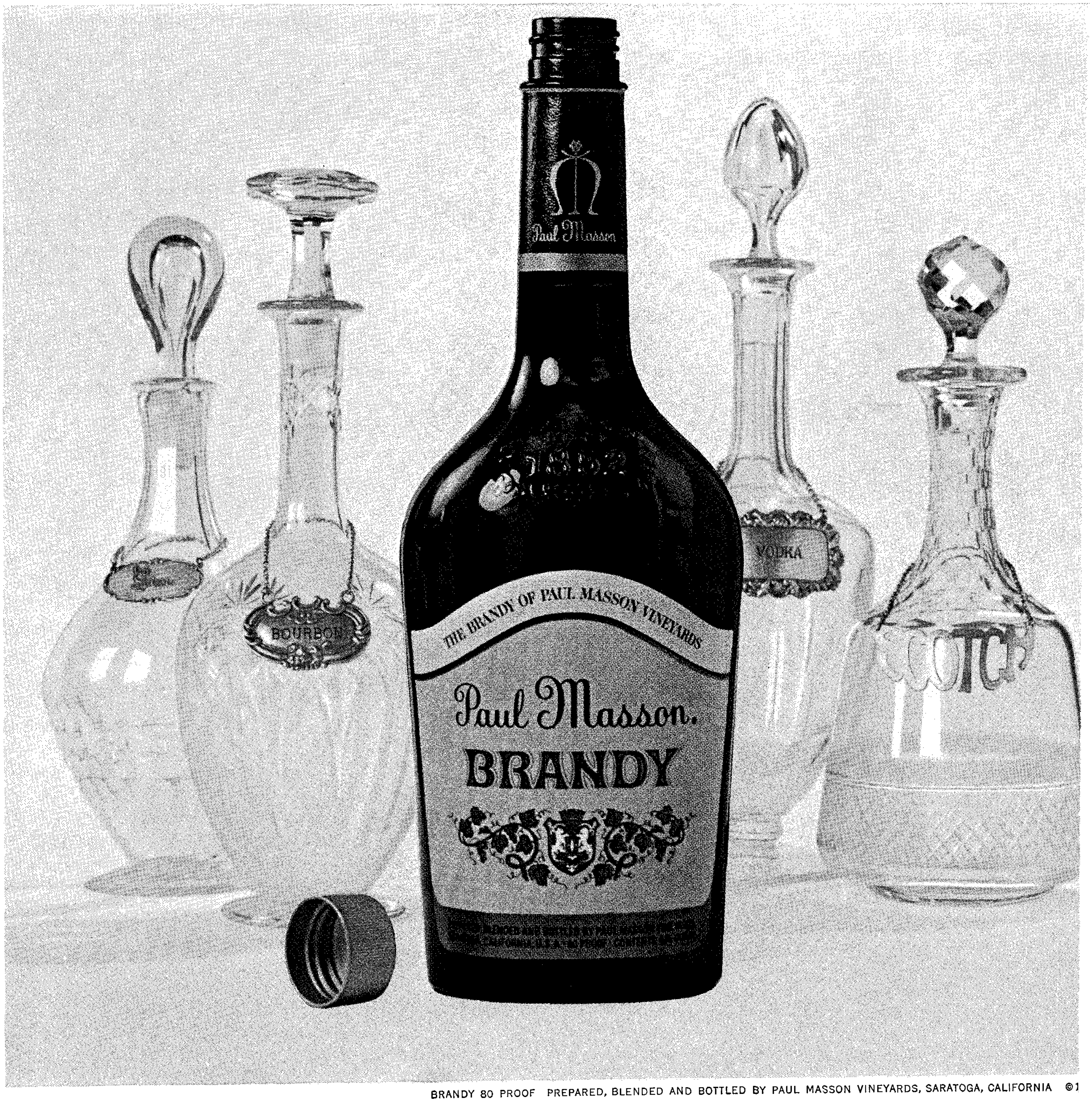
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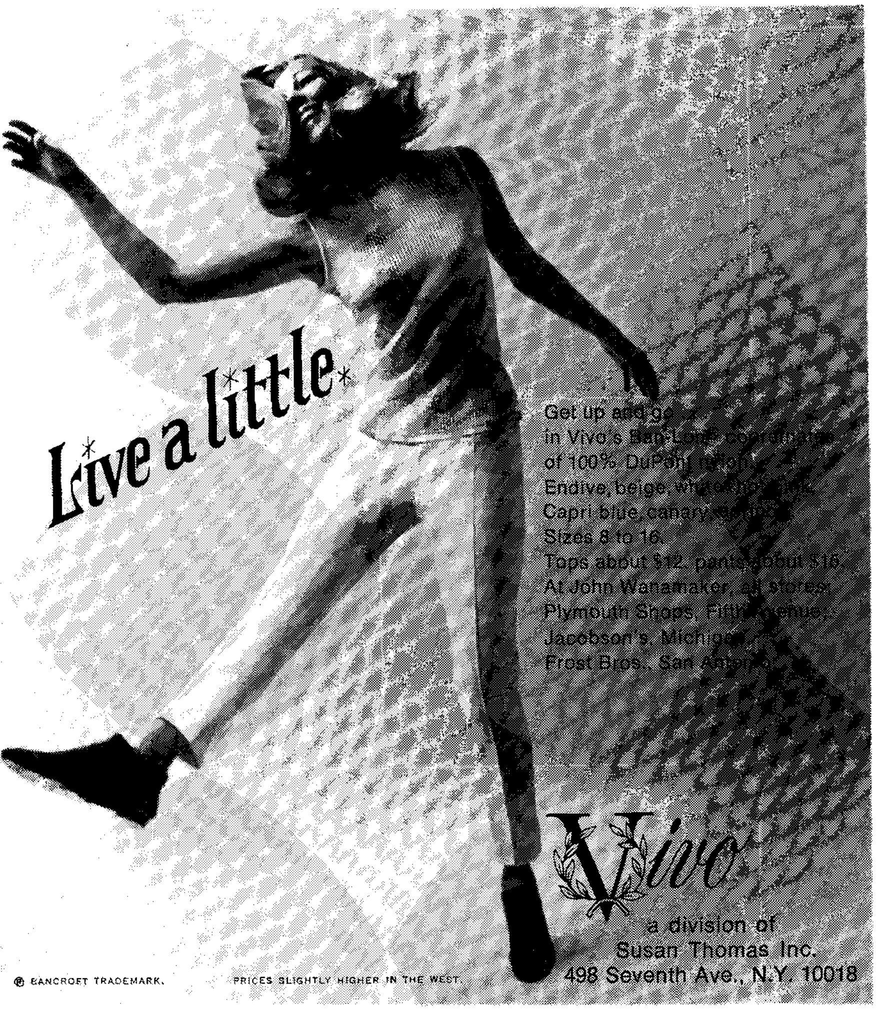
going economy, no civil service, no democratic traditions, nothing." What sociologists nowadays call "human resources" were close to total depletion. To have anything resembling an orderly government, to say nothing of a "free" one, it is necessary to have at least a few men—a dozen might suffice in a country of that size—of some integrity, even occasional or intermittent integrity, and some intelligence. There was in the country a small, inbred oligarchy that had contrived to hold on to its money and a certain amount of influence, but only by abstaining from any kind of involvement in the affairs of the Republic. Trujillo had tolerated this minute, shallow, largely untappable reservoir of integrity and intelligence. Outside this enclave, integrity had been a crime for centuries. As soon as anyone afflicted by it was apprehended, he was killed or, if he was lucky and had good connections, merely jailed or exiled. Intelligence was not in itself a crime. If it could be corrupted, it was allowed to live; if not, it was declared a capital offense. Under Trujillo, feeding a victim to sharks was a chic form of execution. Sometimes he would administer the penalty. (Martin doubts that anyone will ever know exactly what happened to Dr. Jesús María de Galíndez, the anti-Trujillo scholar at Columbia University who disappeared from the face of the earth in 1956, but he thinks it quite possible that "he was choked to death by Trujillo himself.") A handful of good men survived in jail or, as in the case of Juan Bosch, in exile. But in exile, as in jail, talents corrode, integrity gets little exercise, while neuroses and hallucinations thrive.

As for the Dominican masses, they were "sick and shattered," demoralized and deranged. Poverty, ignorance, disease, and oppression had bred in them a despair so enormous that Martin reports that often, when he asked for directions to a place out in the countryside, he got a shrug and the advice that "the place I wanted to go was too far, the road was too bad, getting there was impossible." In their world, it was a kindness to let a pilgrim know that his quest was futile, that there was nothing to find, that he might better save his energies to endure his sufferings in the place where he was. Sometimes despondency yielded to an idiot violence. "Two whole cities, San Cristóbal and San Pedro de Macorís, went on strike, and the people, enraged, marched on the main highway to the capital, tearing up—of all things—trees on the way." Leftist high-school students "adopted for their newspaper's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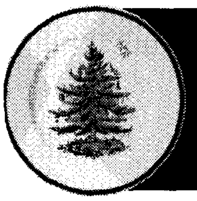
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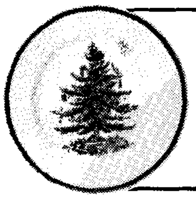
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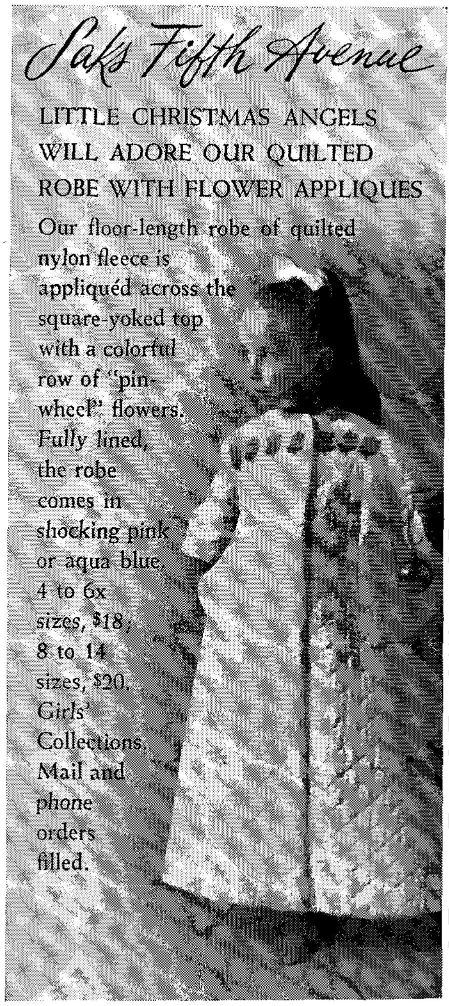
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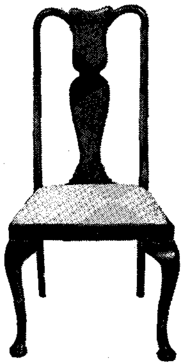
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masthead the slogan 'Culture or Death.' " A member of a terrorist party supported by Peking and Havana painted on a wall, over the Party's initials, the slogan "Away with Yankee Communism, long live Socialism." Everything was upside down and inside out. Martin cites instance after instance. When Bosch, who thought of himself as a flaming leftist and was regarded by many as a Communist agent, took over the Presidency, it turned out that he was as ardent a budget-balancer as Dwight Eisenhower, and one of the many reasons for his failure was that he could not bring himself to spend public funds for the public welfare. Martin writes, "Time and again during these first weeks when I went to see Bosch, I found him bending over stacks of papers and figures, line-cutting his budget himself with a pencil. Almost every time Fandino [an aide] and I arrived he greeted us with an announcement of how much cash the government had in the till that day. He was running the government like an old lady saving string in a country store. Money became an obsession; I could scarcely get his attention for anything else. . . . He was, he once told me, 'a classical economist.' He was the only revolutionary I know of who enshrined Adam Smith." Bosch put his life in jeopardy to save the government the cost of chartering a plane to Mexico for an important state visit. He flew in a ramshackle DC-4, two of whose four engines declined, just before takeoff, to work at the same time. With Bosch and his party aboard, mechanics tinkered endlessly, while members of the government and diplomatic corps stood by. Some could not bear to look when the plane at last reluctantly lumbered down the runway and into the sky.

Martin liked Bosch and did all he could and more than he should to keep him in power, but he never had much regard for his character or his capabilities. Ironically, the only member of the company for whom he felt both affection and respect was Antonio Imbert Barrera, one of the two surviving assassins (there were eight) who got rid of Trujillo. Imbert was a gunman—coarse, ruthless, phlegmatic, a shrewd, crude plotter and power-grabber who swaggered about the country buying public favor by distributing ten-dollar bills that he ostentatiously peeled from an enormous roll. When Martin asked him why he had risked his life to kill Trujillo, he said, "He was mean, very mean." But Imbert's opinions, when they were given, were generally his own; he did not, like most

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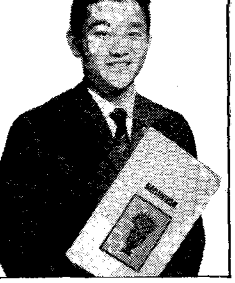
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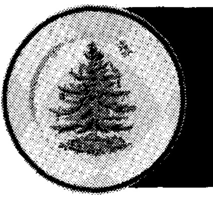
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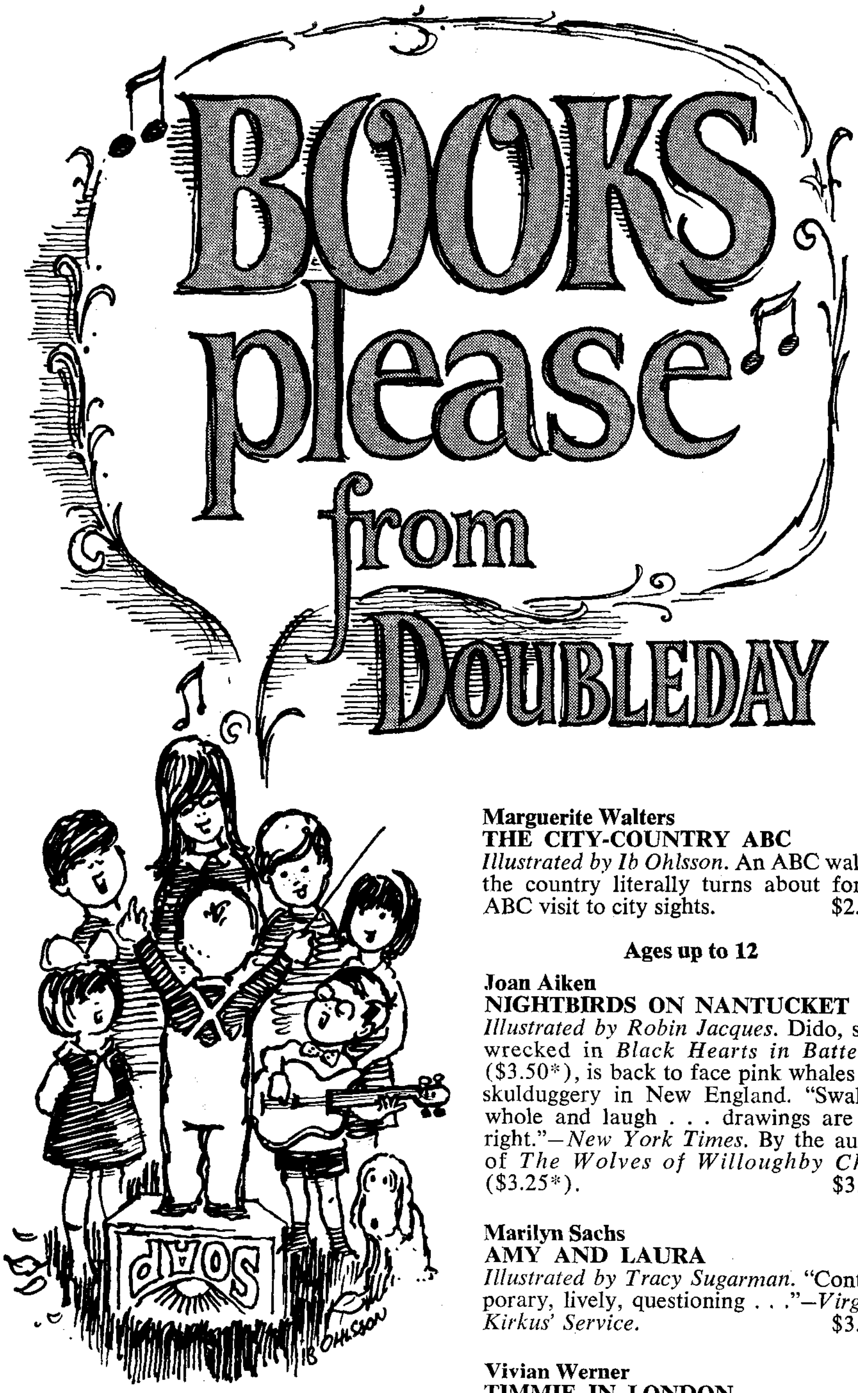

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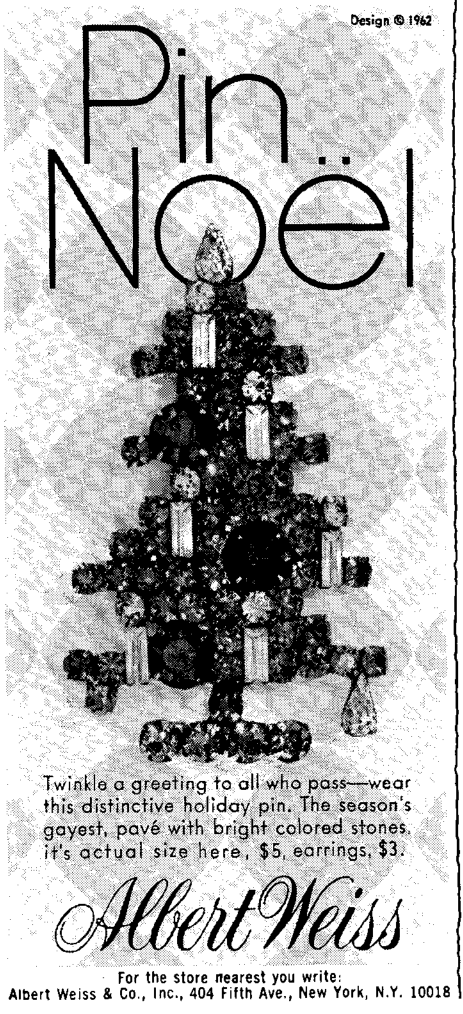

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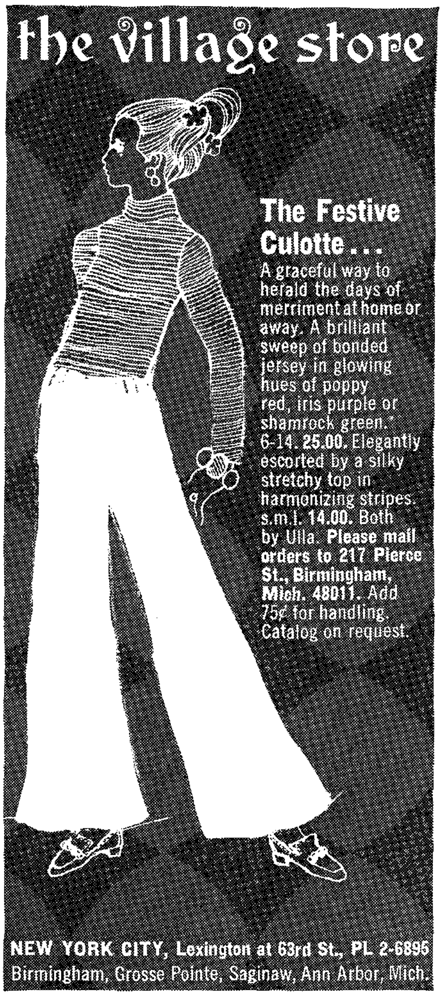
of the upper class from which he came, despise his own people; his word, once offered, could generally be relied on. This combination of minimal and largely negative virtues made him a towering figure in the Republic, and it is indicative of what things had come to when the civil war broke out in 1965 that Martin, who at home would have hesitated to endorse such a man for a minor post in a minor police department, turned instinctively to him to head the provisional government.

Before and after his election, many allies and enemies of Juan Bosch believed that, whether or not he was a Communist, he was the favorite of the United States government against all his rivals, and in office, they felt, he had become its instrument. But he was never the American favorite. The Embassy, under Martin, had maintained a discreet neutrality during the Dominican Presidential campaign, but Martin had very much hoped that the other leading candidate, Dr. Viriato A. Fiallo, would win. Bosch won, and four days before Bosch's inauguration, Martin wrote in his diary, "I am frankly heartsick. That after thirty-one years the people got stuck with him. I said last summer Bosch won't do. He won't, either. . . . Bosch is a divider, a splitter, a schemer, a destroyer." The words were perhaps unduly harsh. As Martin later came to feel, there was also much to be said *for* Bosch. He was highly intelligent. He was neither a crook nor a brute. He was eloquent and a gifted campaigner. It would probably have been impossible for anyone to pull the country together and hold it together. But Bosch could not even hold his own party together; it disintegrated while he was in office, when it should have been gaining in strength, and by the time he was overthrown his only support came from the United States government and from certain Communist factions that had taken over what was left of his party. "Like Mazzini," Martin writes, "he inflamed a generation but could not lead it." He lacked resolution. He dreamed foolish and sometimes dangerous dreams. He became convinced that all his revenue problems would be solved by the discovery of gold in the Republic. He talked recklessly of war with Haiti and once moved the country to the brink. When he wasn't poring over balance sheets, he was poring over reports, mostly spurious, of plots against his life. There were real plots afoot—Martin calls plotting the national sport, the "Dominicans' baseball"—but a President who wants to get something



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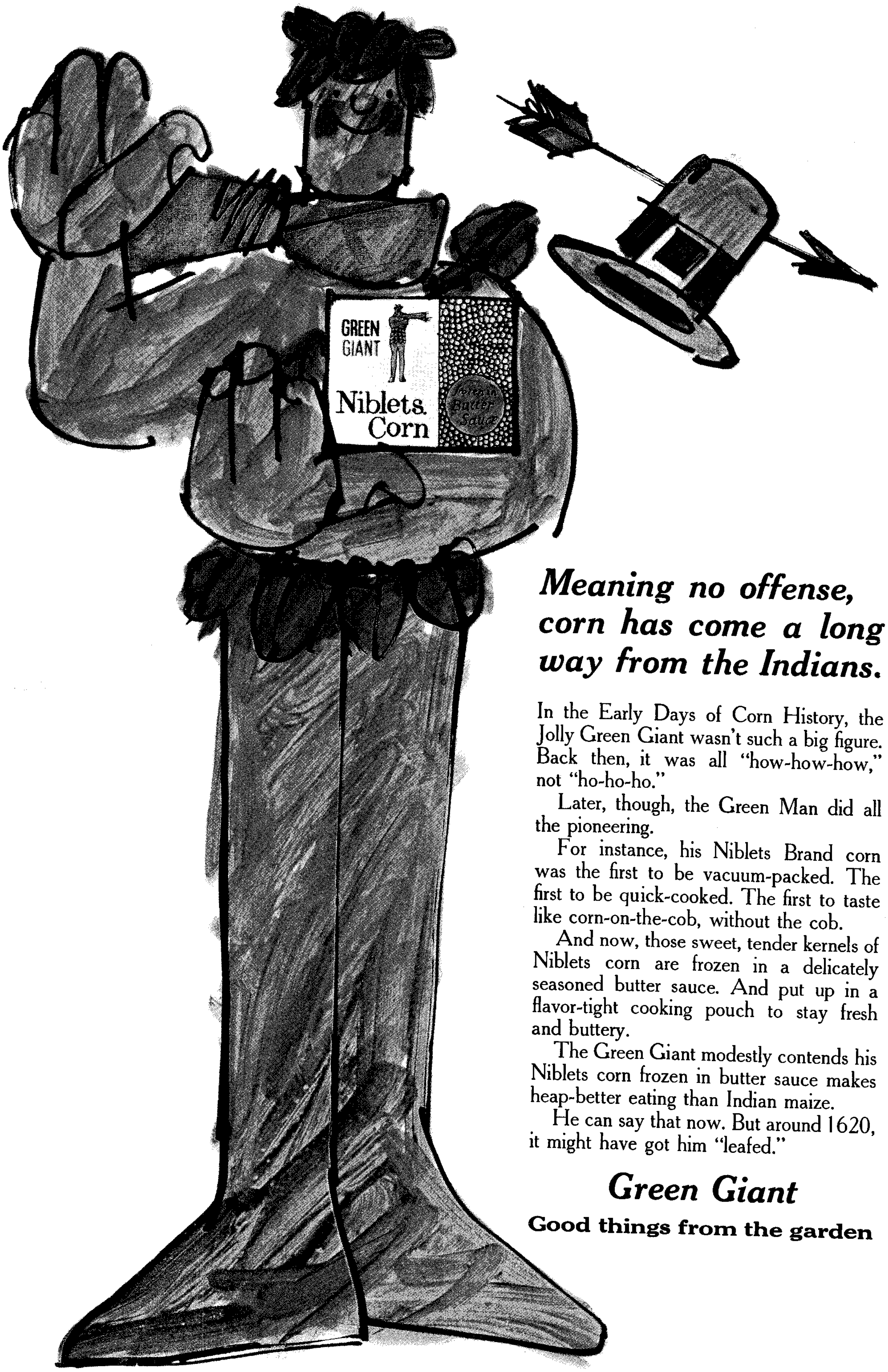

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Another thing that's wrong: The vegetables, the meat, the sauce, and the potatoes all have to be done at exactly the same time—but they never are. The result is that the finished foods wait for the unfinished foods—and while they're waiting, they over-cook. And harden.

Wait, there's more: Let's say that everything up to now has gone marvelously, so marvelously, in fact, that everybody wants seconds. So what kind of seconds do they get? The meat is cold. And the gravy has congealed. Unless you've put everything back in the oven and on top of the stove. In which case, everything has overcooked, hardened and dried out. And then there isn't any gravy to congeal—is there?

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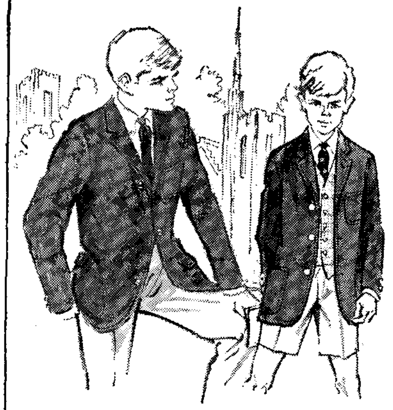

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done can't spend much of his time worrying about plots. Bosch got almost nothing done. His administration could even bungle a Presidential motorcade. Hoping to improve relationships with the Church, Bosch attended a huge evening Mass in a baseball stadium. Martin went along. Afterward, the Presidential motorcade took off with dash and ceremony. "In a few blocks, the motorcade came to a screeching halt; the President's car, up front, had run into a dead-end alley. All must turn around, and did so. . . . Off we roared . . . and sure enough, soon we skidded to a stop and this time there was scarcely room to turn around. . . . I thought: Any government that can't find its way home from Mass deserves to fall."

Once Bosch was in office, Martin, in spite of his misgivings, did everything he legitimately and sometimes illegitimately could to keep him there. He laid siege to Washington for almost everything Bosch said he wanted. He lobbied against settled policies of his own government that seemed disadvantageous to Bosch's government. Though his mission was to uphold "constitutionalism," he several times urged Bosch to take expedient measures that Bosch protested were unconstitutional. "Forget the Constitution," Martin would say. "Do it anyway. Let the courts decide later." Bosch was never good at sorting out his friends and his enemies, and he couldn't trust his own intelligence sources as much as Martin could trust the C.I.A. This remarkable passage has Martin and Bosch at work on the problem of the Dominican military:

> Bosch asked what our assessment of the high command was. I had thought he might ask this. . . . I said we thought Hungría of the Army capable and loyal to Bosch. Bosch agreed. If he wanted to make a change, José Antonio de Léon Grullón, now in Washington, was equally capable professionally. Luna we considered dishonest and perhaps disloyal to Bosch. Bosch agreed. Should Bosch want to replace him, we thought Colonel Juan de los Santos Céspedes capable but too simple-mindedly opposed to everything he considered "Communist," and Colonel Juan N. Folch Pérez able but not popular with the men; the best bet was probably Colonel Cruzado Pena, already Sub-Secretary for Air—he was loyal to Bosch, and elevating him would look like the old Dominican game of musical chairs. In the Navy, we considered Commodore Rib a fence-straddler—Bosch agreed—and dishonest—Bosch disagreed. If Bosch decided to shift him, two capable men were Captain Amiama Castillo and Francisco Rivera Caminero.
>
> I recommended he fire Belisario Peguero to assert his authority. He said all right, but the Communists feared him, and who should replace him? I agreed he

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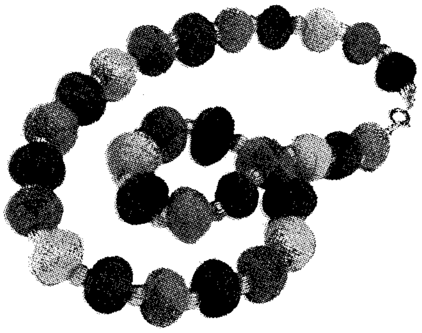

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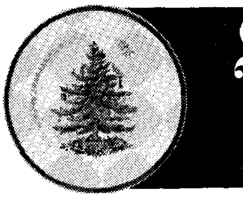

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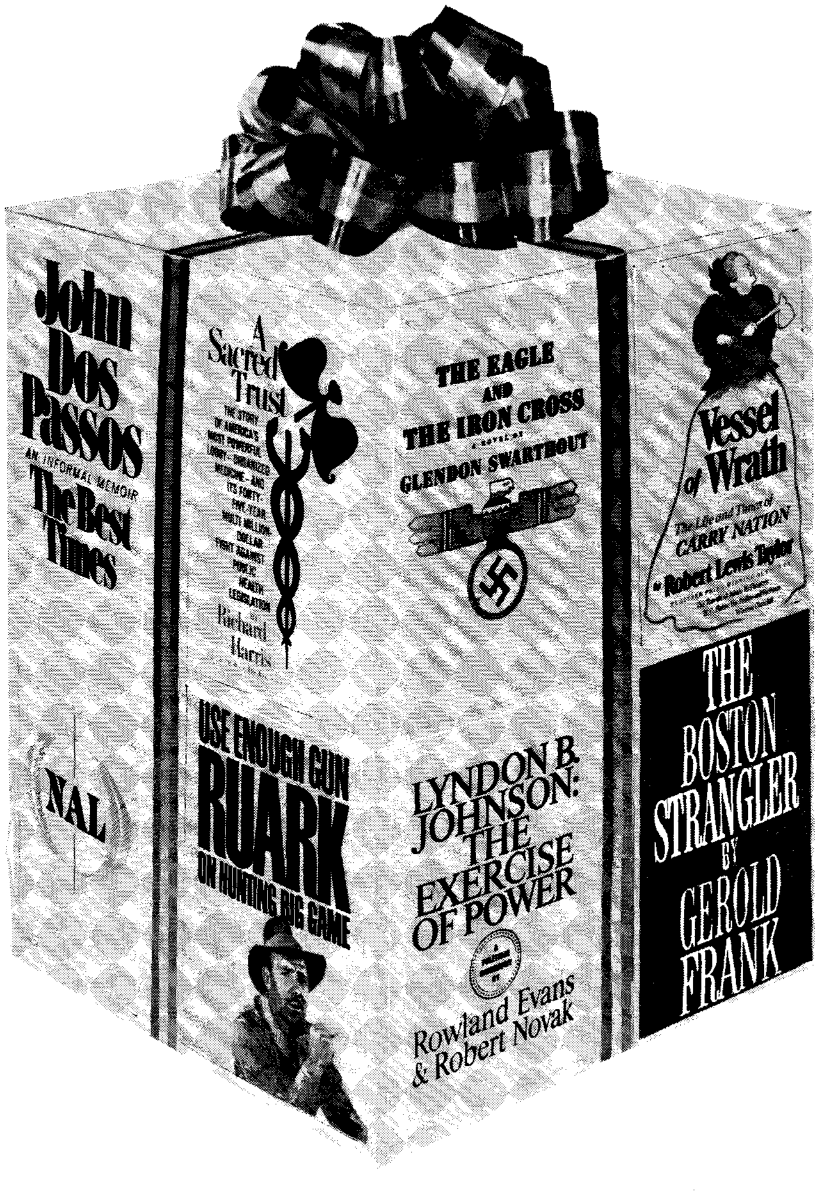
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was a tough cop whom the Communists feared but was expendable; to replace him, Bosch might consider Imbert. He liked this.

As Minister of Defense, we considered General Viñas both loyal and capable—Bosch agreed—but we thought he might be slipping. If Bosch wanted to replace him, I could only recommend one man: Wessin y Wessin. Bosch looked surprised but said nothing. I said Wessin was strong, brave, patriotic, and, so far as we knew, honest. He was almost fanatically anti-Communist. Full responsibility probably would moderate his fanaticism. Appointing him undoubtedly would blunt the politicians' attacks on the Communist issue.

If ever an ambassadorial tour of duty has matched this one, it has not been described. Most professionals would not dare to write as Martin does, and by and large this may be for the best. At any rate, Martin, forcing his disenchantment to the back of his consciousness and gulping down Gelusil to calm his flaring ulcers, threw all his energy into helping Bosch. Indeed, he went on fighting for Bosch's government even after Bosch—whose life he sought to save by keeping his own body as close as possible to the President's during the final hours—had conceded defeat. Martin ran from room to room in the palace attempting to arrange deals that would transfer Bosch's authority to the Vice-President, to the Speaker of the House, to anyone anywhere in what he and the United States government considered to be the legitimate chain of command. But American power was not enough. "We are a great nation," he says, "we can blow up the earth, but we lack the power to crack a nut." He makes one think of Vietnam.

Martin was in no way responsible for the military intervention in 1965. His views were not solicited. He was summoned to the White House after the major decisions were made. Nevertheless, he writes that "in my opinion, President Johnson had no choice but to send the troops." He thinks the Communists were gaining control of the rebel side when the Marines went in—not because the Communists were strong enough to seize the leadership but because the non-Communists abandoned it to them. Bosch, unaccountably, failed to return from Puerto Rico. Believing they had already lost to the military, his aides sought asylum in foreign embassies. It is entirely possible to argue that none of this was our business and that a Communist Dominican Republic would threaten no one but Dominicans. The Communists were few in number—a hundred of them, Martin estimates—and they were as dizzy and

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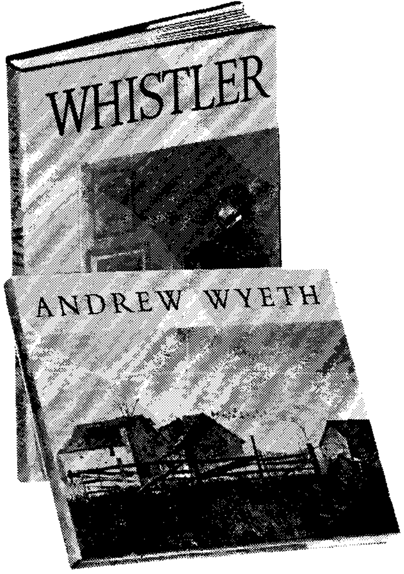

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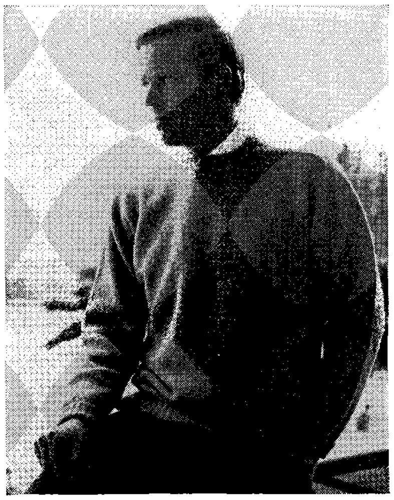

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unstable as the other Dominican politicians. When he argues the case for intervention, he is not much more convincing than the administration was when it defended itself at the time. But his whole book is the best case for intervention that has yet been made. In a society of three or four million people (no one really knows; Trujillo hired a census-taker, and when the man came up with a figure that did not coincide with Trujillo's guess, the man was killed) that had any kind of inner strength, a hundred Communists could be ignored or kept under surveillance. But this was a society that had no strength, that bungled almost everything. "Only about fifty people in the Republic possessed real power," Martin writes—the kind of power that can get things done for better or worse, that can influence other people. The Communists, faction-ridden themselves, had little power of that sort. But they had power of a kind widely distributed and easily exercised in the Republic—to add to the chaos, to make the disorder more disorderly yet, to incite to riot and bloodshed. Throughout Martin's time, they kept Santo Domingo seething with riots, ugly demonstrations, senseless strikes. They had money enough to buy up youths who had no idea of what Communism is but found rioting agreeable work, especially at fifty cents a day. But the Communists were often as corrupt and irresponsible as the non-Communists and often had little comprehension of their own doctrines. If the Republic could have been turned over to a European Communist Party—say, the one in Italy—things might (why not?) have worked as well as Bosch or anyone else could make them work, and perhaps better. The Dominican Communists could not have built Communism in the Republic, but they could have built anarchy. The foundations had been there for centuries, and the military was ready to make its large contribution. There seemed to Martin, as to others, a real danger that the civil war, unless it was stopped by outside force, would not end until there was no one alive to fight it. A case can be made for describing our intervention as a grave political mistake and as a successful instance of preventive pacification. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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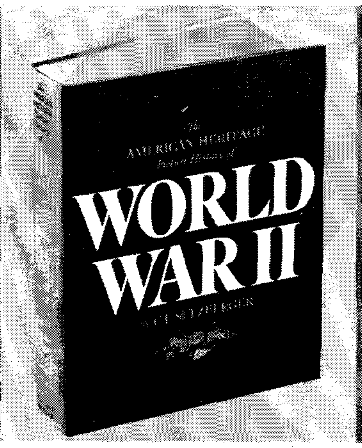
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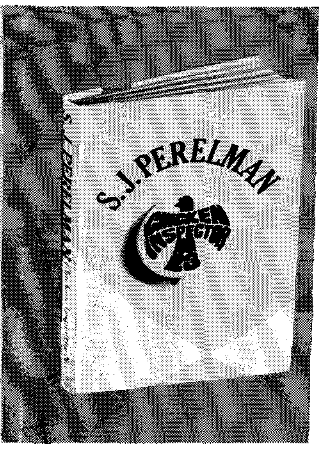
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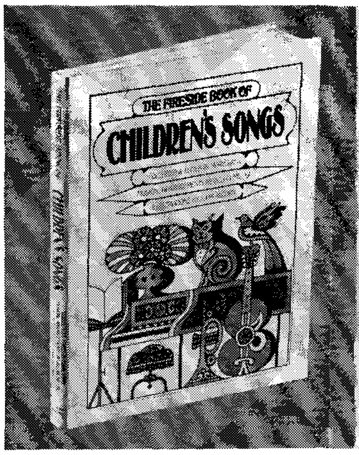
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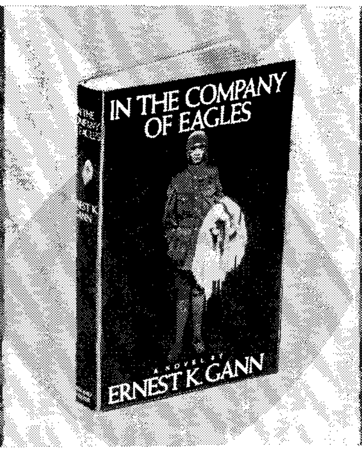
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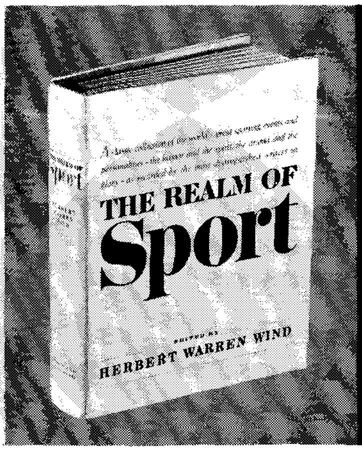
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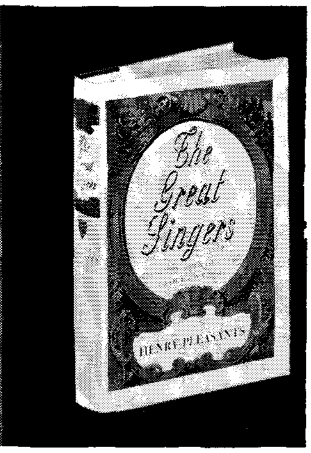
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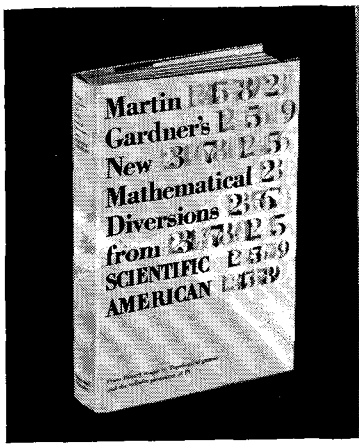
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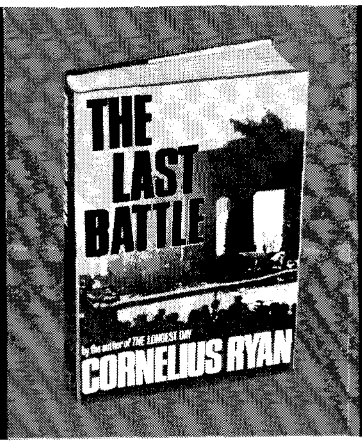
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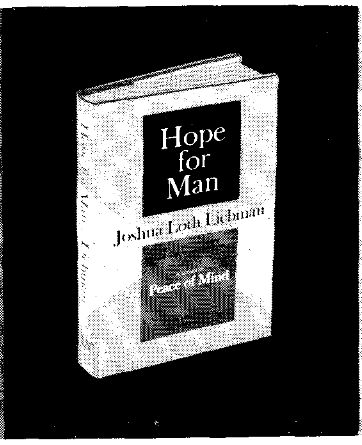
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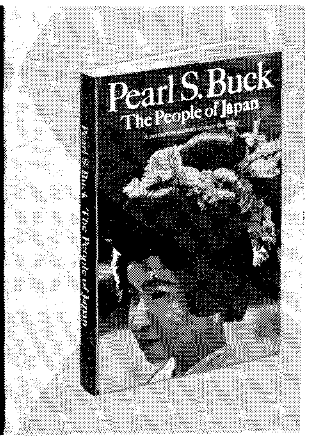
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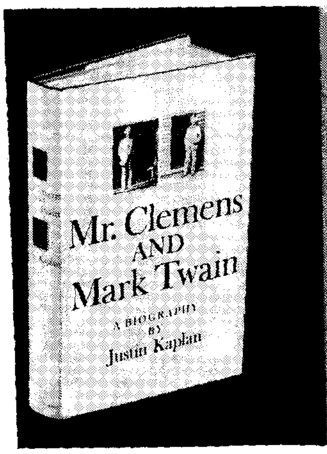
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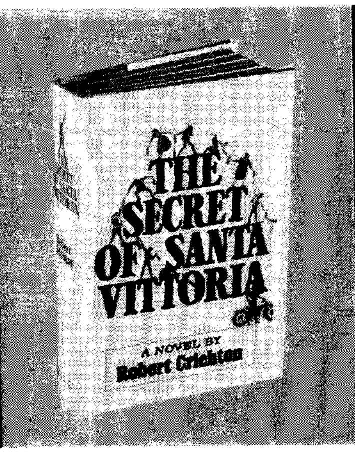
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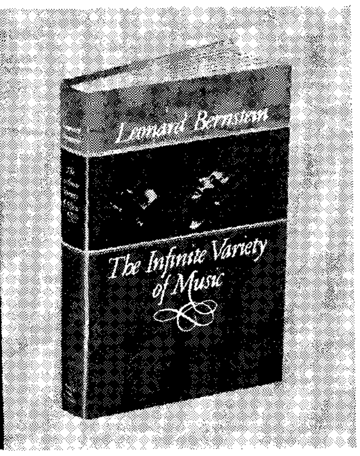
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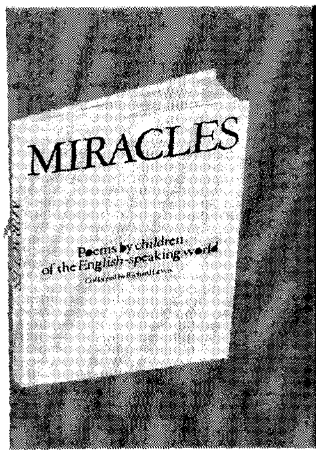
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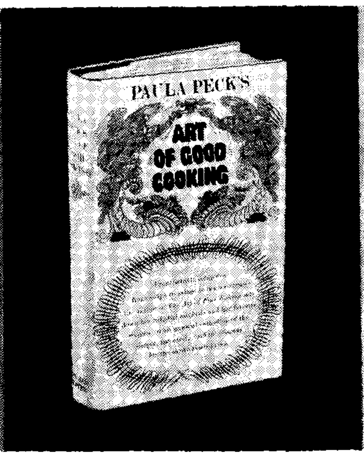
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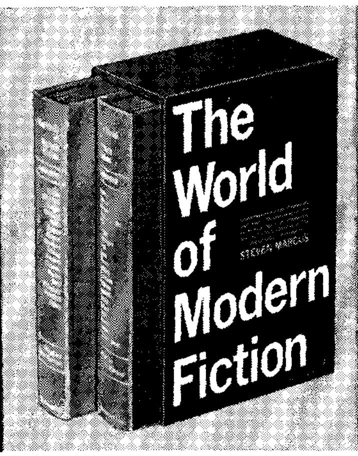
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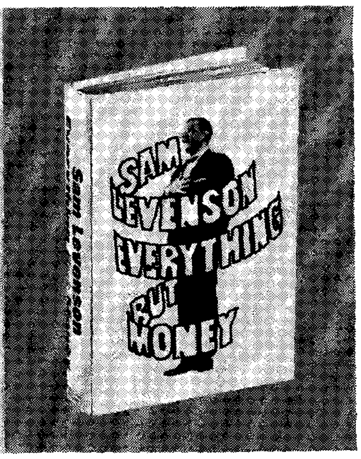
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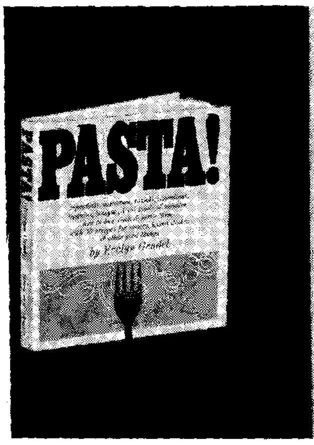
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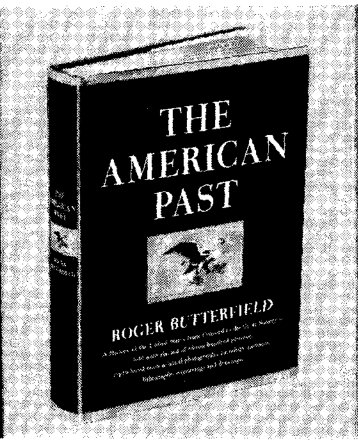
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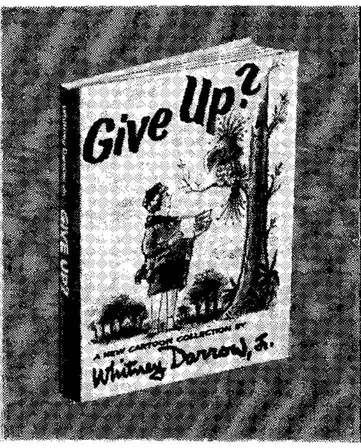
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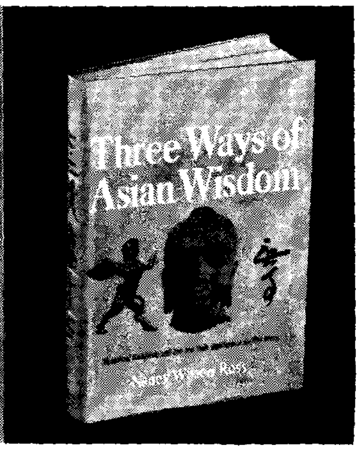
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The Virgin Soldiers, by Leslie Thomas (Little, Brown). How a young English draftee serving in Malaya acquires his first experiences of sex and combat, and returns to civilian life with the satisfying conviction that the Army has indeed made a man out of him. The author is in favor of the lad and of his growing up, and—except for some very bad jokes—writes with amused and amusing sympathy. His descriptions of sex are a bit of a puzzle, though. They are almost didactically explicit, as if intended for creatures other than earthlings—Martians, maybe—who populate by parthenogenesis.

The Zinzin Road, by Fletcher Knebel (Doubleday). If the Peace Corps did not exist, Mr. Knebel's novel would not have been written, because the male and female ciphers who move through these pages draw what little identity and personality they have only from what they represent or oppose in it. The setting is a country called Kalya, in Africa, the plot is mechanical, and the mood is mournful and resolute, with dashes of sex and romance and dubbed-in humor. A Literary Guild selection.

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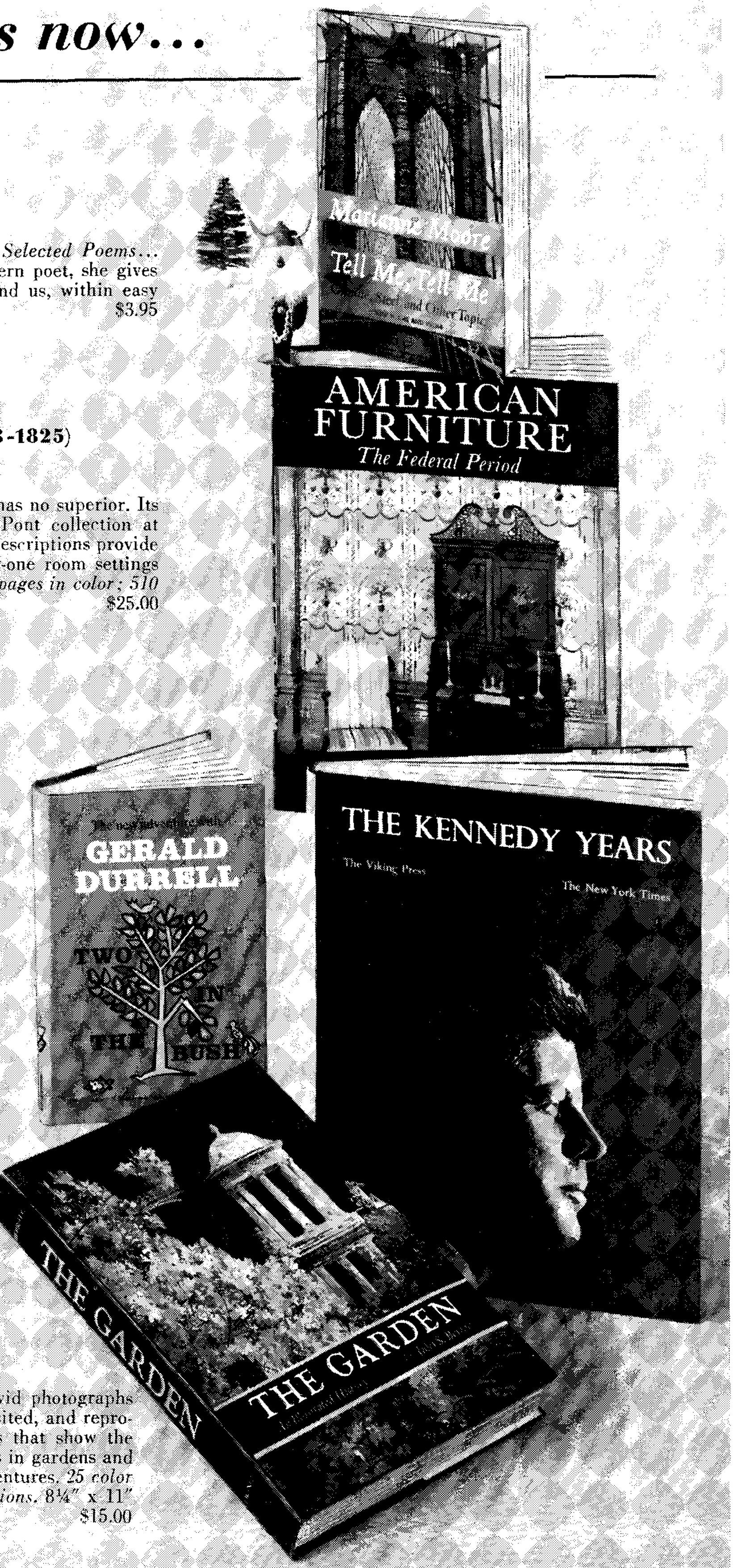

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Many of these poems appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

do many others, that military secrecy has often been exaggerated, and that decisions taken in secret and based on technical work done in secret have led to grave blunders that could have been avoided if the work had been subjected to the same public scrutiny that ordinary scientific work is. He cites, as one of many examples, Project Starfish, a high-altitude nuclear explosion set off in 1962, just after the Van Allen belts (belts of charged particles encircling the earth) had been discovered. Great concern was voiced in the scientific community over the possibility that these belts would be altered or destroyed by the explosion before they had been properly studied. A secret committee was called in by the government to calculate the effect of the explosion in advance, and to reassure the public. The committee concluded that the effect on the belts would last "a few weeks to a few months." In fact, the calculations performed by the committee turned out to be entirely wrong, and the latest estimate is that certain parts of the belts will not be restored for thirty years. If such calculations had been done in public and checked and rechecked in the usual give-and-take of open scientific discourse, such a mistake would probably never have been made. Reading Professor Commoner, one can only wonder how many more mistakes are being made, or will be made, in the name of secrecy.

MON CHER PAPA: FRANKLIN AND THE LADIES OF PARIS, by Claude-Anne Lopez (Yale). The author, who has been working at Yale on the definitive edition of Benjamin Franklin's papers, has written a beguiling study. Her subject is Franklin's friendships with a number of Frenchwomen in the years (1777-85) of his embassy for the American revolutionary government. The ladies—some were bourgeoise and some were noble—were intellectual or artistic or influential, and a few were all three; their admiration and affection assisted the success of Franklin's political mission. But there was also, as Mrs. Lopez shows, personal friendship, nonpolitical love, and much charm all around. An attractive book about attractive people.

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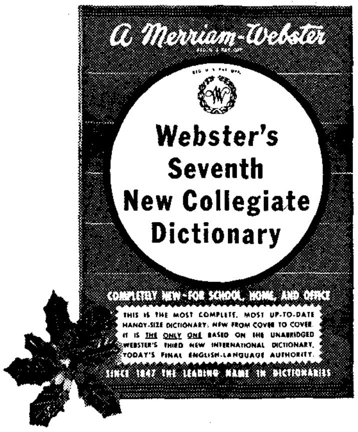
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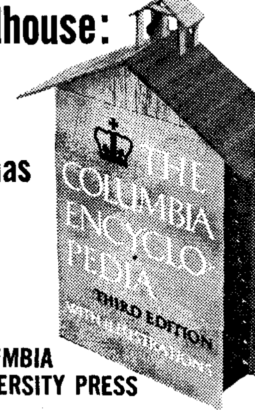

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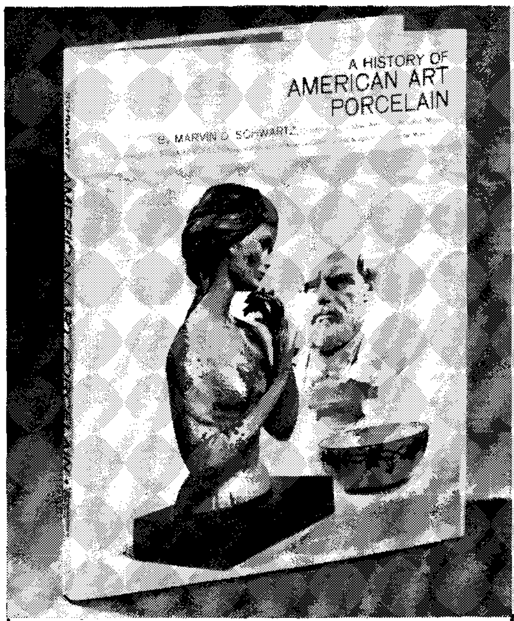
American journalistic history—the employment by the New York *Daily Tribune* of Karl Marx as a European political correspondent from 1851 to 1862. From London, where he was a poverty-stricken refugee from his native Germany, Marx contributed almost five hundred articles to the paper, with or without the collaboration of Friedrich Engels (which, in any case, was unknown to the *Tribune's* editor). The subjects were the political issues of the day, and this book's sampling of them shows how widely they ranged: British rule in India, the mid-century revolutions in Europe, colonialism in China, England's attitudes toward the Civil War, and so on. The pieces read as though they had been written today by a master political correspondent; they are trenchant, witty, and analytical, and they bear out the contention that Marx was the father of this métier.

HOW I CHANGED MY MIND, by Karl Barth, with an introduction and epilogue by John D. Godsey (John Knox). A bracing demi-autobiography, essentially composed of three self-descriptive articles Barth wrote for the *Christian Century* in 1938, 1948, and 1958 under the heading "How I Changed My Mind." Actually, in the three decades considered, Barth changed his mind rather little, holding fast to his central vision of God's otherness through all political and theological storms. The dominant impression these pages leave is of Barth's heroic stubbornness, the reasoned yet pugnacious refusal to let others think for him; when political relativism was fashionable, he implacably opposed Hitler, and when political absolutism prevailed, he took a mediating attitude toward Communism. Though his theology, a virtual reinvention of Christian orthodoxy, must be described as conservative, it has been viewed by himself as a "restless" activity, a "process" in which he has been concerned "not to forfeit my freedom." What also emerges from these essays, amplified by the editor's description of a visit to Barth in 1965 and the theologian's concluding letter, is an account of the aging process as it has been experienced, with rare good grace, by a man of firm health, normal worldliness, and an immense sense of vocation. Photographs.

THE ARTS IN AMERICA: THE COLONIAL PERIOD, by Louis B. Wright, George B. Tatum, John W. McCoubrey, and Robert C. Smith



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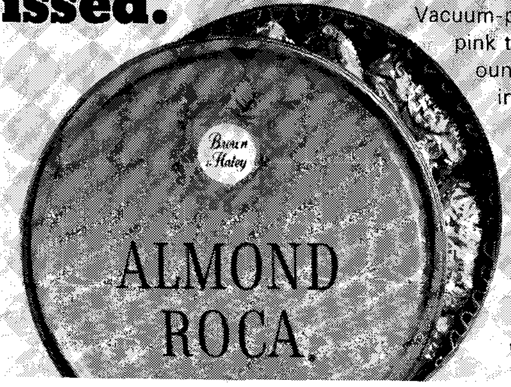

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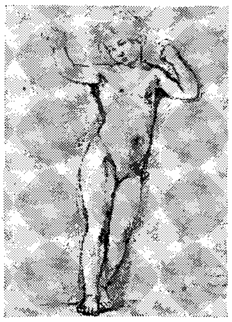

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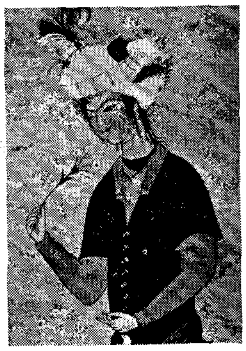

(Scribners). This first-rate book offers information—names, dates, and so on—and brilliantly sensible aesthetic criticism. After an introduction by Dr. Wright, director of the Folger Library, three members of the Art Department of the University of Pennsylvania discuss, respectively, architecture, painting, and work in the decorative arts as all were practiced in the United States before independence. The Messrs. Tatum (architecture) and Smith (décor) are somewhat prouder than Mr. McCoubrey (painting)—but in truth the eighteenth was not one of Western painting's great centuries. Mr. Tatum justifies his argument that the best American Colonial buildings were not provincial copies but something new, native, and good. And Mr. Smith's confidence in American furniture and silver, equally convincing, is never jingoistic; in describing American achievements, he is always careful to call attention to the cosmopolitan background of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century design—a motif from Portugal for seventeenth-century chair legs, and from Chinese pottery for eighteenth-century silver; and when French rococo arrives, everything breaks out in discreet, charming curves. Fifteen dollars.

NOTE: John McPhee's Profile for this magazine of Frank L. Boyden, headmaster of Deerfield Academy, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux under the succinct title "The Headmaster." Thirty-six photographs have been added.

•

To understand why this is so, it is necessary to go back to Plato whose doctrines are the ancestors of both philosophical realism and idealism.... Plato was impressed by what seemed to him a fact, namely, that whenever we judge a horse, an automobile, or a sonata as good, we have some ideal (model) in our minds that we use as a yardstick.—*"Basic Concepts in Music Education," published by the National Society for the Study of Education.*

He must have been thinking of a Model T.

•

WHICH PAGE OF THE SAN FRANCISCO "EXAMINER" D'YA READ?

HURRAH FOR BABY TALK!
—*Headline in the issue of October 27th, page 29.*

USE OF BABY TALK PROVES HARMFUL
—*Headline in the same issue, page 49.*

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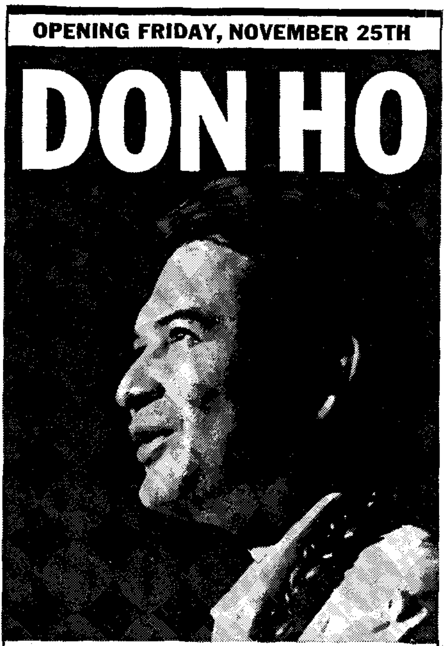

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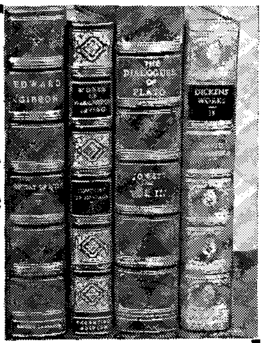

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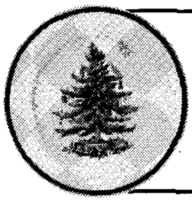

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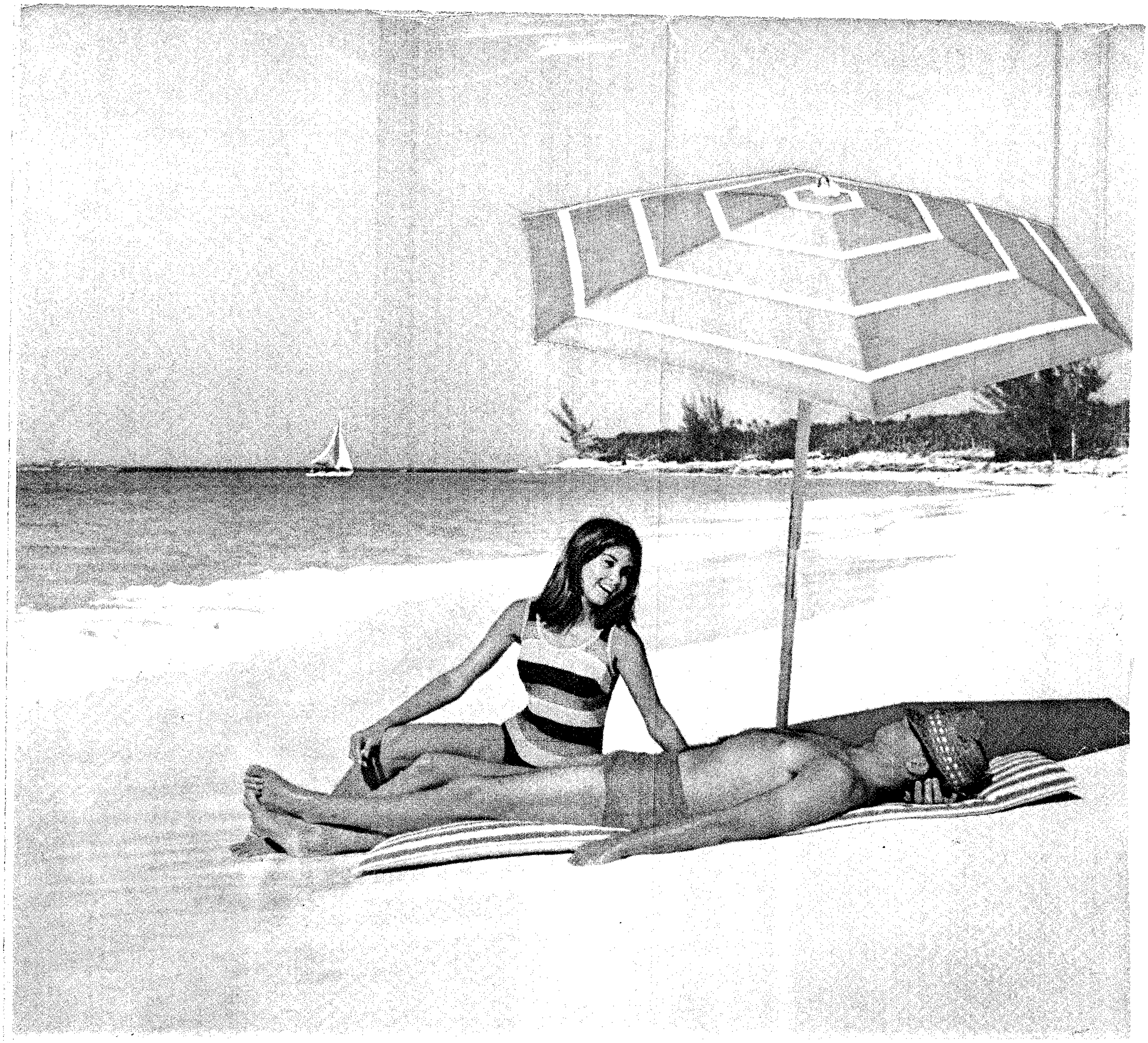

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